

Cariboo and NORTHERN B. C.

A. F. BUCKHAM
45 LINDEN AVE.
VICTORIA, B. C.

Digest

V La Force.

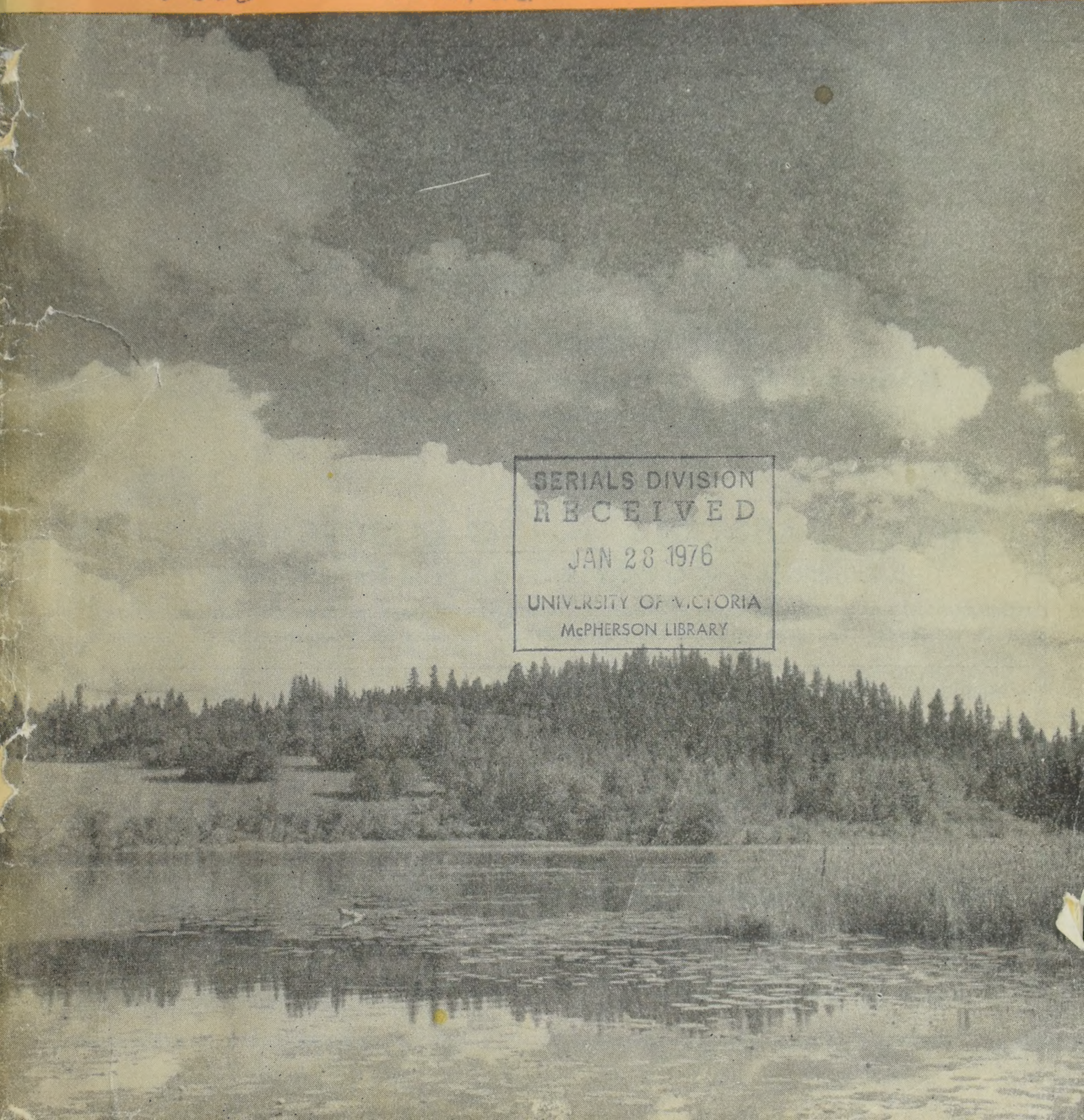
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DIGEST

DR. FRASER BUCKHAM

Guest Editor

BCPM-WHERE ARE WE HEADING?

Published and Printed Quarterly by CARIBOO DIGEST LTD. at Quesnel, British Columbia.

Official organ of the B.C. Registered Trappers' Ass'n.
Managing Edit., A. Sahonovitch—Ass't. Edit., V.H. Frank
Contributing editors; J.A. Fraser, E. Collier, F. Lindsay

VOLUME 3 — NUMBER 3

Contents

THE GHOSTS OF SURPRISE CITY	3
MOOSE FOR THREE	5
THE GREAT CONFLICT	7
<u>"SAWNEY" POET OF CARIBOO</u>	<u>8</u>
THE HUMBLE HOG	10
RICHARD THE WILLING	11
A VOICE IN THE NIGHT	12
RETRIBUTION	13
MOVIES IN THE CARIBOO	16
INJUN TRAILS	17
VITAL LA FORTE	19
LET US FACE THE FACTS About Predators	20
VERSE	22
A WINTER ON THE TRAPLINE	24
THE FIRST COAST OUTLET	26
"ESTEEMED SIR:"	28
WE — ALSO WENT FISHING	30
AROUND THE TOWNS	41
REVIEW	59
Advertiser's Directory	107-108

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Advertising rates submitted on request.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$1.00 per year, \$3.00 for three years (in Canada)— U.S. and Foreign, \$1.50 per year, \$3.25 for three years.

War time bureaucracy still seems to be in the ascendant at Ottawa. Wartime bureaucratic principles have taken the place of peacetime Liberal policies.

It becomes more clearly evident that in the Legislation of last session we are drifting from the old idea of free and individual enterprise to a position of reliance upon state planning, as well as a considerable inclination for Federal Government to jeopardise Provincial rights. Both of these indicate a departure from what has usually been accepted as sound Liberal principles.

What more socialistic measure can be imagined than the control which the Government has taken over, on the disposal of, and the prices set, on the farmer's crop of wheat? Some observers claim that this policy has cost Canadian wheat farmers the enormous sum of fifty million dollars.

Practically the same policy is continued in the setting of the price of gold. It is a well recognized fact that Gold Mining has not recovered from the restrictions of War time. The Government continues to refuse any advance in the price of Gold. It continues the War Time policy of obliging producers of gold to sell to the Government only and to refuse the gold miner the privilege of selling in any other market.

With the Farmer and the Miner still unfairly controlled in the price of their product it is not strange that there is a feeling of frustration in these important industries.

No wonder that Liberal Senator Roebuck of Toronto asserts in the Senate as follows:-

"The direction in which we are travelling is a regulated Society in which the rights of the individual are set aside purportedly for the good of the public but in the final result is next door to a controlled society or Police state in which the private individual and the business of the country are bossed by a few Civil Servants"

The result of this frustration may be seen in the drift of our best educated citizens to south of the border—to the U.S.A.

One competent observer reports that since July 1st, 1945, 48,000 people left Canada to find their fortune in the United States.

Is it not possible that this trend could be diverted by an aggressive policy for the development of our unpeopled Northland with its unestimable resources.

What indication have we, that the development of this part of the country has any place in the policy of our government?

John A. Fraser

BRIEF but POINTED

● In Nov. 1946 the Government of B.C. said that COAL and FOREST PRODUCTS would form the initial tonnages for a completed P.G.E. . . Six months later a government report stated that the VAST WHEAT TONNAGE would be the primary freight, and that coal, while valuable would not be so important.

TODAY, it is COAL again—and so it has been going on for 30 years.

What chance has B.C. for a railroad to the Peace, when after 30 years of planning no one seems to know what the railroad, if built, is going to haul. . . .

In the meantime, while Mr. Hart is conferring with C.N. officials and assuring everyone that construction is just around the corner—CONTRACTS HAVE BEEN LET TO PULL UP 2400 TONS OF P.G.E. RAILS NOW IN PLACE NORTH OF QUESNEL.

● In our spring issue we claimed that regardless of all reports to the contrary, the Pine Pass Highway would NOT be completed within the time limit of even the extended schedule, and that construction work was being DELIBERATELY STALLED so that completion would come during the next election year. . . . Despite the fact that it is impossible at this time of writing (Sept. 20th) to drive EVEN ONE MILE further north on the new highway, than was possible two years ago, both Mr. Carson and Mr. Hart have stated that they are SATISFIED with progress to date—and Mr. Carson has now issued the statement that 1948 WILL NOT SEE COMPLETION OF THE HIGHWAY. . . . 1949 is election year.

● What chance has the U.N. of organizing world peace, brotherhood and trust among the vastly different nations of the world, when in our own country people so mistrust each other that the PRESENT GOVERNMENT of B.C. will not take as facts, the results of surveys conducted by PREVIOUS GOVERNMENTS, and feels that it must conduct NEW AND EVER MORE COSTLY SURVEYS in regard to P.G.E. extension (such as are now being carried out)

Such action implies knowledge on the part of the present government, indicating that past governments of B.C. have been terribly inefficient, and that the results of surveys conducted by them ARE TO BE IGNORED. . . Which gives rise to the question — Will B.C.'s NEXT GOVERNMENT conduct new surveys of the P.G.E.—for the same reason?

A BILLBOARD For CACHE CREEK

"I'm sorry, ladies but there is NO ROAD TO PRINCE RUPERT," said one of the —personnel of an Edmonton Travel Bureau recently, when asked by two elderly ladies about the roads of Northern and Central B.C. He went on, "There's a trail of sorts as far north as Prince George, but there's no accommodation and it's practically impossible to get over the road—and there's nothing west of there. . . ."

The above is a sample of the type of propaganda being ignorantly, or deliberately—no one knows, handed out by countless hundreds of individuals throughout the country to the east and south of us. Scores of American and Canadian tourists ventured forth north of Cache Creek for the first time this summer, and despite such 'anti-north-country' propaganda' were quite pleasantly surprised to find that they did NOT (as they had been led to believe) have to get a tow behind an ox-team which plodded at a two-mile per hour pace over muddy rutted roads, nor did they have to camp out under the jack-pines and cook their own beans and bacon due to lack of accommodation—nor did they have to battle off any wild Indian bands or roving beasts of the forests. . . In fact, they found that up here in the north country we were quite civilized—not too civilized, mind you, for we don't put every movable object under lock and key every night as is the practise in the highly civilized metropolitan centres, but just enough —We have learned not to shoot first and ask questions afterwards, but to extend a hand in friendly greeting. We have churches, schools, hospitals, hotels, garages, restaurants, golf courses, stores, libraries, and yes, even moving picture houses

—plus some of the finest hunting, fishing and scenery on the continent.

Whereas many tourists ignored the propaganda and came north despite it, countless hundreds turned EAST at Cache Creek, instead of coming NORTH, because .we.. the people of North and Central B.C. have not exerted ourselves to the extent of joining forces.. to put a WELCOME MAT on our doorstep—the crossroads at Cache Creek.

During the summer however, Cariboo and Northern B.C. Digest has been busy campaigning to raise sufficient funds to place a welcome mat, to take the form of a 10 ft by 20 foot billboard, at Cache Creek.

Our representative has learned, by personally contacting scores of interested individuals from Cache Creek to Prince Rupert, that the idea of a large billboard at the crossroads is not new, and that many organizations and the Boards of Trades of many towns had proposed something similar, but that the idea had invariably been shelved due to lack of initiative.

And so, Cariboo & N.B.C. Digest has taken the initiative. The plan calls for a ten by twenty foot billboard to be erected at Cache Creek depicting, in full colour, what this country has to offer in the way of hunting, fishing and scenery, plus a simplified road map and a brief message, so worded, as to leave no room for doubt about our roads. A lesser version of the same sign is to be set up in Prince George, so that tourists will know that the road is open through to Prince Rupert, regardless of what they may hear from small-minded, individuals, who are present in every town, and always

continued on page 107

The Ghosts of "Surprise City"

by W. N. CAMPBELL

Out in the frozen wilderness; the virgin forests of the northland, where a single column of smoke from a lone campfire may be the only sign of human habitation in a thousand square miles — many queer things happen — which cannot be explained by the slide-rules of science. The following is one such incident, as experienced by W. N. "Rusty" Campbell well known to readers of the "Digest", and a veteran northwoodsman not in the least give to hallucinations.

I may as well state at the start of this yarn if you like to so misname it, that at the time these happenings took place I did not believe in ghosts; do not now believe in ghosts; and unless some visiting apparition is insistent in a way hitherto not made apparent to me, perhaps for my own good, I do not intend to believe in ghosts.

Having made that abundantly clear even, I hope, to the most argumentive reader, I almost hasten, being very sure of my ground, to record the following incident or incidents before they slip my mind, or become wraith-like and misty themselves, so that perhaps I too, like some of my more doubting readers, may also begin to doubt the happenings, or maybe mentally place them in the realm of old and half forgotten dreams, which they decidedly are not.

Some sixty or seventy miles up stream from the forks of the Nechako River and the Fraser River, where the frontier City of Prince George now stands, the upper Fraser River receives the water of a large tributary. This second river, which rises in the main range of the Northern Rockies and flows swiftly for all its length, is now known as the McGregor River. At the time of which I write it was known as the "Big Salmon River".

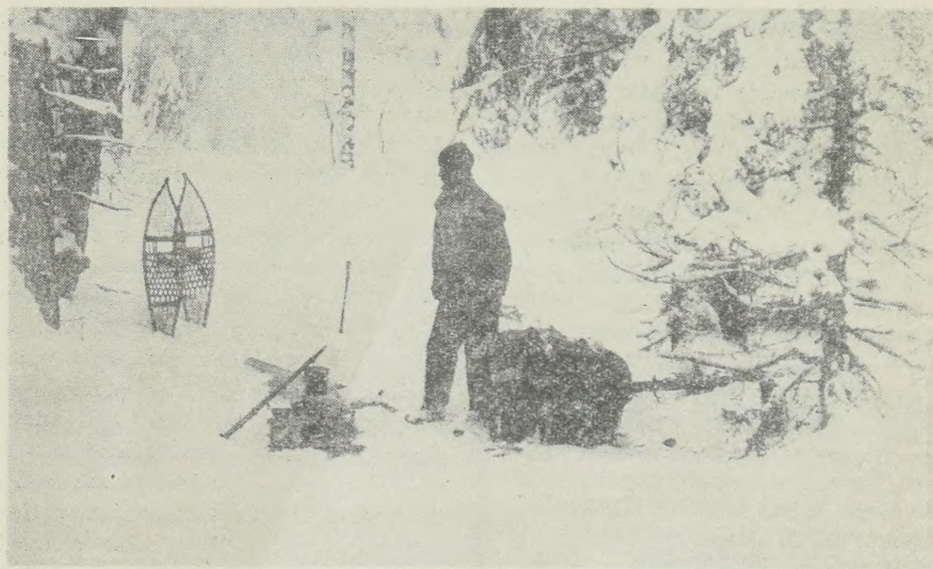
Far up the McGregor River its waters also fork several times to make the "Captain", the "James" and "Herrick"

Rivers. These streams are chiefly glacier fed and are hemmed in for their entire length between mountains which overshadow them almost, it seems at times, in a sinister and overpowering manner. Its narrow shelving river beaches and heavily spruce-forested mountain sides are still the haunt of numerous grizzlies, and in the winter its winding frozen surface, the highway of countless Moose and wandering Lush Caribou, which, if they do turn off into the deep snow of the fringing forests (usually anywhere from five to eight feet deep) at the approach of a very rare human, do so with exceedingly bad grace, and only

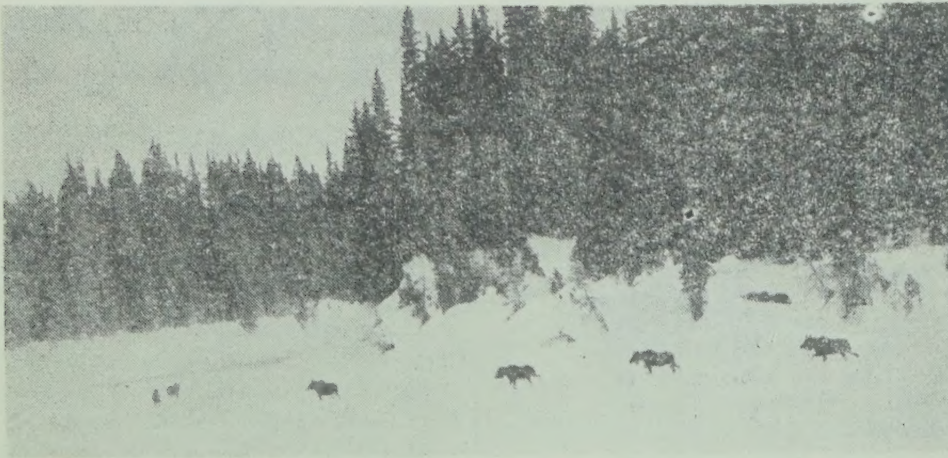
for a short distance. Their age long enemy, the giant black and grey wolves which make this shadowy land their patrol, are quick to bring them down as they flounder breast high in light and powdery snow, almost entirely helpless. Their howls of victory are, alas, too common, and will still make the hairs on the back of the head bristle.

Storms, sudden and mean, laden with sharp stinging snowflakes in the winter, and the summer months with driving gusty cold rain, whip down through the gaping draws of the mountain ranges. Here, daylight is soon dashed with in the winter, and is driven down the narrow valley, tailed along the way, as a rule, by a jeering, shouting night-wind as if unwelcome in the first place and should never have come. Such is the valley of the MacGregor, still only known, to any extent, by the few isolated fur trappers who winter far up its reaches.

It was down this stream by way of



A trapper pauses for a hot cup o' coffee and a bite to eat while out on his line on the upper MacGregor River. It's just as cold as it looks.



Moose on the frozen MacGregor River. —Photo by Ranger Tom Brewer

the portage from Arctic waters at the head of the Bad River, now known as the "James" River, Sir Alexander MacKenzie and his companions paddled on their famous exploratory trip from Upper Canada to the Pacific in 1793, the first white men in history to cross overland from the Atlantic to the Pacific, north of Mexico, no matter what other claims are made. His journal tells of his canoe being smashed to bits in the swirling waters of the Bad River, and of the perilous trip down the unknown river.

He and his courageous companions ran unknown rivers and canyons, almost starved, were attacked by hostile Indians for almost the entire trip down the Pacific slope, but, nothing daunted, held on their weary way till they stood beside the waters of the Pacific. Then, and only then, did they turn around and retrace their steps, up stream this time, all the way to the divide of the Arctic and Pacific waters, far up the MacGregor River. Only one who has laboriously poled

and lined up these swift, boiling rivers, with their cruel canyons and treacherous whirlpools, can know just what that means. But in addition, these dauntless men carried no foodstuffs of any kind, but needs live off the resources of the wilderness country as they travelled, or else starve. There was as yet no friendly trading post around the bend with the British Ensign flapping high above it in the breeze, and a welcome friendly factor, as they climbed wearily out of the canoe. It is of such that empires are built, and the breed is not extinct. A brave crew they were, all of them!

It is many years now, nearer forty than thirty, when I first ascended the MacGregor and its tributaries, poling and lining in a Cottonwood dug-out laden with surveyor's supplies, up and along its gravel bars and box canyons. I was young and tough in those days, and all swift water I considered a direct challenge to my skill and courage. We were under instructions to survey out and blaze the boundaries of timber limits far up the valley of the MacGregor, then little known, a glamorous job of work, at least to a young buck like me it seemed glamorous. My employers were the then well known firm of British Columbia land surveyors, Gore and MacGregor; the active partner of the firm being James Herrick MacGregor. "Mac" was a tough dour Scotch-Canadian, able to endure almost unbelievable hardships and set a pace that kept many a younger man

humping to follow. He was also, of all things, somewhat of a poet, which on second thought is not so strange. One must have a song in his heart to be a true woodsman. A wilderness man without imagination or a song lurking not far below the surface, to me sounds so untrue that I do not think I for one could trust him, and no to trust a man in the wilderness is not to share one's campfire with him.

A few years passed and I was a soldier in the famous Canadian Scottish Regiment in the first Great War.

A far cry from my beloved North Country were the low lands of Flanders with their featureless, tree fringed farms and thickly sown villages dotting the countryside. One very stormy and rainy evening I was far forward at my Machine Gun post. With the coming of darkness on this particular night I was dispatched on some errand back across the desolated country just to the rear of the firing line. The communication trenches, just ditches at the best of times, were flooded and so, under cover of darkness I kept to the surface instead of clambering along their winding length.

A sudden burst of enemy machine gun fire followed by soaring star shells and I threw myself prone to the ground. The desolation of roofless and gaping buildings were silhouetted against the sky-line for a few moments as I lay close to the ground, and almost within reach I saw a cluster of white wooden crosses standing stark and pale in the ghastly light. As the star-shell light waned, I read clearly on the cross closest to me "R. I. P. Captain James Herrick MacGregor, killed in action, April 22nd 1915". Then darkness closed down again, and a far off machine gun said, "tut-tut, tut-tut!". A far cry indeed I say.

To honour his gallant name the Government of British Columbia not long after the close of the War renamed the "Big Salmon River" The "MacGregor", and its three chief tributaries the 'Captain' the 'James'

continued on page 39

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MOOSE FOR THREE

by Eric Collier

Art, Leonard and 'Stick' - had just six days — and they each wanted a moose. Neither Stick nor Leonard had ever seen a moose before, which made it plenty tough for the guide — but the air was crisp and clear, the nights cold and frosty, and the guide knew his stuff.

The fire blackened girth of a lifeless tree? yes it could have been that but sheer force of habit anchored me to my tracks and I peered with covetous questioning stare at the spot one hundred and twenty yards away where the wedge shaped thickets of second growth pine tongued out in scattered fir. Stick (Cecil Stickel, Seattle, Wash.) crouched there at my heels and from the corner of my right eye I glimpsed the blue glint of steel as the barrel of his 30-30 Savage tilted its snout at ready. But still I waited, staring at that dark question mark of a hulk etched against the trees. Came the swift intake of breath at my shoulder, the metallic grate as a safety catch was slipped. "Yes?" The hint of a prayer lingered on the word as it tumbled from Stick's mouth but still I remained mute, as rigid as the rock upon which my right hunting boot rested. It seemed to move alright yet somehow the pattern remained unchanged; and how many times in the last five days had we been tricked by the sway of a single bush as the idling breath of the wind rustled through its branches. He had inched alongside me now had Stick and the butt of his gun was cuddled into his shoulder. I tossed an appraising glance at its barrel. No Stick would not fail me in that respect. Excited? The sights on his gun wouldn't prove it.

Stick and the gun barrel blacked out, the pine thicket came back

into focus. This I decided suddenly had gone far enough. The longer a man hesitates in taking the shot the more likelihood is there of his missing when he does touch off the trigger. I made up my mind. "All set?" Stick's eyes never left the sights but his head signaled the affirmative. So I coughed, a forced, dry cough a cough that split the strange silence like the sudden crackle of mountain thunder. And that coal black enigma in the thicket took sudden definite shape and came upright with certain life. The grayish brown of the hind legs, the mighty hump of the withers and grotesque hugeness of a nose that seemed more like that of a horse than any cloven footed beast yes, it was all very plain now. And though the ears were pitched forward and the eyes full in our direction I saw only the bronze span of a set of horns which, held high above the shoulders, took on the sudden shape of the sprawling rootsof a windblown pine knocked down by the spring chinooks. I sucked in my breath deep down into my lungs then swiftly discharged it in a subdued, exultant grunt. "Take him, Stick, he's yours".

"Six days I echoed dismally, "And you've only got six days?"

Art (A. Gehman, Seattle Wash.) nodded. "Got to be back on the job a week from Tuesday" he advised me. Hum. To day was Sunday and allowing them two clear days in which to make the return trip from Riske Creek, British Columbia to Seattle



Art also gets his moose.

Washington would give us exactly six days of hunting. And neither Stick or Leonard (Leonard Coffie, Seattle Washington) had ever seen a moose in the wild state before still less killed one. Which made it a bit tough for yours truly Mister Guide. If they returned to Washington without a bull apiece my name would be muddier than the muskeg in the swamps. And although Art had been out with me before and had taken a fifty inch spread of moose horns out of the Big Horn country on the west side of Teseko Lake well, - - -. I understand the meat shortage over in Washington was kind of acute last Fall and a one thousand pound bull moose not only absorbs all unnecessary space in the locker but is meat fit for a Royal Family to boot. Hum. I guess Art's Little Woman is already getting the skillet ready for that liver.

I cocked an eye at their trailer, looked squarely at Art and observed suspiciously. "That's a mighty big trailer."

Art chuckled evilly. "Need to be. By the time we get three bulls and two or three four point bucks stowed away in it - - -" Then the chuckle

went out and he went on seriously, "It's this way, Eric: We never decided about coming until the very last minute and knowing how far you folks live from any Post Office I figured it would be useless sending you a wire because you would not get it in time to do much good anyway. So I told the boys shucks, let's take the chance and head up into British Columbia. Collier won't see us stuck".

And this was Leonard's and Stick's first moose hunt. I frowned and sighed tiredly Art, you've been up here before and know a thing or two about this business. And you really expect me to rustle up three good moose heads and half a dozen buck mule deer in just six days hunting?"

Another hideous smile creased Art's three day growth of stubble. "Suppose we settle for three moose and three bucks," he let me off benevolently.

I'm a big game guide not a con-founded timber wolf," I reminded him scorchingly.

Rightly or wrongly I always did figure this hunting business out to be something like poker — only worse! There are fifty two cards in a poker deck and although I don't rightly know how many there are in this hunting game I have learnt to my sorrow that there are a whale of a lot of deuces, like poker but worse. Take this chap Coffee for instance. Turn that fellow loose among a flock of Merino ewes with a thirty-three carbine and in ten minutes he'd sneak out with a foolish grin on his map and a forty four inch Rocky Mountain Big Horn head in his right hand. It's a fact. His first hunting trip into British Columbia and right Johnny-come-out-of-the-bag these funny old hills slipped him the Joker for a hole card with four aces in sight.

A dripping blanket of cold mist curtained the beaver ponds when we left camp next morning. In this business as in most other, the adage of the Early Crow and the worm is a pretty good one to follow. We



Stick grins — —and why shouldn't he. This fellow will dress out over 300 pounds.

winked goodbye to the alder bottoms of the creek bed and angled up the mountain because at this time of year the cows are ranging the side-hills, cropping the dwarf buck brush which festoons the southern slopes. Cherches La Femme, that's the formula to dispense. Mid October and the rut is in full stride so before we can hope to locate a bull worth

taking out of here we must first get into the cows.

The sun spewed up in the east with watery, yellowish paint and a sudden duet of shots belched up from the floor of the valley as if to bid it hello. I chuckled down in my throat. Guess Art found those green-heads alright. He's that sort of fellow is Gehman. Rather hunt green-heads than eat. So after breakfast I told him "Take the twelve gauge and follow the beaver dams down the creek." And warningly, "Don't get more than a dozen though or you'll have the Game Commissioners on your tail for busting the daily bag limit." Bang --- bang! Two more empty Super X No 5's, two more mallards spinning down into the water. Put a duck or a Canada Goose on the wing anywhere within a sixty yard radius of Art's Winchester pump and its my dollar bill against your two bit piece that duck or goose will fold up.

My eyes went back on the job and I slithered to a stop. Oh-oh this is it! Two tracks, one squeezing down atop the other; a square wide track with blunted toes, a sharp tapering one that tore up generous tatters of moss with each step it made. This is it!

A few paces to my right Stick had his eyes glued to the ground as

continued on page 37

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The GREAT CONFLICT

by W. D. M.



A true Story — about a little-known Frenchman, his gold mine - and of his battle with a Grizzly in which he both won and lost. . . .

Now Frenchy wasn't a big man, physically, for in stature he could only be described as slight and of medium height. He was sure to be passed without comment by the casual observer. Nothing about Frenchy denoted other than the usual run-of-the-mill product, and that was the reason little was known about him. Those who admitted knowledge or friendship of the man could only admit of having met him on the trail or partaken of a meal or two or probably spent a night at his cabin at Eighteen Mile on the old Princeton Trail, just out of Hope. No one could lay claim to being familiar with Frenchy's life prior to his moving to his cabin. He was an exceedingly quiet man, seldom going to town except for supplies or to ship his fur. He travelled always alone, so his absence was never realized, nor, for that matter, was his presence. Frenchy lived alone by preference, but would always lend aid to any weary traveller who happened to be passing. Most people in the district knew of Frenchy's existence and his vocation. Some even knew the general location of his beat, but no person could definitely locate him at any time. You see, Frenchy was a trapper in the winter and a prospector during the remainder of each year. Sometimes he reaped a generous reward in furs, but there

were other times, especially when the winter months saw nothing but rain and ice and the fur was not prime, that he hardly sold enough to buy food. However, good winters or bad, Frenchy was always comfortably well off, never seeming to worry about his financial well-being.

This was not general knowledge, but Frenchy had a claim back in the mountains and always could bring in a sufficient amount of gold to enable him to live comfortably at any time. He could have been a rich man and dwelt in luxury in any city he so desired, but refused that kind of life, preferring to exist in freedom among his beloved hills.

Frenchy's past life may have had a bearing on this decision to live in the wilds of the virgin forests. Maybe he was wanted by the police for committing some long-since enacted crime, or maybe he was sick to death of people and just wished to be alone. No one will ever know. Frenchy was free. His key to freedom lay far back over Eighteen Mile Mountain. When his larder needed restocking, he would make the silent journey to this placer deposit, pan a quantity of gold, and purchase enough food to last him many months.

Frenchy could have lived this quiet and unobtrusive existence for many years, but his life was

snapped suddenly short and in a most painful manner. He was returning to his cabin at Eighteen Mile when a large black bear jumped onto a windfall directly in his path. Thinking that a little bear-meat would make a nice change, he raised his old 30-30 Winchester and pulled the trigger. The bear fell off the windfall and Frenchy, in haste to finish bruin with another shot if need be, jumped on the fallen tree to a point of vantage. The moment he landed on that windfall was the climax of his life. The little man lived three and a half years to regret his leap. Days and nights, without end, of screaming nightmares and horror unendurable, transformed a strong spirit into a quivering and wretched monstrosity that was once Frenchy.

As soon as Frenchy landed upon the windfall a huge black arm engulfed him, pinning his right arm between the elbow and shoulder, tight to his body. A gaping, slavering maw, studded with long fangs, came at his face with frightful speed to chew his head to pulp; but Frenchy, in terror, doubling his left arm, thrust his elbow into the huge mouth, screaming as the teeth met again and again through the bone. The fearful strong claws of the creature's forepaws were shredding the flesh on his back.

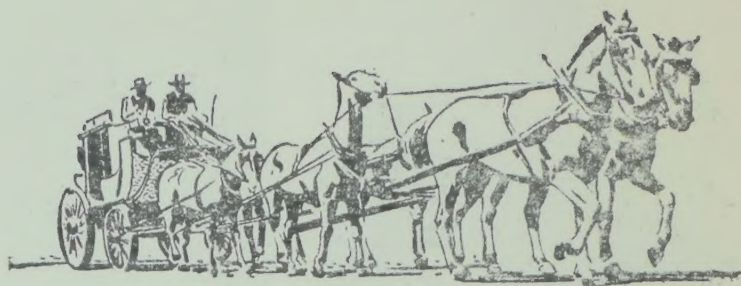
Many would have died then, but not Frenchy. His right arm from the elbow down was free, and somehow managing to detach the small penknife he always carried as a watch fob, he was able, after a time, to open the single blade with

Continued on page 102

"Sawney"

POET of CARIBOO

by EMELINE THOMAS



LURED from the tiny village of Coupar in far away Scotland in 1863 by the fabulous wealth of the Cariboo — James Anderson failed to retain any of the three fortunes he made in the mining camp — but won renown and appreciation for his many poems published in the papers of that day under the pen-name of 'Sawney'.

To most of us the year 1896 seems a long way back, thought of or referred to as "before our time"; a dim era of quaint costumes and events handed down in books, or stories told by some oldster; a day belonging to our parents and grandparents as they reminisce about the "good old days." But to James Anderson 1896 was a time of sunset, with his heart filling with memories of the brave days of bygone years when, a strong young man, he prospected, dug and panned with sturdy mates in the Cariboo.

James Anderson hailed from Coupar, Fife, in Scotland. The fame of the Cariboo having spread even to that small village, the young man was fired with the desire to hasten to the far-off land of fabulous wealth—to obtain a share of the precious gold that was, so report said, to be had almost for the picking up.

It was in 1863 that young James made the long rough journey across sea and land to the Cariboo, in company with scores of others from the Old Country, for the gold-fever was at its height, surging up anew after the recession that commenced in '58, when claims were abandoned and men left for greener pastures. Now, fast on the heels of the men who had discovered the rich dig-

gings of Antler, Lightning, and Williams Creeks, a fresh rush of prospectors made their eager way up the newly constructed Cariboo Road, as far as it was completed, then continuing by steamer and narrow trail to their goals. So, one of the avid horde, James Anderson arrived, in that golden year, and forthwith began his apprenticeship in the hard school of mining, suffering the trials and tribulations of the rough mining life, enjoying the comradeship of strong men, and always looking for the strike that would bring him his heart's desire. In an article in the *World* of April 26, 1896, he is described as being "as genial a soul as ever stepped in shoe leather, or tramped the wilds of Cariboo or his native Scottish heath." One can imagine James' popularity with the miners, for James had the gift of words, and many a poem he wrote that pleased his comrades, for like all real versifiers, he wrote of what he knew, and that was the Cariboo. As the author of these Cariboo songs he was known as "Sawney," and under the title of "Sawney's Letters and Cariboo Rhymes" his writings appeared in the *Daily World*, to delight readers at home and abroad. A small volume of Cariboo verse was published, some years later, containing many of Sawney's poems. Other authors whose works were

included were a Mr. Faliesin, whose facile pen later won him a position on the staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; C. Booth, the Provincial Assessor and Collector for Victoria district, and Lowhee, who at the time of publication was still mining in the Cariboo. The titles of some of Sawney's works are given here, and one can readily understand that they would strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of his fellow-men in the camps. For instance: "Waiting for the Mail," "Prologue," "Dead Broke," "Hard Luck," "The Prospector's Shanty," "The Rough but Honest Miner," "The Young Man from Canada" (B.C. was not at that time a part of Canada), "Sinch," "The Flower of Germany," "The Dancing Girls of Cariboo," "Bar Room Song," "A Retrospect," and so on.

* * * * *

The "Dancing Girls" were girls brought in to the camps to supply a feminine touch to the dance halls, where they partnered the miners at a fixed sum per dance. According to the history books, they were of German origin, but in the account books of Cottonwood House there is an entry which reads: "June 2, 1866, Mr. Andrew, Niles and Co.—with Dutch Girls—To hire of horse, etc." Whichever they were, it is agreed they were most exemplary in behaviour, confining themselves strictly to the business for which they came. With a mind to the disappointment the girls caused among would-be admirers, Sawney penned these lines:

They danced at nicht in dresses
light,
Frae late until the early, O,
But Oh! their hearts were hard as
flint,
Which vexed the laddies sairly, O!

The dollar was their only love,
And that they lo'ed fu' dearly, O,
They dinna care a flea for men,
Let them court hooe'er sincere-
ly, O!

Bonnie are the hurdies, O,
The German hurdy-gurdies, O!
The daftest hours that e'er I spent,
Was dancin' wi' the hurdies, O!

* * * * *

Of all his poems, "The Rough but Honest Miner" was deemed by Sawney the favorite among his Cariboo friends. Written in good Scottish style, it was set to the tune of "Castles In The Air," and one can picture the bearded men, resting from the day's toil in their rude cabins, trying it over, rich bass and sweet tenor, coming in strongly on the last line of each verse: Tum, te, tum-tum, tum, tum-tum.

The Rough but Honest Miner

The rough but honest miner,
Wha toils night and day,
Seeking for the yellow gold
Hid among the clay—
Howkin' in the mountain-side,
What does he there?
Ha! the auld dreamer's
Biggin "castles in the air."

His weather-beaten face
An' his sair-worn hands

Are telltales to a'
O' the hardships he stands;
His head may grow gray,
And his face fu' o' care,
Huntin' after gold
Wi' its "castles in the air."

He sees an auld channel
Buried in the hill,
Fill'd fu' o' nuggets—
Sae gaes at it wi' a will.
For lang weeks and months,
Drifting late and air,
Cutting out a door
To his "castles in the air."

He hammers at the rock,
Believin' it's a rim,
When ten to ane it's naething
But his fancy's whim—
Sure when he gets through
He'll find his hamestake there,
There's miners mair than ane
Built this "castle in the air."

He thinks his pile is made,
And he's gaein' hame gin fa',
He joins his dear auld mither,
His faither, freends, and a'.
His heart e'en jumps wi' joy
At the thochts o' bein' there,
Ane' mony a happy minute
Biggin' "castles in the air."

But hopes that promised high
In the springtime o' the year,
Like leaves o' autumn fa'
When the frost o' winter's near.
Sae his biggin' tum'les doon
Wi' ilka blast o' care,
Till there's no' a stane left stannin'
O' his "castles in the air."

Toiling and sorrowing.

On through life he goes,
Each morning sees some work be-
gun,
Each evening sees it close;
But he has aye the grit
Tho' his "tum-tum" may be sair,
For anither year is coming
Wi' its "castles in the air."

Though fortune may not smile
Upon his labors here,
There is a world about
Where his prospects will be clear—
If he now accepts the offer
O' a stake beyond compare—
A happy hame for aye
Wi' a "castle in the air."

* * * * *

For eight years John Sawney Anderson lived and strove in the Cariboo, seeing fortunes made, lost, and regained. Lady Luck passed him by, though, and so at last, like many others, he gave up the search for the dreamed-of wealth, and returned to his old home in Scotland with its quieter and more ordered ways.

Years later, in the spring of 1896, he received from a friend in London a copy of the Daily World, published in Vancouver, containing an article on Cariboo songs. Pleased with the favorable notice accorded his efforts, he wrote a reply-and-thank-you letter to the paper. It was written from Carbitmill House, Coupar, Fife, and was dated June 4, 1896. He still wrote verse on occasion, or, as he put it, "my muse still sings," but now under the nom de plume of A. Qr. C., for "Sawney," he felt, belonged exclusively to the Cariboo, with the boys of the sixties. Without quoting his letter in full, we give you extracts from it, with explanatory notes culled from various sources. He refers to himself as Sawney, using the third person: "The Rough but Honest Miner" is

the only one of my writings which I have. I would be glad to get a copy of his (Sawney's) Cariboo songs. Barring Sawney's Letters, I would have been pleased had the other rhymes been buried in the tailings of Williams Creek. They

continued on page 36



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The Humble HOG

By W.B.W. WOODWARD

Of all Man's four-footed friends, the humble hog is certainly among the most useful, and, beyond all doubt, much the most consistently maligned.

The term "swine" has been applied so long and in so derogatory a sense to sum up the total of human vice, greed, and general lack of virtue and balance, that the word itself has practically disappeared from polite usage. "Hog" has come to signify greed and love of filth for its own sake, while "pig" has been widely annexed by the young human matron chiding her offspring for undue interest in the pleasures of the table, carrying the symptoms of a little too much rugged individualism into its social relations, or any one of a wide range of other atavisms.

Actuated, perhaps, in the beginning, by a desire to be different, and to supply their nation with a set of definitely peculiar habits that would permanently establish their identity among the peoples, Jewry's

ancient leaders saw fit to give the swine a leading place in their list of forbidden foods and practices. Mahommed's followers not only retain this tabu but add another against all alcohol, and a third, honored in the breach rather than the observance, we fear, against all personal adornment of such precious metals as gold and silver.

Perhaps the status of the pig was a little too firmly established in the Western and Northern worlds, or perhaps the climatic conditions were a little more propitious. Anyway, not only has the use of pork never been forbidden the Christian but the humble swine has marched beside the white man in his conquest of the globe. Islands of Oceania, from time immemorial addicted to cannibalism, from these malpractices have been redeemed by the power of the Word—and by the introduction of pigs—the first quadrupeds ever to live in those parts, and the most readily acclimatized. Pigs have been successfully added to the fauna of the

Americas, and while, like the bovine species, they flourish in the temperate zone, unlike them, they do not despise the tropics.

Legend has it that, in China, time was when roast pork was so esteemed that householders hesitated not to burn down their dwellings for the sake of a few luscious morsels, cooked in the ashes. Generations of warriors have cultivated speed and dexterity in the chase of the wild boar. Irish peasants have esteemed themselves lucky in the possession of one pig, and passing rich with two. Anglo-Saxon farmers rejoice in the knowledge that their meat supply will thrive and grow fat on practically any scraps. Small children take delight in scratching the backs of round little porkers that squirm and wriggle in ecstasy; while adult husbandmen pursue full-grown pigs through the woods, after their quarry has stunnelled its way under the stys, or, contrary to all regulations, leapt over their confines.

A much maligned animal is the pig, and who is there to do him justice? His is the homely virtue of the purely utilitarian, and, like all other such creatures, he finds himself fulfilling his role in obscurity, while others, more spectacular, though probably less useful, unblushingly accept the plaudits of this world.

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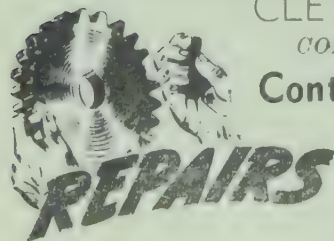
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RICHARD THE WILLING . . .

by CAROLYN CAIN

Wherein a 'city-bred' gal records her initiation in the art of handling horses, and in pioneer life in general 'north of -54.,

To people who have always been used to horses, 'practically lived with them and grown up with them, I suppose a person who is afraid of horses is some strange, weird person. Yet here am I, a shining example of timidity and terror when asked to approach an equine animal, to pat him or give him a lump of sugar. "Go on, go on," says the horse lover, "he is as gentle as a lamb and won't hurt you." So with trembling hand I hold out the lump of sugar, but as soon as he folds back his lips and shows those enormously huge equine teeth, I am positive he is going to take my arm off right at the shoulder. This temerity lasted till I joined my husband, who is a trapper and, according to some people, lives at the jumping-off place for nowhere, but actually it is only north of 54, a rugged but magnificently beautiful country. I have learned to love it and have got used to the long cold winters and short summers, with fall the loveliest time of all.

I arrived over a year ago, city born and bred, used to all modern conveniences, to find there was no running water in the house, the nearest store was eight miles away, and we had to cook and heat the place by a wood stove. But those were mere bagatelles when I learned the worse—that because we were so far away from the trapline, which was a distance of about 45 miles by snowshoe, my husband would have to be away a week or more at a time and I would have to look after our sole means of transportation, the honorable horse.

I was told this in a very offhand manner, as my husband is an ex-

cellent horseman and to him a horse is like having a dog or cat around. However, to me that was something else again, something I hadn't bargained for, going into the stall to feed and water my ancient bug-a-boo, the horse. I agreed to do my best, but the first day I went into the barn to feed Richard my knees were knocking together so badly I was sure the noise would upset him and I had a very difficult time getting any hay into the manger because my hands were trembling so. When I did go into the stall where Richard was, it was with a do-or-die feeling. I felt like what I imagine Sir Galahad must have felt like on his first crusade. Then Surprise, Wonders, Miracles—Richard didn't crowd me, he didn't try to bite nor did he try to kick me out of the stall. Why he was as gentle as a lamb and quite easy to handle, although he could be stubborn when he chose to. So,

after a few days of feeding, grooming and watering Richard, I lost a great deal of my timidity and began actually to enjoy the experience.

As I am only pint size, being all of 4 ft. 11 ins., it was very hard for me to harness the horse from the ground, so my husband built a small platform in one of the stalls, where I could harness Richard easily. I also was initiated into the right and wrong way of harnessing a horse and poor Richard just stood there patiently while I clumsily tried to put the bit in his mouth, got the bridle entangled over one ear, and practically had to crawl under him to get one of the harness straps straight. He never moved or snorted, just stood there with a resigned air.

The next time my husband left for the trapline, it being a lovely bright day in early March, I decided to harness Richard and go visiting. I gave him some hay to occupy him while I was putting the harness on him. It took me over three-quarters of an hour to get the harness on properly, but I finally accomplished what seemed such a simple task when Bill was doing it and so unnecessarily complicated when I was doing it alone and unaided. The

concluded on page 97

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A Voice In The Night

Many people have had experiences bordering on the supernatural - but not so many care to admit it because of the raised eyebrows which as a rule greet the storyteller. — Here is a simple little tale about one of Cariboo's pioneer families. . . Uncle Frank was two thousand miles away - yet his 'presence' averted a tragedy.

by Wilfred C. Murray

"Well, Sherri, if you'll excuse me now, I think I'll get back to my cabin. I have a few things to arrange before I leave."

"What time do you leave, Uncle Frank?"

"I'm going out on the morning stage; eight o'clock, but I don't want to be rushed in the morning. Want to have everything packed."

"We never like to see you hurry away, and this time we thought you'd spend a longer evening with us, because you are going to be gone quite a while, aren't you?"

"Yes, I expect to be gone a couple of months. We can have some longer evenings together when I return."

"Wait just a few minutes. I have something for you," informed Sherri, and she trotted out to the kitchen to get a carefully packed lunch out of the ice-box.

On her return she handed it to Uncle Frank, who, half-knowingly, asked "What's this?"

"Just some of the things I know you like, Uncle Frank," smiled Sherri. "They'll help you along until you get out to the train. There's no diner on the stage, and you may be hungry before you get to the stopping-house."

"Cookies. I'll bet," interrupted Frank.

"And some of those good oranges we got in the other day," edged in Charlie.

"That's very thoughtful of you; thoughtful of both of you," Uncle Frank responded, and added, "especially after such a fine dinner.

Thank you very much. Thank you for both the very fine dinner and for this pack of good things. I'll be thinking of you until I get back. And now I'll say, 'So long,'" he concluded.

Both Sherrie and Charlie repeated, "So long, Uncle Frank. Have a good time."

It was that time of the year when the water on the upper reaches of the Fraser starts to rise and the gold panners leave the creeks and bars for a recess. Frank Lee had made a fair stake and was off to California for a holiday.

Charlie Yie could not take such a long holiday, for he was tied down to a store that was essential to the welfare of the prospectors, miners and freighters of the Canyon Creek district. Nor could his assiduous wife, Sherri, afford time out from

the care of three children, practically all infants.

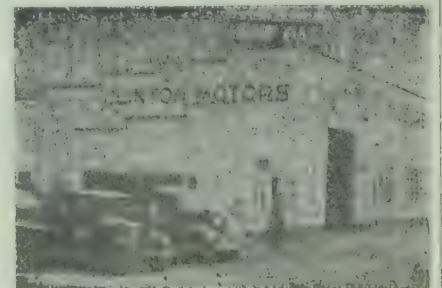
There were occasions when Charlie had to be gone a few days or perhaps overnight to purchase meat from the ranchers in the Nasco country and then Sherri had to perform double shift in store and home.

Such a day came very shortly after Uncle Frank had left for California. It came on that first hot day of early summer. Sherri felt relieved when she locked the store to mark the end of a long day where no by-laws provide a set closing hour. The sun had retired under a red blanket, and a pleasantly cooling breeze fanned her face as she watched the sky prepare itself for the night. Her thoughts wandered first to Charlie. Whose ranch would he be in tonight? Uncle Frank would be near his destination. Why did some people have life so easy? Then she reminded herself that she must be brave and the best way to forget her worries was to follow the children to bed. They had been tucked in a couple of hours ago. They had no worries. She wished she could sleep like them. Yes, three of them beside her; yet she was lonely. Or, was it fear? Uncle Frank was not in his cabin tonight.

continued on page 97

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\$30,000 in GOLD — \$60 000 at present day prices, lies hidden in a cave somewhere just off the old Anderson Trail — cached there by a murderous half-breed, Charlie Peter, many years ago. Charlie was one of a trio who in cold blood shot down the driver and passengers of a gold-laden stage coach. . . Later, Charlie's greed got the best of him, and he shot his partners in the back; murdered a helpless old prospector, and hid the loot in the cave which the prospector had used as his headquarters' — somewhere high above timber-line in the extremely rough country between Hope and Princeton. "To the one who finds this cave — riches sufficient for any one man's lifetime" — The second in a series of true stories of lost mines and buried treasure.

by **W. D. MORRISS**

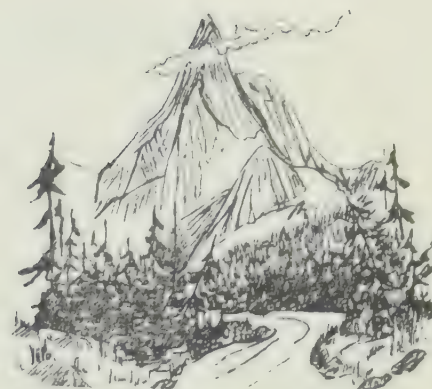
Every thing had been running so smoothly lately that even 'Grump Marlow' was cheerful. Nothing had gone wrong to upset the easy functioning of this present undertaking. Even the weather seemed to lend aid by contributing a cleansed air and a cheerful warm bright atmosphere. Patches of that eternal snow so characteristic of great heights dotted the landscape, changing what would have been a terrific heat, into a refreshing coolness that made travelling, pleasant. The few fleecy clouds interlacing the peaks which were so near at hand, lent a breath-taking enchantment to the scene.

The time was late afternoon in early September 1902 and one of those days of beauty that makes a man want to live in peace with his neighbor.

Nothing could go wrong in such a setting. The utter harmony of nature prevailed the minds of 'Grump' Marlow and his two companions as they rode hurriedly over the high trail on the Anderson Route. This trail followed the great peaks from Coquihalla Lake and wandered along the snow line six and seven thousand feet above sea-level. Progress was difficult at times, but such pleasant surroundings could create no weariness and as the

riders rode along in bantering mood even their horses showed on sign of exhaustion or hint of the many miles they had travelled that day. The three men felt wonderfully gay in spirit for they were leaving this interior country of British Columbia with thirty thousand dollars worth of gold in their saddle-bags. They were on their way to begin a life of ease somewhere to the south, Maybe San Francisco. They had been told that that was a wonderful city where a man could get anything he desired, providing he had the gold with which to pay. With ten thousand dollars each the three men could loaf in luxury for many a day.

It gives one a pleasant thought to learn of some old person, at the end of a life of toil and hardship being rewarded at last with a golden harvest but no pleasantness of mind could be obtained through knowledge of the source of this trio's wealth. They were three beasts of prey and had held up a stage in Nicola Valley. The stage was carrying gold and passengers from Rock Creek near Osoyoos and was close to Merritt when 'Grump' and his two companions, Jack Smith and a half-breed named Charlie Peter, shot from the brush at the side of the road. The



bullets killed the driver and a man riding with him on the box. Then, immediately following, two of the four horses were slain and one crippled. To complete the dastardly act, the three passengers were killed as they climbed from the stage with their hands up. Not a living soul was left to breathe a whisper of the murderous attack, except that one horse which somehow escaped the flying bullets. It seems 'Grump Marlow' didn't have the heart to hurt the poor beast, loving horses as he did, so he cut the animal loose from its entangled harness freeing the horse to go where it may, then, with a warm glow in his heart from this charitable deed, he turned to make certain that all life was gone from the once human cargo of the stage.

After definite assurance had reached his black heart, he then helped Jack and Charlie to unload the gold, dividing its weight evenly so that neither of the three would be overloaded and so lose precious time on the trail. Mounting quickly he galloped in the direction of Coquihalla Lake followed closely by Smith. Charlie Peter tarried only long enough to tear any jewelry there was from the bodies of his victims. After this act, the three men sped across country to get as far away as possible before the crime was discovered.

They had travelled many miles and were now out of danger. No inkling of pursuit had come to them and that was all that mattered.

Here they were, three men of wealth and as free as the breeze. Come what may, they would soon live like kings, their every whim to be satisfied, as they rode along the Anderson Trail, their hearts were light. No sense of guilt dampened their spirits. They meant to live a life as easily as they could at anyone's expense. Life was good to them and Jack Smith's spasmodic singing could not irritate 'Grump in his present mood. As darkness gradually descended, the men, with general accord, kept a sharp lookout for a camping site. They finally dismounted on a grassy bench near a stream, high up in the mountains. The half-breed collected dry wood while Marlow lit a fire and prepared to cook supper. Half an hour later the three men were rolled up in their blankets, sound asleep.

Morning dawned and found the mountains enveloped in clouds. A low cloud on a hill is a beautiful sight from the distance, but to be caught

afloat in its misty embrace is a terrible experience. Upon awakening, the trio was dismayed to see nothing but thick fog everywhere. However, they were determined that nothing should prevent their progress, and, eager to continue once more, found the horses where they had been left tethered, saddled up and rode on into the misty depths. Progress was exceedingly slow and decidedly painful, for before long, the horse Jack Smith was riding, slipped into a shallow gorge and broke its leg, almost killing its rider. Badly bruised and shaken, Smith unbuckled the saddle bags, and after shooting the stricken animal, climbed up onto the trail again. Upon reaching his two comrades Smith suggested that he ride double with the half-breed, but was surlily refused with the excuse that the added weight would only serve to endanger both rider's lives. Thus they progressed. Two mounted men followed by one, on foot. Instead of less-

ening, the fog increased in density and soon a cheerless drizzle chased the last remaining comfort from the scene.

Advancement was made by groping steps. Vision was practically useless and the travellers had to be closely grouped to be able to keep in sight of each other.

'Grump' Marlow, leading the group, exclaimed. "Boys, It ain't safe to ride. We might go over a bluff or something. I'm gettin' off and I'm gonna walk." So saying, he dismounted, leading his horse cautiously forward. After what seemed like hours, Smith demanded that they stop to rest and make tea. His demand met with immediate approval and soon an attempt was being made to find dry wood. Eventually, a steaming tin of tea was boiling, the horses tethered, and the men felt better for the warmth that was seeping through their sodden clothing.

continued on page 35

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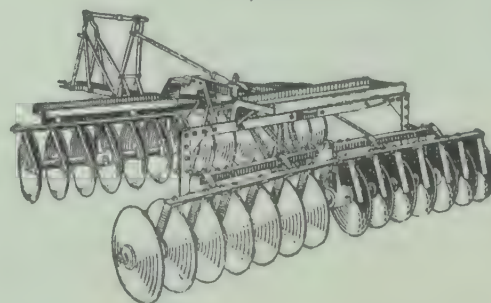
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BARNs - Barometers of a Community

By W.B.W. WOODWARD

Large and small, dilapidated or spic and span like a new pin, built of a great variety of materials, in styles that alter according to time and place, barns are ever a commanding feature of the countryside. They provide a useful insight into the disposition of their owners and the economic conditions prevailing in their districts. For the very young, a paradise of recreation and adventure; they also, so rumour would have it, see not a little of the romantic side of life. A feline heaven, they abound in rats, mice and dark corners full of nice soft hay—ideal places for ushering large families of kittens into the world and training them in the way they should go. Indeed, the hay-mow sees its fair share of bucolic activity.

Barns there are (very popular with illustrators of farm journals,

builders, and dealers in equipment) whose shiny surfaces, gadgets and concrete floors are worthy of any factory; and, like a factory, they tend to repel. Utilitarian structures, having no more true association with their environment than the aeroplanes that soar above, they sit uneasily on the landscape looking as though they had been peeled out of a load of cellophane, and the manufacturer might, at any moment, wrap them up once more and place them back on the counter.

The cows that repose within them develop, somehow, that comfortable and efficiently cared-for but withal institutionalized appearance so typical of hospital patients, and all other fauna from whose lives the vital elements of chance and uncertainty have been removed. Fat, sleek and brainless—so obviously possessed of every con-

fidence in the organization and its willingness and capacity to regulate their every movement for their own good—such cattle present a nightmare preview of some immane scientific political unit. Artificially bred, protected from every vagary of nature in the raw, completely at the mercy of others, their diet expertly supervised, unduly skittish or insubordinate members humanely but finally eliminated along with those whose physical appearance and ancestry fail to please the authorities, these super-cows live entirely by a will outside their comprehension. And flourish on it, within the limits imposed. One wonders if, perchance, such flaunting of all natural processes will not, in time, react against itself, giving place to a reactionary phase wherein all creatures, bovine and human

continued on page 94



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Movies in the Cariboo

by HAL STRONG

A visitor from "down south" records the rather unique way in which movies are presented to ranchers and settlers in the heart of Cariboo's cattle country.

"You must come to our "Movie" show on Thursday," my friends had insisted almost from the minute I stepped out of the taxi at 4 a.m. Sunday which had brought me 17 miles from "100-Mile House" on the Cariboo Highway, where I had left the big bus that had brought me safely from Vancouver by way of the Fraser Canyon and the historic Cariboo Highway. Apparently the "pictures" were shown at a large ranch house some 10 miles distant.

So—Thursday arrived in due course, and immediately after supper at 6 p.m., preparations were in full swing. The two small daughters of the house, ages 12 and 15 respectively, soon had the dishes washed, dried and put away. They then departed upstairs to their room to don their glad-rags (or Sunday best) and endeavored to improve on what a generous Nature had already supplied them in the way of good looks—a quite unnecessary procedure to my mind.

During this time, we men were busy getting the truck radiator filled up with water, looking at the tires, etc., and finally were all ready to go. There were the aforementioned young ladies, a friend who worked on the ranch, and myself. However, we still had to wait for someone named "Steve," whom I had not previously met, but presumed he was a neighboring rancher. We all stood around the vehicle that was to take us to the scene of action and waited. This vehicle, I

may say, was a 1½-ton open truck of rare and ancient vintage, christened—very aptly, I thought—by someone the "galloping cement-mixer."

At last one of the girls said, "Here they come," and to my surprise I found that Steve was an Indian, of some 30 years of age, from the adjacent Reserve. He had not only come himself but had brought his whole family, consisting of his squaw (a rather pretty young Indian woman) and three papooses; one very young, in arms (not carried on the back), a little girl of about three years and a boy of five years.

As I had been warned that it would be quite cold after sunset, though it had been quite warm during the day, I had dressed accordingly, and was not altogether surprised to see that Steve had brought

a large roll of blankets and a couple of pillows. The blankets being the usual kind affected by Indians in these parts, with various symbols worked into them in a medley of bright colours.

Steve proceeded to dump the roll of blankets and pillows on to the body of the truck, and by dint of much hauling and shoving on everyone's part, his squaw and little ones were finally settled on top of the blanket. And I may say that, as she was, to say the least, "pleasingly plump," if not actually fat, it was no easy job to get her aboard. Steve then climbed up and also sat on the blankets, and I rather envied them their comfortable seat.

I stood up on the flat body of the truck; no sides nor top, but just the usual cab for the driver, so anyone riding on the truck had to either stand and hang on like grim death, or sit on the hard floor, with nothing to hold on to, and be **really** bounced around. The girls sat in the cab with the driver, the previously mentioned friend. I had to hold on to the back of the hood, which ordinarily would not have been easy;

continued on page 34



INJUN TRAILS

Old AHBOO never spoke a great deal — but when he did, make no mistake about it - It was ALWAYS with an ulterior motive. . . .

by **HARRY TAYLOR**

South from Fort Fraser, by pack-horse, to Kluskus!

Strips and pockets of verdant green, fire-ravaged jackpine flats unruffled lakes, sombre dark-shadowed and turbulent rivers with patches of roaring white water, sunlight through trembling poplars, stony hillside trails, quaking marshy bottomland.

Skirt Batnuni Lake and fight mosquitoes. Thread between potholes and fight horseflies. Make noon camp in the shade, and fight the black-flies.

A wide river to ford. Fast water swirls menacingly. Pile the packs high and turn the horses loose. Follow with stirrups crossed over saddle-horn, and legs drawn up under the chin, until your horse drops into a pothole - then slide off and swim, hanging to the horse's tail.

One chechako a short time before put five horses into this same stream, tied together. The rope between the two leaders fouled a sunken snag. Five loaded horses were drowned, and one more adventurer hoofed homeward with experience his only profit.

Long shadows, slanted by the dropping sun, stripe the still water of the steel-grey lake, in the miniature valley, where overnight camp is pitched. Hobbled horses munch tall grass, midges swoop and hum, smoke from pipe and cigarette mingles with smoke from dying campfire.

A clear sharp smacking suddenly cleaves the evening quiet.

"Beaver" says Johnnie, Indian

guide and packer.

He lifts his head and sniffs, his squat figure silhouetted against the backdrop of lurid sunset.

"He musta' heard a scary noise, so he hits the water with his big fat tail. He's telling them other beaver to watch out and lay low."

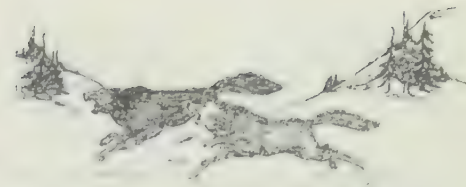
The fire comes to life with a transient sputtering. In the enfolding silence, the evening noises only emphasise the cathedral-like peace. The soft hand of night squeezes the last smudge of daylight from the purpling dusk.

"You know how them beaver packs mud out to them dams what he's all the time making?" Johnnie asks.

As he reaches to pull a flaming twig from the fire to re-light his pipe, he eyes me with a glance which so plainly appeals for a negative reply, that I am compelled to shake my head.

"Ha." Johnnie says triumphantly, "lotsa whiteman think he's smart about beaver — he thinks them beaver hauls that mud in his front paws under his chin. No, sir. Beaver, he stands right up, allsame me an' you. He reaches down with them front paws, and pulls that big tail between his legs, and high up in front. He loads that tail with mud, then he march straight for dam straight up, like a soldier, holding that tail all same old woman holding skirt up between legs. Lotsa time I see that."

The least hint of a laugh, the merest suggestion of skepticism, and this fount of native lore would dry



up abruptly.

"I guess you've seen lots of queer things, Johnnie," I said gravely.

Johnnie nodded vigorously.

"You bet. I knows more'n I seen, too. I knows why all them beaver all the time works like hell, too. Long time ago, they was Indians all same my people. But they quit hunting. They gets lazy and cultus, and then the Big Tyee, he get mad.

"All right, you fellers," he tells 'em. "You no good for Indian, no more. I make you go on four legs. I give you hiyu big teeth. You gotta cut down tree all the time to keep them teeth short. Suppose you get lazy, and them teeth grow long pretty soon they be too much in the way and you can't eat. Then you starve and die. Now get busy and work like hell all the time, and mind your business, then, maybe someday I change you back into Indian."

"That's why them beaver never quits work. I knows that for sure. That's what smart old Indian tell my Granpa, hundred years ago."

Strike camp and load before sun-up. Up the steep trail, boulder-strewn - over the high hill, and down the other side. The horses mince over the sidehill track. The last one slithers on loose rocks, turns, jumps, tries to run, wedges between two close-growing jackpines. He backs and gallops. A stream of flour is splashed over the hillside, spilled cans bounce and roll. Squealing curses, Johnnie gallops, leaping over rocks, dodging trees, heading off the runaway.

"Crazy as if she smelled a bear" he says, after herding her into line.

"Horses don't like bears. Me, I ride bear once — a big black fella

continued on page 33.

Please Remit. . .

A reminder of Jamie Laidlaw's years in the goldfields of Cariboo is to be found in a bill for goods purchased by him in 1870. An interesting relic of those old times, it has been carefully preserved by Mrs. Johnson, and though the paper is yellowed and creased, it is still firm and intact after seventy-seven years. No wasting paper in those days; the single sheet of paper is covered on both sides with entries, written in the old-fashioned script of that era, a bit difficult to decipher in spots. There was a Veith's Ranch at Keithley long ago, and it is reasonable to assume that the owner of the ranch and store were one and the same. The account runs from Mar. 1 to Oct. 6, and gives an authentic view of the cost of provisions as they then prevailed. Compared to present-day prices, some articles were extremely dear, but Beef! Ah! No wonder they ate a lot of it! Not much variation in their diet, and no "extras"—maybe that is why they were such a husky breed of men. However that may be, here is the list; read and judge for yourself.

E. A. Thomas.

Keithley B. C. Oct. 8th 70.
Mr. J. Laidlaw
1870 To G. A. Vieth & Co.

March 1	To balance of account	\$23.60
May 10 "	8 lbs Beef 30c	2.40
15 " 18 "	" Do.	5.55
" "	1 Beef Tong	1.50
29 " 22½ lb.	Beef	6.75
June 27 "	15 lb. Beef	3.75
	Shank	1.50
July 10 "	15½ lb. Beef @ 25	3.87½
" 8 "	" Do 12½	1.00
17 " 5¼ "	" Butter	5.75
" 19½ "	" Beef	4.87½
22 " 33 "	" Beef	8.25
31 " 23 "	" Do.	5.75
Aug. 9 "	12 lb Do. 20c	2.40
12 " 11 lb Do.	25	2.75
" "	10 lb B. 20	2.00
	Turnips	.50
21 19 lb.	Beef 20c	2.80
18 lb.	Turnips	.75
25. " 16 "	" Beef	4.00
28. " 10 lb.	Do. 25	2.50
" 8 lb	Do. .10	.80
" 19 lb.	Turnip	.76
Sept. 1 " 10 lb.	Sugar	3.50
2. 8 lb.	Beef @ 25	2.00
" 7 lb	Do. .20	1.40
Sept. 5 To 23 lb	Do 25	5.75
" 6 lb	Do.	1.20
8. 50 lb.	Flour	8.50
2 lb	Tea	2.50
1 lb	Tobaco	1.75
24 lb.	Cheese 1.29	15.00
19 lb	Ham 1.29	11.87
50 lb	Bee- (Beans)	12.00

10. To 8½ lb.	Beef	2.12
" 7½ lb.	Do. .20	1.50
11 " 5 lb.	Butter	5.00
	For---	174.41
1870 Brought forward		174.41
Sept. To 4 lb	Beef	1.00
" 15. " 1 keg	B. Powder	15.--
" 2 b	foint (?) Do.	7.--
" 50 ft.	fuse	2.50
" 1 keg	Sugar 122 b. 30	36.60
Freight on Blankets for Davis		2.50
" 8 lb.	Mutton	2.00
18. " 20 lb.	Nails	6.60
19 " 27 lb	Mutton	1.75
" 10 lb.	Cabage	1.00
" 7 lb.	Turnip	.35
25. 50 lb.	Flour	8.50
27. 8 lb.	Mutton	2.00
29 " 15 lb.	Beef	3.75
" 9 lb.	Do.	2.25
Oct. 2 " 10 lb.	Onns.	2.50
" 2 lb.	Tea	2.50
" 13 lb.	Turnip	.60
" 11 lb.	Beef 8 lb Mutton	4.75
Oct. 6 8 lb.	Mutton 10 lb. Beef	4.50
" 4½ lb.	Butter	4.50
" Bar	Soap	1.--
" 1 pr.	Clorth pants	10.--
		\$302.61
Sept. 11 By cash		32.
	Balance	270.61
	Paid on the above	110 --
		160.61

Well, there you have it, just as it was written, except for the two bracketed inserts marking indecipherable items, the necessities of a hard-working prospector or miner, a far cry from what would be considered essential this day and age.
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Smedley & Sharp Limited

Williams Lake - British Columbia

VITAL LA FORTE

Discoverer Of Vital Creek And The Nerviest Man I Ever Met

by W.J. MacMILLAN

Vital La Forte was born in the province of Quebec and was of French descent. He came west to B.C. as a young man and joined up with the Collins party, which was out on location surveying the route for the overland telegraph line which was to link up New York with London before the Atlantic Cable was successfully laid.

He spent one winter at Bulkley House, at the north end of Takla Lake. When the overland telegraph project was abandoned, he went in search of gold in the Omineca District, discovering there the creek which bears his name (Vital Creek).

I first met Vital in 1908, when he was operating a ferry over the Nechako River near Fraser Lake, where the present bridge now spans the river. For this he received a small Provincial Government subsidy, which, with a charge for crossing, financed his frugal wants. He was then well over 80 years of age, yet sturdy and strong. He used to winter in Victoria, generally living in a cabin along the waterfront, returning to Fraser Lake each spring.

From smoking a clay pipe almost incessantly, he developed a cancer of the lip, which worried him very much. This trouble, together with the suicide of an old partner one night, weighed so heavily on his mind that he took his own life the night following that on which he heard of his former partner's suicide.

Vital made a modest fortune on the creek which bears his name and "went out," but soon the city sharpsters had separated Vital and his gold and he was back in the north country. This time he went into the McLeod Lake country, where he worked the bars of the Parsnip and Finlay Rivers, using the

regular bar miner's "rocker," with which he and his partner eked out a meagre existence . . . the bars of the rivers had been worked over for years.

In the wintertime he and his partner used to spend their time trapping, as did most all prospectors of that day. One fall he and his partner, taking three months' provisions, set out down the Peace River to do a little trapping, after first looking the country over. They stayed two years—living largely off the country—and came out with 2,000 marten skins. At today's prices of from \$40 to \$60, they could have retired—but not so 60 years ago. It was not long since the H.B. Company had been charging, and getting, from the Indians, for a six-foot musket, a stack of valuable fur equal to the height of the weapon . . . Vital and his partner were offered a dollar each for their precious marten skins. They declined the "generous" offer of the Hudson's Bay Company and headed their canoes towards Winnipeg, eighteen hundred miles distant, and months later, after countless portages and hundreds of weary hours of paddling, arrived at their destination, where the pelts were disposed of for \$5 each.



For the next two or three years Vital restricted his operations to the Parsnip and Finlay Rivers, spending his winters at McLeod Lake, where at that time Joe Gordon was the factor. Joe was one of the old-time zealous servants of the H.B.C., doing all he possibly could to swell the revenue of his trading post, even going to the unprecedented length of operating a trapline near the post, the proceeds of which faithfully went to swell the post's coffers. His salary at this time was fifty dollars a month.

The following incident was related to me by Joe himself: One particular April day Joe was out visiting his traps for the last time that season when he came face to face with a big grizzly bear. Dropping everything, he made record

continued on page 90

J. D. McEACHERN

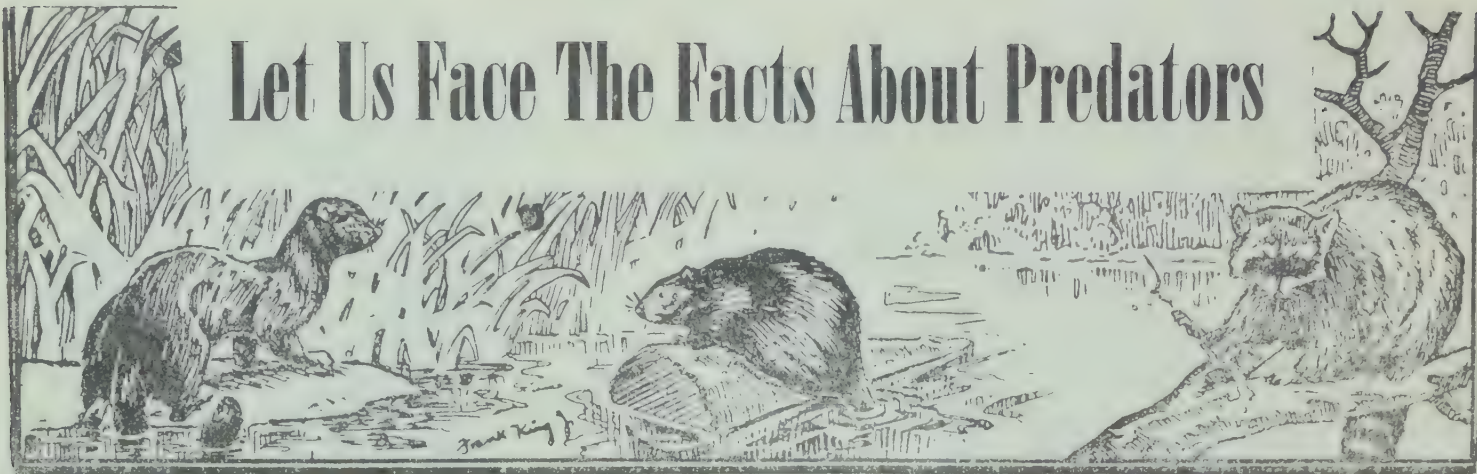
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DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Let Us Face The Facts About Predators



by **ERIC COLLIER**

President, The B. C. Registered Trappers Association.

(I would like to extend my sincere thanks and gratitude to Mr. Tom Leach, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, for his courtesy and co-operation in sending me the entire text of the broadcast mentioned in the following article.—E.C.)

Every year, throughout the last decade, resolution upon resolution has been presented to the B.C. Game Commissioners stressing the vital necessity of Government taking definite, proper measures that might check the alarming and costly increase in predatory animals throughout the Province of British Columbia. From Livestock Associations, Farmers Institutes, Wool Growers; from the B.C. Registered Trappers Association, the Guides Association, Sportsmen's Clubs, as well as other assorted interests, these resolutions have been forthcoming and every resolution placed before the Commissioners has emphasized that there can be but one satisfactory solution to this problem which is annually costing the Province hundreds of thousands of dollars in destruction of livestock and diminishing supplies of big game and other wild life, i.e., an increase in bounty payment.

Yet for all the good they have accomplished these resolutions might just as well have been presented to a concrete wall, as I shall endeavor to prove (by actual figures) a little

later on in this article. In making the above statement I am in no way attempting to attach any blame nor stigma upon either Commissioner Cunningham nor Commissioner Butler. Whatever the ideas of these two gentlemen are upon the subject, one salient fact remains abundantly clear: an increase of bounty upon predatory animals (I am thinking now mainly in terms of wolves and coyotes) cannot be forthcoming unless the Legislature finds ways and means of providing the necessary funds.

On June 16th of this year, Mr. Hal Denton, Editor, North West Sportsman, voiced certain opinions over the network of the CBC and stated certain facts relative to this topic of predatory animals, and not only were those facts decidedly at fault but they were also, beyond measure of doubt, a very foolish insult to all and any who would lift a hand in an effort to reduce the ever-increasing numbers of wolves and coyotes which present such a grave menace to both domestic stock and game.

Quoting from the actual script used on this broadcast, Mr. Denton went on record as saying: "Most bounties have been paid on these predatory animals (wolves, coyote and cougar) from the area north of that line" (the old C.N. railway line or a line running approximately

through Prince George to Prince Rupert). Apparently Mr. Denton endeavored to convince all who might be listening in on the broadcast that the predator menace existed for the main part only in the northern regions of the province and not in those districts lying south of the C.N.R., where ranchers, farmers and sportsmen are so vitally affected by the depredations of these predators.

Mr. Denton went so far as to quote the B.C. Game Departmental records as the source of his information; such records certainly disagree with Mr. Denton's statement that most of these predators come from north of the C.N., because here are the actual facts:

In 1945, bounty was paid upon five thousand five hundred and six coyotes and **four thousand and twenty-eight of those coyotes were killed in those districts situate south of the old C.N. line.** In that single year, bounty paid upon coyotes north of the C.N. amounted to approximately one thousand four hundred and seventy-eight scalps. Yet at the town of Williams Lake alone, in the heart of a livestock and farming country, **one thousand five hundred and thirty-three coyotes were turned in for bounty.** More coyotes were taken in the district of Cariboo **than were killed throughout that entire enormous**

area north of the C.N. Can there then be little of actual truth to Mr. Denton's statement that these predators—wolves, cougars and coyotes—exist mainly north of Prince George? A little further on in his broadcast Mr. Denton says—quote—“Over a ten-year period one thousand and one hundred wolves have been turned in annually for bounty payment. Less than one hundred of these came from south of the line mentioned.” In any one given year that is. In 1943, one hundred and sixty-three wolves were turned in for bounty south of the C.N. In 1944, one hundred and thirty-four. In 1945, one hundred. Over the period of these three years never has there been less than one hundred wolves taken south of the C.N. In the years '43 and '44 considerably more than one hundred were killed.

Mr. Denton says—quote—“Evidently where bounty enters the question, those who are hunting are inclined to take the cream of the crop and leave the parents to multiply so that a further bounty can be collected at a later date.” Unquote. What unmitigated nonsense is this the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation allows to be brayed over its networks? What ignorant slander is this that Mr. Denton would hurl against the thousands of trappers, ranchers, farmers and sportsmen who annually destroy these predators and collect bounty thereon?

Is the farmer or stockman—as Mr.

Denton suggests—just going to take “the cream of the crop and leave the other to multiply, etc., etc.”? A year ago I discovered a two-year-old steer that had been chased by a wolf until it dropped dead. Hog fat the animal was, and worth one hundred dollars in any cattle buyer's money. Unlike Mr. Denton, I will not generalize on farmers nor ranchers unless I can give their actual names (See next quotation from Mr. Denton's broadcast.) In this case the owner of the steer was R. A. Moon, Riske Creek, B.C. Yes, that animal was worth one hundred dollars, and to raise that steer Mr. Moon had to feed it hay through two long winters. Is there anyone then who, in sane senses, would suggest that when bounty enters the question the owner of that steer would take only the cream of the predator crop? For Mr. Moon will kill a wolf or coyote and collect bounty just as will the remainder of us. I might further state that this year one wolf destroyed three or four head of livestock belonging to this same rancher before he finally destroyed the wolf itself.

And what about the trappers, for they of course collect a good percentage of any moneys paid out in bounty upon wolves and coyotes? Are they then going to “skim the cream of the crop,” etc., etc.? Both wolves and mature coyotes take heavy toll of both beaver and muskrat. On a number of my own muskrat marshes I conservatively estimate that coyotes destroy fifty

per cent of my muskrat increase. I have found pieces of beaver skin in the droppings of both wolf and coyote. One female beaver will raise from two to four kits annually, each kit having an approximate value of twenty-five dollars. At present price of muskrat, any such rats destroyed by coyotes means one dollar and fifty cents out of my own pocket. Am I then, or any other trapper with two cents' worth of intelligence, going to venture into the business of raising predatory animals in order to collect bounty? It should be apparent to ninety-nine point seven five of those who read this article that when making such statements Mr. Hal Denton is discoursing upon a subject about which he apparently knows nothing. He then goes on to say quote “One example I heard about in the Cariboo: A number of ranchers reported loss from a killer wolf. The Game Department sent in a professional hunter to dispose of it. The hunter approached the rancher on whose farm the wolf was last reported (by this time the wolf was probably several leagues away.—E.C.) but the rancher refused the hunter permission to dispose of the wolf, claiming he wanted to get it himself and collect the bounty.” Unquote. It is too bad Mr. Denton did not have sufficient conviction of his statement as to give this rancher's name: it is too bad he did not give the source of his information. It

continued on page 86

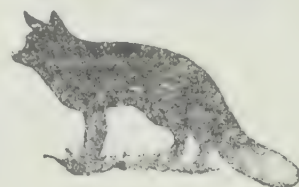
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Dawson Creek, British Columbia

Verse « «



TRAGEDY OF A BEAR

Come, listen to me, and my own
tragedy . . .

A story that sad is to relate . . .
Which tells of the ruin, a bear met
through his chewin'
Of stuff he should never have ate.

Now Bruin was the bear, he had
glossy black hair,
And roam'd in the Cariboo free;
Like most of his kind, he possessed
a great mind,
But curious as most bears was he.

Hence, one sunny day, when he
found 'cross his way,
What we call a traveller's camp,
He sniff'd in the air, said, "Methinks
I would care
For refreshments after my tramp."

First tasted he rice; it was not quite
so nice,
So he bashed in a tiny soup tin;
A flour bag he ripp'd, some stew
overtipp'd,
'Cause this stuff was not right for
him.

Then, lifting his eyes to a shelf, with
surprise

This old bear beheld a queer shape,
Which was, of all things, a full bag
. . . . apple rings . . .

He tasted, then more and more ate.

Oh, mellow and sweet, twenty
pounds he did eat,
'Til empty the full bag did make;
Then drank, feeling dry, from a
small stream nearby,
As much as his tummy would take.

All cooks now know well, apple
rings, how they swell
In water when they're put to soak;
But inside the bear, no more room
had they there,
And records of pressure they broke.

When the trav'lers return'd, for
excitement they'd yearned,
But luckless the long day had been,
Before they did gaze, and they held
with amaze,
Astounding the sight by the stream.

Yes, no one can tell, if his pain he
bore well,
When fire-like his stomach did
burn,
But dead on the ground, was poor
Bruin thus found . . .
Apple-split from his stem to his
stern.

Iris Trueman,
Quesnel, B.C.

DESOLATE MOUNTAIN

How proudly stood you monarch
mountain,
With craggy head held high.
Your pine and spruce and fir and
balsam
Etched against the sky.

Down you looked on vale and river,
For countless ages past.
All this scene was changing ever,
Only you stood fast.

Then at once with roar and rumble,
With grinding wrenching sound,
Rent in two, half of you did tumble
With a crash to the level ground.

Boulders loosened, trees up-ended,
Majestic beauty spoiled,
Sliding sand and shale are blended,
The Fraser's marge is roiled.

Down they roar, into the river,
Sinking with a sigh;
Stark, the cliffs, laid bare forever,

Tower straight and high.

Gone is all the awesome splendor,
Departed in a day.
All is ruin and surrender
To nature's wondrous way.

Frances McLean.

The above verse was prompted by
Mr. Smedley's account of the deso-
late scene of a slide (quoted below),
as appeared in his article entitled
"B.C.'s Historic Waterways," Car-
iboo Digest, Fall 1946 issue: "I now
came to a place where a whole
mountain had fallen into the river.
A terrible scene of desolation. Dead
trees were lying at all angles, and
there were great cracks in the earth.
A new line of white bluffs were ex-
posed a mile back from the river,
and the slide was fully a mile long.
A truly dismal scene. . . ."

SIGHT-SEEING

With speed the tourists flash in view,
Gas up—then on to pastures new;
They have no time to see the fair
Surrounding beauty or to hear
The lonesome call of lonely loon
At dawn across the still lagoon.
The wild-flowers' dazzling displays,
Unnoticed, gain no word of praise.

Deep little lakes that sparkling lay,
The fish that in their shallows play,
Wild geese that float with wary
eyes,
The brilliant magpie's scolding cries.
The playful cubs with antics cun-
ning,
Plump woodchuck by the roadside
sunning—
These all are hidden from the view
By speed and hurry it is true.

The meadow lark high on the pole,
Old badger dodging down his hole,
Fresh smell of spruce upon the
breeze,
Bright bluebirds darting through
the trees,
Sweet golden calm of setting sun,
Ethereal call when day is done,
Dark moose half hidden by willow
brush
Remain unseen by those who rush.

High mountain ranges topped with
snow,
The roaring cascades frothy flow,
Light springtime green of poplar,
birch,
With darker shades of fir that
stretch
For miles along the horizon line,
Long-needed pines and cedar fine
Are just a blur, an empty show,
To those who speed so fast I know.

In life we look with longing eyes
To distant future in our skies,
While close at hand, on every side,
Abundant beauty doth abide.
O grant us sight and vision clear
For Nature's charms when they
appear,
And may we make our lives sublime
By slowing up and taking time.

Hamilton McLeod.

Carlton Cafe

GOOD FOOD — COOKED

THE WAY WHICH WILL
BRING YOU BACK FOR MORE

Next Door to Bus Depot
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

SOLDIER JOHN

Soldier John his country saved
By valour, dash and grit;
For when the flag he loved was
waved,
John found that he was it.

He heard that loud persistent call
For men to fight the Hun,
He read the posters on the wall,
Then Johnny grabbed a gun.

'Tis true that times were mighty
hard,
No meals were there in sight,
The meals all punched from off his
card,
So John was bound to fight.

The standard wage for killing men
In times of stress and strife,
He found to be a dollar ten—
Who'd kill a man for less?

They threw him into soldier's
clothes,
They drove him fighting mad,
He learned to swagger and to pose,
Had become the latest fad.

A great man shook his horny hand,
Gay banners whipped the breeze,
While people cheered to beat the
band,
John sailed for overseas.

"This is the life," he then declared,
For how was he to know
The perils that all soldiers shared

URSUS HORRIBILIS

There are strange tales told in this
land of gold
By those who do and dare;
The things I hear till I thrill with
fear
Of the men who hunt for bear.

They fill my dreams with the
weirdest screams,
And night-bears by the score;
Yet I haunt the street where the
hunters meet
And listen for more and more.

One man of fame, whom I shall not
name,
Of a prowess great indeed—
By a bear pursued, still escaped un-
chewed,
In a manner strange to read.

In frantic dread, for a mile he sped,
But steadily gained the bear,
And all seemed lost, when the
stream he crossed
By some logs that span it there.

Now quick as thought was the
scheme he got,
When he reached the other side—
And the logs he spread, so that
Bruin, dead,

Where Flanders poppies grow?

Then over the top where the jaws
of hell
Foamed in a sea of blood,
Torn and mangled by shot and shell,
Men's guts in the slime and mud.

'Twas lust for power unchained by
greed
The crimson tide rolled on.
Did duty call, did pity plead?
Go ask soldier John.

The din of battle died away,
Glad tidings reached the ranks,
The victors made the vanquished
pay,
A bloodstained world gave thanks.

The world made safe, John hastened
back,
Freedom's blessings to share,
A roll of blankets for to pack,
A button for to wear.

Now John has learned a thing or
two,
By thinking hard and fast,
While camouflage may wonders do,
John knows they had him gassed.

He knows what he'd been fighting
for,
God bless his aching joints,
'Twas not to put an end to war,
But for Wilson's fourteen points.

By Charles Greenizen.
July 10th, 1947.

Went down with the boiling tide.

In another chase, 'twas a losing
race,
When a tree was friend in need,
For he dodged behind; Bruin, seem-
ing blind,
Went by at a furious speed;

While our hunter now, mopped
heated brow,
In the shade of the friendly spruce—
On Bruin tore for a mile or more,
Exclaiming "What the deuce?"

Such things are told, by the hunters
bold,
From the trails where the grizzlies
roar.
I hear their tales till my visage
pales,
And return for more and more.

Betty E. Bailey.

We have no more right to consume
happiness without producing it than
we have to consume wealth without
producing it.

—George Bernard Shaw.

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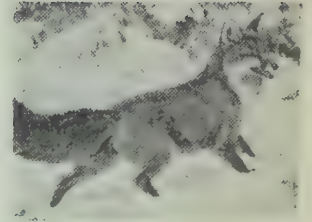


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A Winter on the Trapline

by A. W. A. PHAIR



We have met up with the fellow who speaks loudly of his abilities, and of how very much he knows — and take leave of his company with whatever haste is possible. — In this article one of Lillooet's old-timers tells of how he got taken in by 'Harry', who was just such a person, and of the many humorous if somewhat exasperating incidents which took place when they teamed up to go trapping together.

In the fall of 1898 after a strenuous summer, I moved to Lillooet, a small town situated about 47 miles north of the Main line of the C.P.R. on the banks of the Fraser River. Some of you fellows have probably been there.

I had intended to take a long rest, but after a month had passed I began to get restless and uneasy. The monotony of the town got on my nerves, so I decided to hit out for the tall timber. I knew of a good location, where big game was plentiful, and where a trap line would bring a tidy income. A couple of years before, I had hiked across country from Bridge River to Cayoosh Creek on a little prospecting trip and had found a nice little valley which seemed to hold great possibilities. With this place in mind, I got busy buying traps and supplies for the trip, on which I expected to be gone for a year.

I hired several pack-horses, moved my whole outfit down to the corral where they were located and was busy packing the loads when a voice spoke up.

"Hello, old timer, where are you bound for?"

I turned around and saw a short heavy-set blond fellow, his face all nicely trimmed with a blond moustache. Not being a very talkative person myself, I answered abruptly,

"On a trapping trip."

"Well," he said, "I know all about you, you're Bob McGregor. Y'know, I've been looking around for a fellow like you to throw in with on a trapping trip, and when I heard that you were heading out, I thought I'd better look you up and see what you thought about taking on a partner."

He hesitated a little, and then continued, "Of course we'd work on a fifty-fifty basis, profit or loss."

He told me in a long conversation that he was experienced in all kinds of trapping and woodcraft, so, as I did not care to go alone I, agreed to his proposal of coming along with me. He could, he said, do anything at all that would be required throughout the whole winter. He seemed very pleasant to talk to, but still I had a suspicion that he overestimated his abilities. Anyway, I soon found out all about it.

He could talk hunting, trapping, fishing prospecting, log-cabin building, prize-fighting and just about everything else where wit and courage and ability were demanded of a person. I asked him where he had hunted and trapped last, and he said, "Montana. And by the way," he asked, "what kind of scent do you usually buy for trapping?"

"I don't buy any scent," I answered. "I make my own scent and bait."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "that's old-

fashioned stuff. I'll send tomorrow and get a supply of the good kind that I always use. It will be here in two or three days."

He sent for it and it arrived O K but I didn't know what it was until after we had made our winter camp. As it turned out, I was ready to go about four days after meeting up with my new partner. I said to Harry, "This outfit cost me five hundred dollars, and seeing we are on a fifty-fifty set-up, how about paying me for your half before we start."

He stammered for a few seconds, and then said, "It will be just as well if I pay you in fur after we make the catch."

I was now wise to the whole thing then, but said it would be alright that way. I figured I didn't stand to lose anything. After this matter was settled, we went over to the corral, and began putting the pack-saddles on the horses. I had two horses finished when, happening to look up, I noticed that Harry wasn't doing so well - he was fumbling with the saddle blanket and had it all pulled apart. Seeing that he did not know anything about that part of the business, I said to him, "Fold the blanket the same way you found it and make sure there aren't any wrinkles in it, and then put the saddle on."

Soon we had all the saddles ready for loading and I had all the packs set out in a row to load each horse in its turn.

"Alright, Harry," I said, "bring on the cayuses. Let's get packed up and hit the trail."

Harry led up a horse and grabbed a box and was about to lift it into place when I stopped him. "Better tie him up," I said, "or that brone might show us a thing or two worth looking at."

The brone is tied, and we are all

ready to pack. I went around to the left side to lift on the pack saddle. Harry came around too. I told him to go around to the right hand side of the horse and set the pack in the sling rope and to pass the end over to me, and that I would tie it. He didn't understand what I meant, so I went around and showed him. We packed one hundred pounds on each side of the horse and fifty pounds

in the centre on top. The cinch rope is then passed under the horse's belly to the man on the right hand side. He takes the end of the cinch rope which is provided with a wide belly band, and a hook on the end — then the fall rope is cast over the pack and the loop placed in the hook — now the other end of the rope is passed through the front ply of the loop, after which the single rope is brought up between the double and one part taken forward, and the other backward and around the pack on both sides, after which the man on the left pulls up the cinch and the man on the right takes up the slack. — then it is pulled right forward over the horse's shoulder, around the pack on that side and then pulled down tight behind * and the loose end of the rope is tucked under the cross rope on top. That is the Diamond Hitch.

Well, Harry got himself pretty well tied up in knots, and I felt pretty sure that he had never seen the 'hitch' tied before, and as time was too short to teach him if we expected to get away that day, I asked an old timer, Summit Pete, if he could tie on a pack.

"Waal," said Summit, "I guess I ain't forgot all of it."

"That's fine," I said, "then how about helping me pack these horses? I'd like to get started on the trail today."

"You bet your bottom dollar I'll give yuh a hand. Where are yuh headin' for?"

"To the Big Meadows."

He stopped and looked at me. "I'll tell yuh somethin' pard. Keep your peepers open and listen real good

We're getting just as confused as you are, so don't worry. —the Editor

when you're up there, 'cause there's an all-fired big Silver Tip bear runnin' around loose up there, and I reckon he is hard to handle. He killed two men this spring on a snow-slide and I reckon he is camped in there just about where you're goin'."

"I'll try to keep out of his way," I said. "I know how ornery they can be when they're cornered."

Summit Pete looked at me and Harry. "Why, I've seen 'em so dog-goned mad that they only used one leg to stand on, an' used the other three to fight with - two wasn't enough, an' when they get a claw on you when they're in that state Saint Peter, he just oils the hinges on them gates."

We started to load the pack horse, and believe me he was a fast packer. We were ready in a few minutes and were ready to hit the trail. The old-timer would not take any pay for his help, so I asked him to have a drink with me before leaving. We went into the saloon and had a round, which pleased the old boy very much. He came over to where our horses were tethered to see us off, wishing us luck, and cautioning us again about the bear as we lined out along the trail.

We were soon out of sight of the little town and began to climb the mountain slope which took us to a height of seven thousand five hundred feet, where we landed on a great plateau above the timber line.

We made camp for the night, and turned the horses out to graze, taking turns watching them until they were finished, after which we tethered them for the night. There was a light fall of snow and the air was cool. We kept a fire burning all night which made us feel very comfortable.

The next morning, after we had breakfasted and had fed the horses their oats, we started packing the loads. Harry was just as dumb as ever about packing, so the boy we had brought along to take the horses back, had to give me a hand. The snow got deeper as we climbed the mountain, but not deep enough to hinder our progress. The boy was

out in front driving two horses. Harry was next with three, and I was bringing up the rear with the remaining three horses. Harry seemed to be having some trouble with his horses and kept hitting one of them with the butt of his rifle. I called to him and told him that he would break the stock if he kept it up. He paid no attention to me, and a few minutes later he hit the horse a little harder than usual and sure enough, the stock broke.

We came to a good place, stopped, fed the horses and had lunch. After lunch Harry came to me, all excited, and said eagerly, "Let's stop here a few days. There's all kinds of mink around here."

"I didn't know mink lived so high," I remarked.

"Oh, sure they do. There's two kinds of mink you know - the high-

continued on page 32

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MONCKMAN PASS

The First 'Coast' Outlet

by H. GILES

A year ago an article was published in the Cariboo & N.B.C. Digest on the method taken by the Peace River Block farmers to overcome stock-shipping problems. The present article deals with the efforts made by settlers in the whole of the Peace River District to secure a 'coast' outlet. This time, in spite of their grit and determination, they did not quite succeed. One thing they did do, was to draw attention very forcibly to the 'outside' of their need and desire to secure direct communication with the Pacific seaboard.

To those who were in the Cariboo or the Peace River districts before the war, the story is well known, but to many thousands who have come in since, the Monckman Pass Highway means little.

With the John Hart Highway nearing completion through the Pine Pass it is likely to be many years before another highway is built through the Monckman Pass. Yet there are many, who although they do not raise any objection to the route chosen, would for sentimental reasons liked to have seen their pre-war efforts in the Monckman Pass completed by the government. The Pine Pass route will, without doubt, serve the residents in the Peace River District, particularly those in the B.C. section south of the river, very well, and can, by construction of a connecting link, serve the north equally well. The northern section would, naturally, have preferred the low-altitude Peace-Pass route, while the residents in the Alberta section would have chosen the Monckman Pass.

All these three passes have their advocates, and an array of facts can be produced showing how each pass is superior to the others. However, with all the surveyors' reports, and there have been a great many surveys—the Government of B.C.

decided to build through the 'Pine', and whatever our personal views are on the different routes, those of us living in British Columbia's 'back yard' are thankful that they have a gateway to the Coast, and are thankful also that they have a government at Victoria which is at long-last fulfilling the promises of the past twenty-five years.

The failure of successive governments, both Dominion and Provincial, to implement their promises to construct a coast outlet from the Peace River, caused the settlers to lose all faith in governments.

There were a lot of old-timers who came in either on the Edson or the Grouard trails, and amongst them was Alex Monckman, who discovered the pass that bears his name. He was born in Manitoba in 1876 and after roving the western provinces, he arrived in Edmonton in 1897. He joined the overland rush to the Klondyke that year, but did not go beyond Dunvegan. There he met Fletcher Bredin and Colonel Jim Cornwall, and was sent by them to choose a site for a trading post south of the Peace. He decided on Lake Saskatoon, not far from where the town of Beaverlodge now stands. In that neighbourhood he spent the rest of his life. Others who settled in the same area ten

years later were Art. Smith, John McNaught, Crosbie McNaught, and J. O. Johnson.

These old-timers, and Alex Watt, a son of one of the pioneers, were, as usual, discussing the 'outlet' one evening in the fall of 1936. Said one of the old-timers, "When we came into the country, we didn't wait for someone to build us a highway—we cut and dug and slashed our way in and the highway and railroad followed. If we can't get a rail outlet to the coast, let's cut our own road through the Monckman Pass."

On Oct. 30th a meeting was held at Halcourt, a few miles west of Beaverlodge. It was there that the Monckman Pass Highway Association was formed with C. McNaught as president, Alex Monckman, vice-president and A. Watt as secretary. The purpose of the association was defined as: "To build or promote the building of a highway through the Monckman Pass to a point at, or near Prince George, by interesting governments and securing capital for such an undertaking." This meeting was followed by others throughout the Peace River Country. Contacts were made at Edmonton, Ottawa, Vancouver and Victoria. The heads of various organizations and businesses were interviewed. Branches of the organization were formed all through the Peace country and even as far away as Vancouver. Money, supplies, and tools were donated and by the following spring they were ready to commence work.

On June 11th, the first shift of volunteers with teams, equipment, tents, etc. assembled at Rio Grande, and two days later started out. The first camp was ten miles south-west of this point, at the end of the (then) existing road. Old trails

were widened and culverts put in - and new roads cut, sometimes through heavy bush. As the farmers could get away from their farms, they would donate their time and teams, sometimes twenty of them being in camp at one time. This is a small gang as road crews are reckoned, but in three months it was possible for a truck-load of seventeen people to reach Stony Lake, 50 miles from the starting point. This was accomplished without the aid of bull-dozers or other power machinery.

It was not realized that the road could not be opened through to Hansard (on the C.N.R.) in one season. Crop prospects were not looking any too bright and contributions were falling off. To keep interest alive, especially in the west, it seemed essential that a party get through to demonstrate the feasibility of the project. There was some uncertainty as to the best route to follow on the western side of the divide. The old pack trail was blocked with wind-falls, and between the summit and Hansard it petered out altogether. Rivers had been used mostly by the trappers in this section and the trail never had been properly defined. Two trail-blazing parties set out to find a way through. The one party was running low on grub by the time they reached the McGregor River, so one of the party, Art Smith, started back to the nearest camp for supplies, while two others, Alex Watt and Alf Cunningham went ahead to Aleza Lake. They missed the ford at the McGregor, and were swept into the rapids. It was a terrifying experience but they were fortunate enough to reach the shore and made their way to Aleza Lake safely from there on. By the time they reached the railway, they had one whole shirt, and a pair of pants between them.

The second party, under Alex Monckman, forded the river safely and were able to secure a guide. By his aid, and a compass, they literally cut their way through the dense bush to Hansard. Both of these parties were taken to Prince George

continued on page 83

FOR WOMEN ONLY

MAN - As He Is

(Author Unknown)

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet and sometimes two wives. Never do they have more than one dollar or one idea at one time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material—the only difference being that some are better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: Husbands, bachelors and widowers.

A bachelor is an eligible man of obstinacy surrounded by suspicion.

Husbands are of three types: Prize, surprise and consolation prize. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity — mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, soft-violet-scented thing like a woman would enjoy kissing a big awkward, stubbly-chinned tobacco-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, you fright-

en him to death. If you do not, you bore him to death.

If you permit him to make love, he tires in the end. If you do not, he gets tired in the beginning.

If you don't believe everything he says, you will cease to charm him. If you do believe all he tells you, he will think you are a fool.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown hat and a tailored suit, he takes you out; but all evening he stares at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in his gayeties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you do not approve of his drinking and urge him to give up his gayeties, he vows you are a 'wet blanket'.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. However, if you are a modern, intelligent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart.

If you act silly, he longs for a smart mate. But if you are brilliant he longs for a playmate.

Anyhow—

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wiggles around for a while, and finally some chicken gets him!

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" ESTEEMED SIR: "

All about an overhauling job — a case of beer — and a man who had never before.. been.. accused of being a 'Gentleman'.

(This correspondence was passed on to the editors by a party who believes that it might set a new style in business correspondence. — For obvious reasons, the names of the people and the town have been withheld.)

July, 14th, 1947

Mr. S.....
S.....'s Garage,
..... B.C.

Mr. S.....:

Here is the \$150.00 cheque on the enclosed work sheet.

We would like you to check this sheet over with the idea of a sociable reduction, and we would bring your attention to the items marked in red.

Con rods are charged at the full retail price, but should be on an exchange basis. Nothing was done on the hood catches but they are probably on order.

The labour was good but expensive — SEVEN DAYS!

If I have been correctly informed, the Lord God made Heaven and Earth and all that is therein, in SIX DAYS. — Surely an old 'Model A' could come within this celestial time limit ?

So put yourself in a good frame of mind and see what you can do towards bringing this thing down to our size.

Yours very truly
O.R. B.....

July 18th, 1947

O.R. B.....
..... B.C.

Dear Mr. B.....:

Your letter and cheque received, and thank you for them both. When any good cus-

tomers such as you have been, feels that he has been overcharged, or that services received here have not been satisfactory, we certainly appreciate it when he comes direct to us for an explanation instead of feeling sore about it and cussing us out to someone else.

In regard to the 'con rods', I admit that it is a hold-up. In fact I telephoned myself to see if there had not been a mistake in the price. Those rods cost us \$19.80 plus the express from Vancouver. Then they wanted the old rods returned to them. However, we sent them out to have them re-built and when they are returned to us we will either pay you what they allowed for the old rods, or you can pay the charges for re-building them and keep them. On the work sheet where you checked the hood fasteners, that part of the sheet simply states the work to be done and the other column the completed work. We were unable to get the fastener either in Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Edmonton or Winnipeg, so they are not charged to you.

As for the labour charge Mr. B....., I know the boys did put in a lot of time on your car. However, with your knowledge of machinery you know that it takes much longer to overhaul a badly worn-out piece of equipment than it does to over-haul something reasonably new. The boys realized, that with everything rusted in place on your car, the way it was, they had to be very

careful when taking it down so as not to ruin any hard-to-get parts, and so that the old wr. . ., (pardon me - I mean, Car) would give you satisfactory service when they were through with it. According to your letter I believe you are satisfied with the service it is giving you.

In the meantime, drop in some day and we'll check over these prices with you, and if we have made any specific errors, we will be glad to correct them.

Yours very truly
W.H. S.....
S.....'s Garage

July 21st, 1947

Mr. S.....:

It's easy to see that you came from south of the border. You can spread that stuff much better than I can, which causes me to suggest that you could do as well by pounding a typewriter as you could in the garage business, and with a lot less grief.

With the settlement on the rods as you suggest, we will call it off, for I don't think it would pay me to get cornered in your office. You see, I have never forgotten the old story about the SPIDER and the FLY. Aside from that, I cannot stand to see a strong man weep, and should you pull out all the stops, I would wind up owing you more than the original amount.

So, all you have to do, is supply a case of beer, and let it ride as is.

O.K.?

Yours very truly
O.R. B.....

July 24th, 1947

Mr. O.R. B.....,

....., B.C.

Esteemed Sir:

Your very excellent letter received and contents duly noted. I am keeping it as a valued souvenir of my first year in this community. I would like to reply in kind but my feeble brain will not produce a literary gem at my wish, and I will have to content myself, and you will have to content yourself, with a very prosaic reply.

We received the con rods from Vancouver. If you want them, you can have them for the charges that are against them. They \$2.95 for re-babbitting them, and the express charges both ways amounted to approximately .30 per rod, or \$13.00 for the set. If you do not want them we will allow you \$8.00 for the old rods which is what they allowed us. That will leave a balance on your bill of \$14.95.

In regard to the Vancouver company, we have ordered from them and as far as we have observed they are all in the same category and getting worse. We have catalogues with 'A' rods priced at \$2.19 with a one dollar allowance on old rods, but when you order they always have some alibi for not sending any.

Thank you for the suggestion anyway. It shows that you are interested in our welfare.

With kindest regards to a scholar and a gentleman, I am,

Respectfully,

W.H.S.....

S.....s Garage

P.S.

If you will call at the Legion, Mr will deliver to you, with my compliments, one case of beer. May the mellow spirits imprisoned in their crystal walls instill benevolence in your heart and bring peace and contentment to your soul.

W.H.S.

July 25th, 1947

S.....'s Garage.

Town

FLASH:— Third Round - B..... is out on his feet TK.O.

Dear Mr. S.....:

With the enclosed cheque, my seconds are throwing in the sponge — along with a couple of towels, for after all I still have my shirt, and possibly a case of beer — you have the cheque.

During my dim career, many names have been applied to me — most of them unprintable. YET, after all these years of striving, I find myself accused of being a GENTLEMAN. That would bring smiles to the faces of those who know me better than you do.

Furthermore, the word SCHOLAR is carelessly applied to me. There must be a touch of LIBEL in your make-up. But the worst is yet to come. When you took off on your literary flight at the end of your business discourse, it is even suggested that I am, or might have, a SOUL. That is pure carelessness. The word to use in this connection is HEEL. Pick your words better after this.

On top of all that, I am an 'ESTEEMED SIR'..... That really steams me up. This type of language in years gone by would call for pistols at twenty paces at dawn.

WE, instead will have to settle with a shot of 'Slingers' after dark. I intend to make a frantic effort to retrieve that 'case' before you have a chance to change your mind. For all my effort, this is the only way I can see of recouping the losses involved in writing you. As far as I can see, you have held the fort pretty well.

Let us hope that PEACE and prosperity will once more descend on the Heart of The Cascades. i.e. This Town. — No more cigarettes for me, I'm out wind again.

Yours very truly
O.R. B.....

Over the desk....

Cariboo Digest Ltd.,
Quesnel, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

Last summer a friend and I were fortunate enough to visit your province. Now, visiting Canada wasn't new to me, for I've spent almost every summer in Ontario, and always presumed that its beauty couldn't be surpassed. Imagine how I felt after viewing the green lakes and magnificent mountain ranges of B.C. I needn't tell you what B.C. has to offer, for I can tell by the editorials in your magazine what it means to you.

At present I must remain in Chicago, but I made a promise to myself that I shall return to the Cariboo Country soon... Would you kindly accept me as a subscriber to your magazine. I used to read a friend's copy, but he has been transferred to New York and I simply must have a copy of my own. While we were in Quesnel we were shown many of your local spots of interest, and I should also add that we were shown true Canadian hospitality. My regret is that we didn't stop in at your office. We had the privilege of riding on the P.G.E. in the company of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gardner, who pointed out the many interesting landmarks along the way.

This is a little late to be writing about an August vacation, but it is as fresh in our minds as though it was but last week. In spite of the way in which the P.G.E. is retarding the progress of the Cariboo Country — the bungling way in which it has been handled — they must be complimented on the fine service rendered to their passengers. Their Mr. McDonough, of Vancouver, was most helpful, as was also Walter MacDougall.

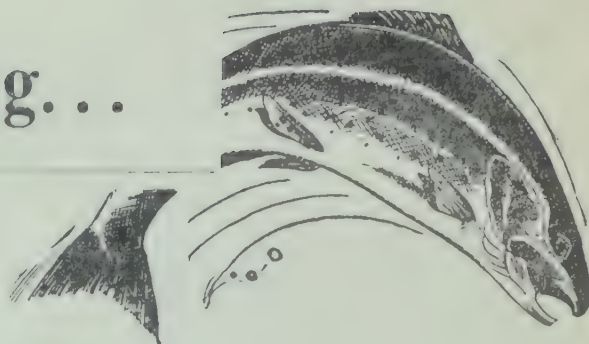
I didn't mean to write such a lengthy letter, but once I get started on this subject I'm good for hours. You can imagine how my friends feel after hearing endless orations on Canada. It was bad enough before I went west into Cariboo, but now they say it's hopeless.

Sincerely yours,
ROSEMARY HICKEY,

7829 Kimbark Ave.,
Chicago, 19, Ill.

We - Also Went Fishing...

by FRED "CARIBOO DUTCHY" LANGELE



"Cariboo Dutchy", and his pal Jim Watt didn't think that the editors did justice to the truly superlative fishing awaiting the tourist a 9-Mile Lake when they published the account of their trip entitled, 'The Editors Go Fishing' in the Summer issue.....Frankly, they don't believe that anyone, not even 'fish & game' editors, can go to 9-Mile and come back empty-handed—and set out to prove it The following account written by 'Cariboo Dutchy' (who's cavortings with the English language we thought were better left untouched) tells of THEIR trip to 9-Mile, and of how truly easy it is to come home with a string of nice ones.

I happen to have a very close contact with the editors, as I share part of their office. Consequently, we discuss many times, our relaxation pleasures—mainly fishing, and I sure got a kick out of their trials and tribulations when they went fishing at 9-Mile Lake last spring—which trip ended up in the disaster of a near-divorce and near-drowning, and to top it all off—NO FISH!

The above mentioned spot is my favorite fishing spot (evidently not theirs), and when I heard on the day after their fishing trip about their experiences, and saw the editor move his bed into the back room and later read his report on the trip I thought, in the interests of the future tourist business I should go out there fishing and record the trip so so tourists wouldn't take stock in their bad experiences as fishermen, for it was them and not the lake which was responsible for no fish.

So a few days after their hazardous trip I called on a friend of mine Jim Watt, our local doughnut and sausage-roll expert (he makes a lot more fine eatables—but these are the two digestables I like best), and we arranged to put the editors to shame by catching some nice trout, which would give them something to think about, and then we could

coach them a little and maybe make fishermen out of them too, only it would be quite a long job doing that.

We told our wives to get our supplies ready as we were leaving at 6 A.M., but they gave us knowing smiles—it being that they've experienced our kind of early rising before. I arranged for a boat at our local auto camp and Jim promised to bring the worms, and also promised not to forget a few of his famous doughnuts and sausage rolls as we were going to have a slight feast right at the lake—where we planned to consume some of our catch and top it off with some of Jim's eatables. And of course we must not forget the camera, so we could prove our experiences on film.

I did not want to forget the consuming part of our trip, as we are both tiny undernourished boys who weigh a paltry 225 pounds each. Including our grubstake for the morning and our fishing tackle, we make a total weight of a comfortable quarter ton of fishermen.

I was only a half an hour late for my appointment with Jim when I called and what did I find but Jim was still in bed, and I had to wake up the whole house to get him to arise, and when he did, he was minus worms and lunch, and could not

start anyhow without he should eat some breakfast, as he had read the editors story and would not like to suffer from malnutrition that morning in case we caught no more fish than the editors.

At last we got started, and arrived at the lake without mishap about 9 o'clock (A.M.) We were the only ambitious early fishermen there, and we had a look at our boat which was a very nice new boat about 12 feet long. I lowered myself slowly into this boat, as I did not trust the size, that is, the combination of sizes—the boat's, and my own. After I seated myself, the craft stuck its prow about 4 feet in the air and I begged Jim to settle his little weight gently into the other end to even it out, and after some tricky balancing we had the boat straightened out which left only 2 inches of the sides sticking up above the water, and our worry now was not to catch too big a fish as that would quickly settle our floating process.

We rowed just about a couple of hundred feet, and the line was just out nicely when Jim made a startled move and howled, "I got one."

The line was tight and he started to pull in our first catch, but halfway down Jim's features changed and he said, "I lost him," which was a disappointment as we wanted to make sure that we had that feed of fish as fast as possible, as we had permission from our better halves only till noon to fish. Well, Jim kept at it for about half an hour and he lost about 8 good bites, and I had visions of the boys at the office giving us the laugh after my bluff about what we could do.

After all the excitement of the fish

teasing us and none in the boat. I naturally picked on Jim, and we decided that I should try for awhile, and Jim had the bright idea to change seats in the middle of the lake, but after a good look at our corpulency we decided to make the change at the landing.

Out we went again and we were getting a little hungry, as we are not like normal people—we like to eat every three hours for the sake of our 'figures', and we were due for the nosebag.

I threw out my line in desperation and before we were out 200 feet again I snagged a nice one and he took a leap into the Cariboo sky, and without much trouble I landed a nice trout in the boat—after which I was free to kid Jim about his poor fishing. I caught one more, and we felt safe about our meal, and the humiliation of our pals at the office was complete as far as we were concerned.

Jim took over after my second catch, and we had so much trust in the boat by then, and remembering that (being an insurance agent) our life insurance was in good standing, that we changed seats out in the middle of the lake.

I told Jim previous to his fish-losses to give the fish a little tug when they were taking the bait, and he

promised to fetch them in this time.

I have to explain to you folks also that on this trip we were not the real sportsmen people write about, (they are few and very far between) and we trolled for our catch, which is an insult to all fly-fishermen, but we couldn't afford to take chances—we had to satisfy the everlasting upkeep of our anatomy.

So when Jim took over after my bit of kidding, he got really serious, and the first bite he got, he braced himself and jerked strong, and pretty near upset the boat what with 225 pounds on his end of the line and a poor little pound and a half trout on the other. Then he made a move on his end of the line which would be something like pitching a whole bundle of hay onto a wagon, and after that, all he had in his hand was a line about 2 feet long—and gone was my tackle consisting of my best troll. The poor fish (not Jim, but the other one) took a few leaps in the air and we had a last look at my nice outfit disappearing.

Jim's face looked like one of his doughnuts except the hole was bigger where his mouth was.

Still no fish—so we took Jim's tackle, which was similar to mine, and after applying a nice worm we made for the home-stretch, and so

help me, Jim, after all that bad luck as losing fish and tackle, etc., he really saved the day, as he got a nice bite, and he gave this time a nice gentle tug—and he had him. This particular fish was a beauty, and would make Doc (local fly-fishing expert) jealous, only he wasn't there. Jim proceeded to bringing him in, and I started waving my nice new net (the one which my wife gave me on father's day) and managed to conk Jim a good one on the head trying to help him, but he never gave me chance to help him in his excitement, and he landed this wopper in the boat all by his tiny

continued on page 85

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A WINTER ON THE TRAPLINE

continued from page 25

land, and the lowland mink.'

We packed our horses and went on, and made our last camping place about dark. After the horses were tended to we had supper and turned in for the night with a good camp-fire of large logs which burned all night. This was as far as we could take the horses, and the next morning I paid the boy and sent him back with the animals.

Our trapping ground was at the bottom of this mountain on the south side, and all our outfit would have to be transported down the steep slope. I cut two small trees about fifteen feet long which had a crook at one end, and spiked them together about four feet apart and then nailed small poles across, thus building a sleigh. After loading on our supplies and equipment, we fastened a rope to the back of it, headed it down the mountainside, and by taking a turn or two around a tree with the rope, eased it down. When the rope was all run out, we tied the sleigh to the nearest tree with a short piece of rope, undid the

long one, moved down to where the sleigh was held by the short rope, and repeated the process till we were within a half a mile of our camping ground, and well below the snow line. We packed it the rest of the way on our backs, set up a tent, cached our grub, and then set out in search of a suitable spot for our permanent cabin. We found a nice place not very far away and started in. Here is where the fun begins with Harry. He said that if I would cut the logs, he would do the building, at which he claimed that he was an expert.

"The logs for a fourteen by sixteen cabin are pretty heavy to be handling all by yourself," I pointed out.

"Don't worry about that, I know how to handle them."

I had my doubts about this. An eighteen foot piece of green jack-pine nine or ten inches through is certainly not light, but I let it go.

"What kind of corners will you make?" I asked.

He looked as though he thought the question was stupid. "Why, I'll just lay one log on top of the other and peg 'em in."

"Aren't you going to notch them?"

"Notch them, what do you mean?" He asked with a vacant stare.

"Tell me," I said, "have you ever really built a cabin?"

He looked a little sheepish at this, and said hesitantly, "Well, no, - but I've seen plenty of them built and there's not much to it. Anyone can build one."

"I thought so," I said. "Grab an axe and follow me. We will both cut the trees, and we'll build it together. I want to put on 'saddle' corners - they're the quickest and easiest."

We found a nice patch of trees and went to work. I never before saw a man quite so useless with an axe as Harry was, but I refrained from giving him any pointers. He managed to fall four trees while I felled the balance of the number we required for our cabin.

"You're a pretty fair axeman," I remarked casually.

"Oh, I used to be really good," he volunteered, "but I'm out of practise now."

"Perhaps your axe is a little too heavy - that throws a fellow off

continued on page 77

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INJUN TRAIL

continued from page 17

tamed him and useta ride him all over every place. One day I comes home and that bear, he's gone - gone out from the little pasture where I useta keep him. I goes down the trail, mebbe one mile, and there he is, a-squattin' in a berry patch, stuffin' down blueberries, like mebbe I been starvin' him. I calls him and he don't come. I cuts me a stick, an' I wallops him, an' all he does is back up an' growl. He ain't ever done that before, and I thinks it's funny. Then I gets mad, cause he just keeps growlin', and I jumps on his back, and I pounds him all the way home. He tries to shake me off, but right up to the pasture fence I gallops him. Then I gives one big yell, and get off quick - 'cause right there in the pasture field is my tame bear. That fella I've been riding he is a wild bear. No wonder I has a heluva time making him behave.

The trail winds through an undulating vastness of charred trees. Gutted trees, half fallen, lie in each other's outflung arms, gaunt, blackened, criss-crossed. Choking dust billows from under the horse's feet. Noiselessly we shuffled through this forest of the dead. I curse the dust and the heat, and the foolishness of man, and Johnnie laughs.

"Lotsa times this happen," he says "By an' by fireweed come then grass grow, then berry bush; tree seed come on wind, and pretty soon, new forest everyplace. Birds come back, an' bears and coyotes, an' hundreds little animals; everything a-gain fine, till another fire. That's the way she go, all the time, hey?"

I felt rebuked. Johnnie pock-marked, tousle-haired, devil-care chunk of energy that he was, was by far the better philosopher of the two.

Greensward again, and wide leafy trees, trembling in the whispering night breeze off the long, wide lake.

"She's bad country in winter time" Johnnie offered nodding at the moonlight-flooded panorama.

"Two winters ago, I get lost in this country — in that big spruce swamp, down D'other end this lake. Gosh, she's cold that time - forty, maybe even fifty below - I dunno. Me, I on snowshoes, and she's pretty tough going when you get lost and hungry, and the snow's deep and soft. After little while I see big bunch of timber wolf tralling me pretty close. Not one more shell I ain't got for my gun, so when I hears them wolf smacking his lips right in my ear, I climb up big tamarack tree. Gosh, she's cold, but I'm all in one piece while I stays in that tree, so I hangs on. Them wolf ain't in no hurry. They sits all around that tree, waiting for me to drop. One hour, two hours - oh, long time I sit there. I tells them wolf better they go home an' get some sleep, but they don't hear me."

"By an' by the moon, she comes

continued on page 76

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Gateway to the Cariboo



MOVIES IN THE CARIBOO

continued from page 16

but, as it happened, there were one or two big holes in the roof (fortunately for me, but not so fortunately for those inside, if it rained); I was thus able to hang on to the crosspieces of the inside frame by pushing my hands down into the holes.

We also carried two five-gallon cans full of water, owing to the fact that the radiator leaked badly and every few miles a stop had to be made to give it a nice long drink. In addition, we had on board two heavy chains, used during working hours to secure lumber which the truck hauled from the mill.

It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the racket that ensued as we dashed over a very bumpy mountain road at some thirty miles per (haps!)—with chains clashing, water cans bumping together, and the poor old motor snorting and groaning in a fierce endeavour to show what it could do in spite of old age and certain infirmities of its interior. I held on as best I could, but each time we hit a bump both my feet left the floor of the truck as if a bomb had exploded underneath them—and that's about how it felt to me. If horse-riding is considered a fine thing for the liver, riding on this truck must be what the present generation would call "super."

We finally reached our destination, and as it was still daylight, it presented quite a picturesque scene. All around, in a large corral close to the ranch house, was a big crowd of people of all kinds, and their various means of transportation. Many, both male and female, came on horseback, others in automobiles, farm wagons drawn by a team, and a few cases, like us, in their work trucks. I also noticed two brave souls on bicycles.

Most colourful were the many Indians from the Reserve, each with his squaw and little ones. All had

continued on page 75



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RETRIBUTION

continued from page 14

A sudden scream went the air followed by a dull thud some seconds later many feet below. One of the two remaining horses had gone over a cliff. The men were afraid to investigate for fear the same thing would happen to one of them, so they sat in awed silence. After a chilling pause the Indian muttered, "Dam good t'ing I take off saddles. If not - now no more gold."

"What the hell good is gold if we can't get out of here," snapped back 'Grump'.

"Ha don't you worry about no get out from here," replied Charlie Peter, "I get out from any place - pretty soon fog go, I show you."

"Why don't you shut your trap, you dirty little Siwash. If it wasn't for you and your big mouth we wouldn't be here now. You and your big ideas — we never should have listened to you in the first place."

Jack Smith's nerves were tight as he sat crouching beside the sputtering blaze. The men's discomfort only served to increase their disgruntled attitude and all that prevented gunplay at that moment was a sudden shifting of the fog, leaving a clear rocket and disclosing only fifty feet distant, a natural cave in the side of the mountain crest. Immediately on seeing this hole 'Grump' Marlow shouted, "Come on you two heathens let's get out of this rain. Grab your gear and let's go."

The two hurried, with 'Grump' al-

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"GATEWAY TO THE CARIBOO"

ready half-way across the gap, running, in case the fog should shut them in again. Arriving at the cave, they found it quite small and already occupied. An elderly prospector lay huddled in the far corner, and to all appearances was deathly ill. He didn't move, even when the three men came clattering noisily into the cavern. After brief observation, Smith with great presence of mind, hurried back to their previous camping site and shortly came running back grasping burning brand with which he started another fire at the mouth of the cave.

The Indian brought wood and soon a cheery blaze was shedding its light and warmth through their new domicile. The men held a brief consultation, and, as cheaply as they held life, they decided to try to save the sick prospector for the sole purpose of guiding them out of danger. They knew that they had travelled a good distance off the trail and the chances were that it would take a long time to find it again once the fog lifted. While they still had some food, the men were certain that the quantity was insufficient for any prolonged stay in their present vicinity, and to be lost without provisions, in that land of overwhelming peaks and rough broken country, could only result in death. No the trio had to have guidance in the immediate future, so they set to, making the old prospector as comfortable as possible, and preparing a tin full of soup from the little meat that still remained. They thought that once the old man regained consciousness, he could tell them what was wrong.

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continued on page 74

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**SAWNEY
Poet of the Cariboo**

continued from page 9

were written on the spur of the moment, and are not worthy of reproduction. It is twenty-five years since I left Cariboo, and I remember now the Farewell which I wrote is perhaps worthy of reproduction. It is as follows:—

Cold Cariboo! Farewell!

I say it with a sad and heavy heart,

You've treated me some roughly, yet I feel

'Tis hard to part!

'Twas all I asked of thee,

One moiety of thy yellow golden grain;

Hadst thou but yielded, I'd have sung farewell

—And home again.

But time on time, defeat!

Ah, cold and cruel, callous Cariboo!

Have eight years' honest persevering toil

No wakes due?

Ah well! then since 'tis so,

Since fate hath willed I should no longer here,

I e'en submit, while disappointment starts

The hidden tear!

But still I'll picture thee

As some dear loved one in the days gone by,

And think what might have been till dreamland brings

The soothing sigh.

Farewell, a long farewell

To all thy friendships, kindly Cariboo.

No other land hath hearts more warm than thine,

Nor friends more true.

November 24, 1871.

As I write I have before me a photograph—the only thing of Cariboo that I possess—by Fulton, an amateur photographer and whisky saloon-keeper at Cameronton. It has kept well and shows clearly many of the faces of the boys in the sixties. Fulton was a clever but very touchy man. I remember a miner, a little "on the loose," nearly upsetting one of Fulton's oil lamps, when Fulton waxed warm and gave the miner fits. "Look here," says the "tight one," "stop it or smash goes your blooming lamp."

"I would like to see you smash my lamp," says Fulton.

"You would, would you?" and the "band played."

Jim Cummings, the foreman of the Cameron, is in the foreground of the picture, a big-nosed, big-hearted, and big-footed Scotch-Canadian. Once I asked him where he got his boots, as there were no boots in Cariboo of his size. He said that he bought two pairs and

continued on page 73

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MOOSE FOR THREE

continued from page 6

if they had suddenly discovered a mother lode of gold, then his head beckoned me over. I walked across and examined his discovery. So! The calf. And alongside that calf track a spindly clump of second growth fir stripped of its branches and bark. I thumbed the white wood in careful speculation and surmised, "Made at daylight this morning. The cow probably bedded for the night among yonder windfalls but she's up and feeding now. The bull will be close on her heels and when we jump the critters he'll let the cow and calf make their getaway before skinning out himself."

And then I sighed and went for the matchbox. Distasteful job but very necessary. Two hunters and only one bull and before we began circling the tracks I had to know who was going to do the shooting. So taking two matches I broke a quarter inch off the end of one then returned them to the box so both ends protruded even. I extended the box to Leonard. "Broken match takes this bull if we make contact."

There was not even a momentary hesitation as Leonard took the match. See what I mean? Like poker - - - only worse. That match box was the deck and Leonard drew the Joker. Lazy, westerling wind full in our faces, glaring October sun gouging into our necks. A cow moose breeding and a bull that will stay on her tracks come blinding salty blizzard or roaring warm chinook. Mister, that's a hand any hunter should be able to scoop the pot with.

One short circle brought us out on an open, rolling brush covered park almost on top of the mountain and the droppings of the cow where she reached up for the tendermost tips of the twigs were yet moist and warm. I cocked a questioning ear for out of that disordered jumble of windfalls on our right the foolish chatter of a red squirrel suddenly snapped the silence. Maybe a coyote or timber wolf beneath its

tree, maybe a Horned Owl engaged in its gruesome habits high in the branches overhead.

Or maybe - - -, You'll not be ignoring the warning scoldings of the little red squirrel when the track of the bull is fresh as milk from the udder of a cow. We slid out of the willows and crawled forward among the windfalls. Up ahead a stick cracked with the explosion of a dynamite cap and I fell forward on one knee. "Look out, Leonard,"

But Coffie's legs were already braced and his 250-3000 jumped into his shoulder. Eighty paces away, among the charred masts of the pines my eyes glimpsed a cow and a calf moose moving out of there with

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I looked down at Leonard's bull and counted the points on its shovels.

strides that gulped up yards as a mallard duck scoops up rice kernels and behind her lifting mighty front quarters in slow majestic march, the bull stepped arrogantly out from a gully and threw an inquisitive stare over to where we had halted. "All-right Leonard take - -"

Wham! Jupiter, he missed! Wham again! Brother, another miss! And the cow had made her getaway so the bull carried no longer. Three ravenous strides with his mighty Seven League boots carried him behind a black hedge of fir where he was completely lost to our eyes. "Keep the far neck of that brush covered," I implored. Nail him as he crosses - - - Quick - - - there he goes!

Cr-r-r-rack! Yipee! The bull lurched forward as if knocked sideways with a Paul Bunyan sledge hammer, stumbled, came up again only to slow down to a sickly drunken stagger. B-o-om! He's down on his knees, over on his side his hooves flailing the bleached timber grass as a binder knocks down grain while his nostrils spray the brush with blood. And that is when I unslung my own .303 Ross for the first time since leaving camp. For though in my twenty odd years at this game I have yet to see my first bull moose charge a hunter I have seen them get up and run blind after a fellow figures they are licked. Any time they do that, me, I

don't want to be within striking radius of those feet.

So easing cautiously up to within ten yards of that quivering mountain of flesh I sent a 220 grain Bronze Point mushrooming into its brain.

I met Leonard's outstretched hand as I tallied the points on the shovels. Thirteen on one side, fifteen on the other. Good enough. Then, catching Leonard's John D. Rockefeller grin I declared, "You're a lucky son of a gun!"

"Son don't I know it," he conceded. Man look at that meat!" Then he suddenly remembered his first two shots. "How in tarnation did I come to miss a thing that size" he asked in mystification.

I walked over to the spot where the moose was first standing then made a bee line to where Leonard took the shots. "Here's why" I offered explanation, showing him the splintered withe of a couple of willows. "Both your first shots glanced; its a common occurrence when you're hunting in timber that's as thick as the fur on a mink."

But if Leonard drew the aces Stick held nothing but pairs. For the remainder of that afternoon and throughout the whole of the following day we circled the windfalls and brush slopes, finding the track of a bull moose here, following it and

continued on page 71

The Ghosts of Surprise City

continued from page 4

and the 'Herrick'. A fit monument indeed to old surveyor "Mac".

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was pushing its construction along the valley of Northern British Columbia during the years between 1909 and 1914, and near the forks of the Nechako and the Upper Fraser Rivers a roaring Construction town mushroomed itself hard by the old Hudson Bay Post of Fort George. There is little doubt that old Fort George was the last of the wide open frontier towns and with the passing of its tent shacks and clap-boarded hotels there probably passed, and perhaps not very much lamented, the type of western Canadian town which will only remain in story. It had the real old atmosphere of the frontier town with the "Sky's the limit, bet 'em steep and sleep in the street" sort of thing. Anything went, and its muddy streets fronting the swiftly flowing river were alive day and night with wild eyed booted and bearded men doing their best to blow their stake on home-made hooch and in any of the numerous gambling set-ups that never closed their doors. If these failed in that regard there were always the scarlet ladies who would give it a try with Champagne Cider twenty-five dollars a quart. It was a great town for a young buck to blow into fresh from the rivers and hills, make no mistake, and God help him if he did.

It was here in this roaring town of tent-shacks and clap-boarded fronts strung along the river bank that I met up with a young fellow of my own age and of like adventurous spirit, or maybe I should call it just running away from a conventional humdrum way of making a living. And so over a bottle of King George IV (and very good that brand was too, in those days) we pooled our resources and decided to go trapping chiefly based on my own glowing

continued on page 70

G. B. Williams

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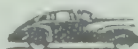
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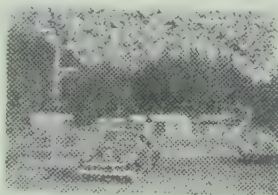
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Around The Towns . .

WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO AND NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA — as noted in the Weeklies, and by the Editor in his travels,

Hope and Fraser Canyon

► What's the matter with Hope, B. C. — from the banker's point of view? No town between Vancouver and Prince Rupert with the possible exception of Quesnel, B.C., has seen such a rapid growth in population and industry as has this town situated at the entrance to the famous Fraser Canyon. In the past 18 months, the population has more than doubled, and is now approaching the 3000 mark. Lumbering and the construction of the Hope-Princeton highway are primarily responsible for the rapid growth which has resulted in scores of new businesses being started, while from a housing point of view, the town is bursting its seams. . . Yet, the town has no bank. Business men and working men have to do their banking in Chilliwack, 40-odd miles away. All efforts by the Board of Trade to interest one of Canada's chartered banks in opening a branch in Hope have failed. "There's no money in cashing cheques," say the bankers, with finality.

► Since there is no bank between Chilliwack and Ashcroft (or Lillooet), Board of Trade officials are now investigating the possibility of starting a credit union, to remedy the situation. At the present time, hundreds of the thousand or more workers in the lumber camps and on the highway project head for Chilliwack or Vancouver on pay day to cash their cheques, as a result of which the town is losing a great deal of business.

► A hydroelectric project is being planned by the B.C. Power Commission to be installed at Silver Creek, near Hope, in order to supply the district with cheap power. "The Campbell River project, and one other project," stated Mr. Weston, (head of the B.C. Power Commission), "have top priority." The Commission has installed \$100,000 worth of new equipment in the town, and

is prepared to add additional diesel equipment when increased industry and demand warrant it. Recent rate reductions have resulted in an average reduction in charges of \$14.00 per year to the householders.

► The B.C. Telephone Company is planning to install in 1948, a new central dial office capable of handling 275 telephones. In the meantime 30 new lines have been added to the existing facilities, bringing the total number of telephones in the town to 141, with 25 applicants on the waiting list.

► Proof of the rapid growth of the town is evidenced by the fact that building permits totalling \$152,275.00 were issued for the first six months of this year.

► Though resort-owners along the Fraser Canyon are reporting a boom year insofar as tourists are concerned, another report, current since the beginning of the year, to the effect that the Canyon Highway is to be closed for an entire season following the completion of the Hope-Princeton highway, is making many of them wonder about future prospects, as a result of which more than just the usual number of such businesses are changing hands.

► Heading north from Hope recently, the editor stopped at Yale just long enough to inspect the blueprints of a fine new hotel to be erected alongside the highway there by the present owner of the Canyon Hotel, and just long enough to say 'hello' to Geo. Miller, who just can't seem to stay away from the four-wheeled buggies that find their way into the Gateway Garage, which garage he sold recently to a couple of boys from Vancouver. The boys are incidentally, going at things in a fine workmanlike fashion. At Spuzzum, a new coffee shop was noted, it being the latest service offered by W.K. Bowerman & Co., who took over from N.W. Trout last spring. Mr. Trout, and his son, now operate the

New Hope Theatre.

Said 'Ma' Chapman of Alexandra Lodge, in regard to the possible closure of the road, "Heck, I'm not worrying. Construction crews have to eat and sleep just like tourists, and they don't get you up at three in the morning for a gallon of gas like some tourists do."

At Boston Bar everything was 'full up', and at least 40 cars were parked just off the highway there. Harrington Motors was lighted up like Granville Street at 10 p.m., and was just about as busy. Siska Lodge is sporting a new garage and filling station, and the new management is doing wonders towards restoring the excellent service for which the lodge became so well known in the past. Lytton, with its modern auto court and excellent hotel needn't take a back seat to any town along the highway when it comes to accommodation. In view of the (many) and sometimes serious, accidents which can, and do, occur along the Canyon Highway, the Lytton Drug Store is now maintaining a 24 hour



Fraser Canyon Highway near Hope

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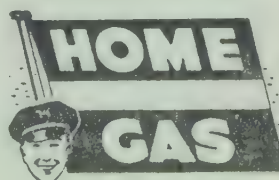
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some people don't mind their own or they haven't any business.

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Williams Lake, B.C.

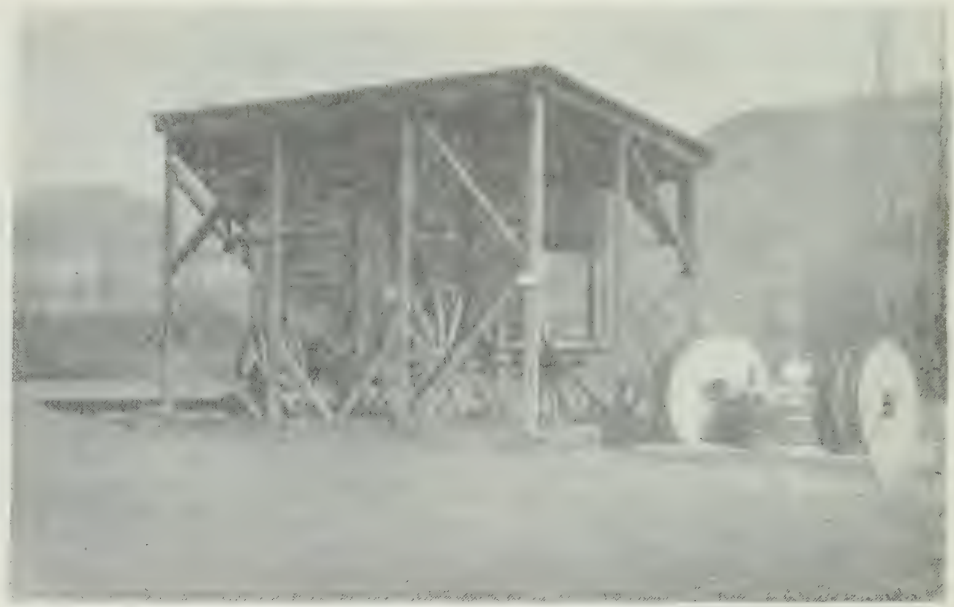
AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

emergency service (for medical necessities only) — an excellent idea.

Since reporting in our 1947 *Travel Guide* that a \$30 gold nugget was brought into Shaw Springs Auto Court by an Indian woman last fall, said nugget having been picked up by the Indian woman on the bank of the Thompson River near there, the proprietors have been swamped all summer with tourists wanting to borrow a gold-pan in order to pan a few nuggets. Month by month new improvements are to be noted at the Big Horn Auto Court, with the swimming pool being a major attraction, as the district is notoriously one of the hottest spots in B.C. The boys at the Standard Service Station in Spences Bridge report that they actually had the ancient 'one-lung' engine in their 1900 model Woolsey 'clipper' chugging over, and that they whizzed down the main street at all of 12 miles per hour, the centre of interest during the town's July 1st celebrations.

Ashcroft

► The new cut-off from Ashcroft Manor to Cache Creek is really an excellent bit of work — as nice a stretch of highway as can be found anywhere in B.C. — but it won't help the Ashcroft tourist business. Says the *Ashcroft Journal* on this point: "... and though we may kick about Ashcroft being in an isolated location - off the beaten path, as it were - we will get our share of visitors because curiosity and the lust for souvenirs, necessities, and scenic attractions will draw them in. The biggest majority of tourists are out to see the country, and they are not going to pass up anything they can go back home and talk about. However we must not sit back and be content to offer only what we have at present. We must build up attractions and install in our town everything to the liking of the tourists. We must be prepared to offer them everything a modern town offers them, and above all — show every courtesy, patience and under-



During the tourist season at least twenty cars a day stop on the north end of Ashcroft Bridge to view this ancient freight wagon — as used around the turn of the century on the Cariboo road. The millstones are from the district's first flour mill, which was located on what is now the Cornwall Ranch, near Ashcroft Manor. The ruins are still in evidence there.

standing." ... (Hats off to Ashcroft for their attitude. Gripping won't do any good but perseverance along the above lines certainly will)

► In keeping with the above, tourists (and townspeople) will shortly be able to go swimming in safety (the river being the only alternative) in Ashcroft's new swimming pool, being constructed on the north side of the river on a piece of property donated by George Loy. Construction of the pool is a community affair, financed by contributions, whist drives, dances etc., with McLean Construction Company donating the use of a bulldozer for the excavating. Size of the pool will be 45 by 75 feet.

► Ashcroft's salts refinery, (closed since the later years of the war) and which at one time produced refined Epsom Salts, drawing its raw material from a deposit 18 miles west of town, has been sold to Japanese investors. The 2500 gallon vats formerly used for refining the salts will be used in the production of table sauces from Soya Beans. A by-product of the plant will be soya bean curd. Though the beans are

currently being shipped in from the east, the owners hope to be able to raise their own beans in the district.

► Town boosters were pleased to hear that they were 'not alone' in their efforts to spruce up the town. The Dept. of Public Works has let it be known that at any time now, the main street (Railway Avenue) will be hard-surfaced.

► A modern grocery store, the Gateway Groceteria, will shortly open its doors in Ashcroft, and make its bid for the increasing town, and out-of-town, business. The growth of any community can be gauged by the number of businesses required to serve it. W.A. Parsons, proprietor of the new establishment has had 20 years experience in this line, his latest connection being with the Harvey Bailey Company.



► Fishing at Ashcroft? — Don't make me laugh." To skeptics who are prone to such retorts, here's one for the records:— An eleven and a

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

half pound Kamloops trout was recently caught just below Ashcroft, in the Thompson River by Doug. Sherwood of Ashcroft.

► Outside the Ashcroft Hotel there is a row of nice shade-giving Maple trees, some comfortable benches, and quite often during the summer — Polly, pet parrot of Mr and Mrs. Bergeron, proprietors of the hotel. Polly is very tame and enjoys playing around in the trees and never roams far. Amongst her various accomplishments, which includes a vocabulary which has been known to turn ladies' ears a rather delicate shade of pink, is an ability to give forth with a whistle — the modern type of wolf whistle.

One afternoon, one of the town's prominent business men took five minutes out in the sweltering heat to relax on one of the cool benches and say a few words to a friend who was also taking 'five minutes'. Twenty minutes later, after they had settled the export question and were in the midst of politics, a couple of well-dressed oldish ladies (obviously tourists) passed in front of them. Just as they passed, the well-known wolf-whistle broke the serenity of the afternoon. The men looked up, and met frosty stares from the two ladies, while Polly, who had chosen to sit at the far end of the bench, and who was guilty of the whistle, sat unperturbed and silent. The men began to turn red, and pointed mutely at the parrot. This made matters worse, for the ladies thought they were being invited to sit alongside them on the bench.

They snorted their disgust at such behaviour, and turned to go. Just then Polly again became vocal with her wolf-whistle, and immediately lapsed into silence. The ladies turned briefly, the very essence of injured dignity, eyed the two men on the bench as though they were vermin, and passed in stately fashion through the portals of the hotel, while the men squirmed in shameful silence feeling that explanations would be quite useless.



CLINTON, B.C. — is at the southern edge of the vast plateau known as the CARIBOO, which extends north for over two hundred miles.

A moment later the voices of the two ladies floated out to them quite distinctly. "Fancy that, my dear," said one voice in tones of delight, "Why this trip must have taken ten years off me."

"You?" said the other. "My dear. Don't be silly. It was ME they were whistling at."

NORTH OF ASHCROFT

► Heading north from Ashcroft we noted that Terry Johnston's (Cariboo) garage, though not quite finished, was open for business. It is strategically located at the junction of the road to Ashcroft and the new 'cut-off' to Ashcroft Manor. Terry's plans include not only a fully modern garage, but also a cafe.

At Cache Creek, we noted that C. C. Brooks of the T.U. Auto Camp, has been going ahead with many improvements, including among other things, new central rest and wash-rooms, and running water in all cabins. For years tourists have asked for hand-tooled leather work when they arrive in the Cariboo, but no one seemed inclined to try to meet their demands — until this year. At Cache Creek, Robert Todd, former cow-wrangler at the 70 Mile and at the Flying U, is now established at the cross-roads and is specializing in high-grade leather work, not only for the tourist trade, but for the ranchers of the district. Charley did

service in North Africa and Germany, and has on display at his shop many tourist's trinkets manufactured from the souvenirs which he brought home from the 'other side'.

► Work on the Cache Creek road diversion was at a standstill. About

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AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

300 yards south of the auto camp, the fill for the new diversion branch ed out from the road for a short distance to the edge of the creek. Parking for a few minutes at the forks, it was simple arithmetic to note that for every tourist car which dived around the rocky bluff and headed NORTH to Williams Lake, Prince Rupert or way points, at least six cars took the paved road eastward. The road north is very uninviting where it branches from the main road. A 10 by 20 foot billboard in full colour, erected in the open, at the new (to be) junction just east of the present settlement will undoubtedly change the ratio of eastbound and northbound cars.

Clinton

The Clinton Board of Trade is debating the issue of incorporating the town. "We feel that it would be an advantage," said George Gibbons, secretary of the board and owner of the New Cariboo Lodge. "Many residents feel that only through incorporation can many of the necessary improvements to the town be carried out." Opposition to the proposal is embodied in the words of Mr. Towns, co-owner of the historic Clinton Hotel, who is reported to have stated, "... among other things (drawbacks) — taxes would go up." The opinion was also expressed that costly improvements would work a hardship on the townspeople, most of whom depended solely upon the seasonal tourist traffic for their income.

► The Clinton Cold Storage has been taken over by George Lawes of George's Meat Market, Ashcroft. The cold storage plant, completed just prior to hunting season last year by Bruce McTavish and associates is a decided asset to the community, and a boon to visiting hunters, who can store their game there indefinitely while enjoying a prolonged stay in the district.

► The town held its 79th Annual Celebration (which we just missed) and according to all reports it was quite a gala affair. A stagecoach

drawn by four horses, and driven by S.S. Boyd, veteran B.X. driver, led the parade. Passengers on the coach were. Robt. Carson, M.L.A., Mrs. Carson, and Jas. Walker, one of the oldest pioneers in the district. An old time freight wagon, similar to the one exhibited at Ashcroft, was driven by Gib. Cullen, son of the late D. D. Cullen, one of Cariboo's early freighters. The townspeople were all dressed in the costumes of the 80's for the occasion.

► The business people all reported a good flow of tourists northward, with the two auto camps and three hotels almost full every night. The Cariboo Museum at the Pine Tree Auto Camp has been attracting a great deal of attention from the tourists. New construction includes expansion of the facilities of the Aurora Auto Court, and a billiard hall, plus two or three new homes. Before leaving we dropped in to say 'hello' to Parkie, of Parkie's Store, Ruth and Gordon Abbey, of the Bob-Inn, and the Robertson Brothers and found them all very busy. The last time I had stopped at Clinton Motors I hadn't been there more than a minute when Bruce McTavish received a phone call which really set the wires to sizzling. It seems that the field coils on the new (War Assets) generator of the Clinton Power Company (of which Bruce is the head) had worked loose and were riding the armature — and the wires literally burned up. It had been no time for casual conversation. This time it was almost as bad; I found him under a car with an oilpan rest.

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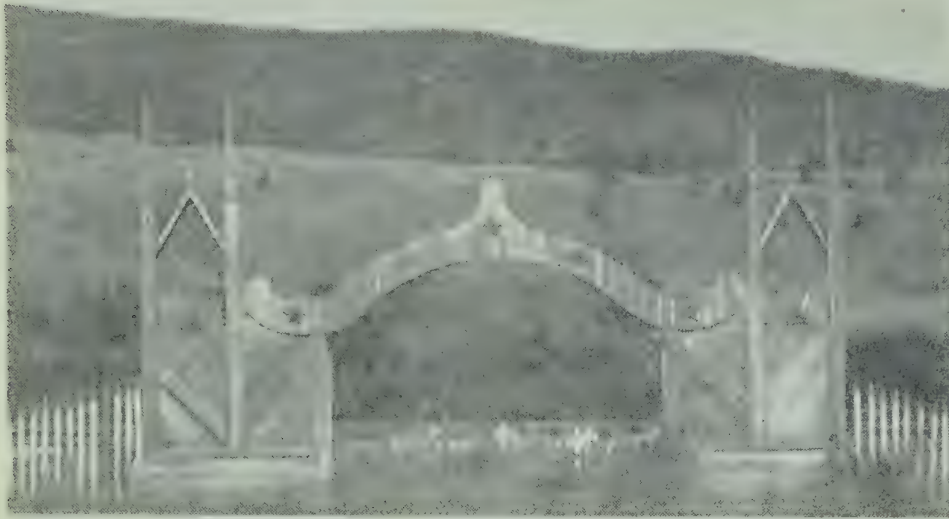
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LILLOOET, B. C.

CARIBOO HOTEL

Quesnel, B. C.

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTH ERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)



The ornate gateway to the old Indian Cemetery, on the reserve just north of Cache Creek. Far more work has gone into this gateway to their 'Happy Hunting Grounds' than goes into the homes of most of the Indians living on the reserve.

ing on his abdomen and an arm full of con-rods — I left him there undisturbed and happy.

► Hearing rumours to the effect that the **Boyd Brothers** venture into the hauling of cattle from the surrounding district to Ashcroft, in a big way, was a financial failure, led me to pay them a call. The rumours were groundless. In 1946 they hauled over 2000 head of cattle, the furthest coming from **Gang Ranch** 104 miles from Ashcroft. Their main hauling unit is a W-A122 White 6-ton truck capable of hauling 16 full grown steers (almost a carload) at

one time. With this unit they can handle beef shipments quicker and cheaper than they have ever been handled before in the Clinton district. Not only have the boys built up a profitable side-line to their garage business, but ranchers are so enthusiastic about their increased profits through marketing their beef via the Ashcroft route, that the boys are being forced to expand their operations. "If there were a paved road to Williams Lake," say the brothers, "the P.G.E. would lose 90 percent of its cattle business." (perhaps the P.G.E. knows this and that is why there is no paved road)

Lillooet and Bridge River

► During the summer the dream of many a pioneer settler in the Lillooet district came true when the Lillooet Co-operative Growers' Association took over the cannery and packing plant of Lillooet Packers Ltd. They feel it is another big step in advancing the interests of the Lillooet district, and in the development of the agricultural, horticultural and vegetable growing resources. A board of seven men has been formed to direct the activities of the organization. Members are: Nels Jorgensen, president; S. Yasuura,

secretary; Messrs. Cato and Skai, Joe Rickard, Frank Conway and Walter Sumner. Says editor Dan Murray of the Bridge River-Lillooet News: "Those growers who have worked through the years to have their own cannery and packing plant must have a feeling of satisfaction now, that at long last, their hopes are being realized — But it will not all be smooth sailing to success, and there will be times when they will need the full support of every grower in the association — but if the faith that sustained them in the

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LILLOOET, B.C.

past, continues, their dream of Lillooet as a great vegetable and fruit growing centre, will come to pass."

► The P.G.E.-owned hydro-electric power plant and distribution system supplying the town with electricity was taken over by the B.C. Power Commission on August 1st, at a reported cost of \$20,000. The addition of the Lillooet system to its holdings brings to 25,000 the number of subscribers throughout the province who are being supplied with electricity by the B.C.P.C. Lillooet residents feel confident that in due course the present inadequate plant on Seton Creek will be replaced by a hydro-electric plant on Cayoosh Creek capable of supplying sufficient power cheap enough to warrant the opening up and irrigation of choice bench lands in the district, particularly in East Lillooet.

► Like all interior towns Lillooet is also growing. Apart from the

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

greatly increased number of people passing through the town to, or from the mines and the big hydro-electric project of the B.C.E. in the Bridge River Valley, which has stimulated business to a certain extent, there is a steady growth in population. Brett's (Lillooet) Limited, are expected to go ahead shortly with their new 130 by 50 foot garage. The new garage is scheduled to be a 'Standard' station, and will handle General Motors products. A \$12,000 addition to the premises of Lillooet Canteen (who also operate a garage and the Lillooet-Lytton stage) which will feature the 'cement-brick' type of construction is under way. The summer months saw the inauguration of a new trucking service, offering tri-weekly service to, and from, Vancouver — with an approximate Vancouver, with an approximate 12 hrs. between loading time at Vancouver vice versa. The service will be well appreciated when the fruit and vegetable crop go to the Vancouver market. P.G.E. time is double the 12 hours.

► The Thompson Hardware was taken over during the summer by the well-known firm of **Smedly & Sharp** of Williams Lake. The premises were enlarged and the stock greatly increased. Another business which changed hands recently was the **C.A. Phair Store**, established some 53 years ago, and operated since the death of the founder of the business by **A.W.A. (Artie) Phair**. Artie, born and raised in the Lillooet country, and who is now in his sixties, has at his fingertips a virtual treasure of information concerning the history and development of the district during the past fifty years, and is a story-teller hard to beat (see page 24 this issue) Artie has retired(?) and now keeps out of mischief by tending to a few acres of fruitland about seven miles north of Lillooet. The new owner of the store, operated by one family for so many years is, **Giro (George) Yada**, formerly of Shalalth.

► **Bob Carney**, of Hollywood, Calif. has been sent into the district to

shoot some 8,000 feet of colour film featuring the Bridge River, Lillooet, Whitewater, Taseko Lake, Chilco Lake and Chilcotin districts. The film, when completed, will be presented to the public as one of the famous **Fitzpatrick Travelogue Series**.

► Curator for the Vancouver City Museum, **T.P.O. Menzies**, visited Lillooet district recently where he was successful in obtaining a sizeable collection of Indian relics. He stated that he hoped to establish a 'Lillooet Exhibit' at the museum. During his stay he visited the **Ken-Nel Ranch** where he photographed the Indian writing chiseled into the solid rock which is to be seen there.

► During the summer the subdivision of the **Russel** property was completed by **J.C.A. Long**, of Wms. Lake. This subdivision will offer building sites for 20 new homes, and water is guaranteed for each lot. (Many people in Quesnel and Wms. Lake would like a similar guarantee — scores of new homes are not being built because of the inability, in many cases, of the companies supplying water to these towns to guarantee water)

► The new three bed **Lillooet Hospital** is now open, under the management of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

► The Lillooet P.T.A. is busy raising the sum of \$150.00 for their **Scholarship Fund**. The object of the scholarship is to assist the most deserving high-school student in furthering his, or her, education. It is expected that the scholarship will be an annual affair. (Other towns take note)

► A survey conducted by the **Bridge River-Lillooet News** in Lillooet and District reveals that most people feel that they have been sold short by the non-inclusion of the district in the new irrigation plans of the provincial government. Although over 9 millions are to be spent in adding 97,000 fertile acres to B.C.'s growing farming industry, the Lillooet district was not mentioned in the



Mile One - Cariboo Highway at the west end of Lillooet's main street.

list of those areas where money was to be spent—despite the fact that recent government surveys showed that there are over 2,000 acres of first-class farmlands available in East Lillooet. Bulk of the money is apparently to be spent in the Okanagan between Keremeos and Kamloops.

► **BRIDGE RIVER:**— Work on the one and half million dollar **LaJoie Falls Dam**, part of the overall plan in the Bridge River Hydro-electric project of the B.C.E.R. was started during the summer. The contract was awarded to the Northern Construction Co. and J.W. Stewart Ltd. The new dam, not far from Gold-bridge, will be considerably larger than the one at the foot of Mission Mountain, and will rise to a height of 145 feet above the present river level. With a major construction job under way at both ends of the valley, the various settlements and former mining towns which lie between them are as active as they were during the mining boom years of 1933-36, and accommodation is at a

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

premium... It is just 20 years since the B.C.E.R. built the road over Mission Mountain, bored a 13,000 foot tunnel through it, and made their first hydro-electric installation.

NORTH FROM CLINTON

► The highway north of Clinton is a-buzz with talk of all the improvements taking place, and scheduled to take place in the immediate future on the Cariboo Road. Some have it that the highway will be paved to Williams Lake by the end of 1948, but admit that Victoria has not yet officially said so. Present construction consists of re-building most of the road between Clinton and the 70 Mile House. In the Chasm district the old road will be abandoned entirely. A new section is being built about a mile further west, which will leave the old 59 Mile House off the beaten path. The new road will connect with the old highway again at the 70 Mile, coming across the field from the southwest. Every effort is being made **not** to by-pass any of the existing stopping places, and it is believed that in only two cases will this occur. Both the 59 and 83 Mile Houses are unfortunately so situated topographically that it would be next to impossible to keep them on the highway without costly deviations from the overall plan.

At 70 Mile House a new service station and lunchroom is scheduled to be built at the junction of the old and new roads by the owners of that historic stopping place.

The new highway from the '83' to the '93' was getting its finishing touches when we passed by. It is a nice piece of road - smooth, wide, with easy curves and grades—but rain and the spring thaw play havoc with it... When the Alaska Highway was built, 'sheep's foot' packers were used continuously on the road bed as the fills were being made—as a result of which the road, when it was opened to traffic, **stayed open winter and summer, rain or shine**. It seems that it would be good business on the part of the government



A light amphibian from Seattle at Loon Lake, north of Cache Creek. Increasingly more and more U.S. and Canadian sportsmen are arriving in Cariboo by light planes capable of landing on the countless lakes.

—that when it let contracts for the construction of roads, it stipulated that 'sheep's foot' packers were to be used. The added cost would be money saved in the end, for the road would not have to be re-built every spring for two or three years following construction, as is the case with methods practised today.

► At the 93 Mile House a new coffee shop has opened its doors, and additional cabins are being built for the accommodation of the many hunters who will be pouring in after mid-September.

The framework for a new store at the 100 Mile House was pushing upward on the site of the old store which was destroyed by fire last spring. Adjacent to the store site is the modern new administrative building of Lord Martin Cecil's 70,000 acre 100 Mile Ranch. One half of the ground floor of this building is given over to a new restaurant, which, along with the lodge, is under the management of P.B. Gyllich.

At Lac La Hache there was no sign of the \$40,000 hotel which news reports early in the year stated was to be built there. There was, a nice new little restaurant open for business just across from the community hall under, the management of

Mr. and Mrs. Wilf Morand. Up the road we learned that Mr. Forbes of Forbes Auto Resort, had just completed a new 950 yard, 9-hole golf course, which puts 'Forbes' at the top of the list of resorts offering such facilities.

At Twilight Lodge a new addition is being rushed to completion. The main features are a new dining room and beverage parlour, both overlooking the lake. The roof above these rooms is flat and will be fitted out as a sun-deck with lounge chairs etc. Mr. Gunn plans to build a toboggan run from the sun deck down to the lake for winter sportsmen. Six new rooms are included in the new construction. Mr Gunn stated that he has already been approached by responsible parties de-

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sious of insuring accommodation for road-construction crews next year, which crews, according to his informant, are scheduled to pave the road.

Williams Lake

► Lack of an adequate airport has long been a sore spot with Williams Lake residents, but recent developments indicate that the situation may soon be remedied. Through the efforts of Wm. Irvine, C.C.F. Member for Cariboo, and Jas. Sinclair, M.P. for North Vancouver, the Department of Transport has finally been persuaded to consider the construction of an airport on the site chosen by Board of Trade officials on top of the hill south-west of town. D.W. McLeas and M.S. Lawson, officials of the Department were, first flown over, and then shown over (on foot) the proposed site by a Board of Trade committee comprising: N. Schroeder, Keith Caverly, Pat. Hosey, Alister Mackenzie and E.G. Woodland. The officials were very pleased with the site and said that it was a pity that this site had not been chosen before the Dog Creek airport was built. The town was advised to hold the ground pending further developments.

► Like most towns along the highway, Williams Lake is suffering from growing-pains. Greatest detriment to growth of the town is the lack of an adequate water system. The P.G.E. Railway, which owns the water works, claims it is not responsible for town water, and that it had provided water in the beginning (30 years ago) merely as a service to those who had come to live and do business alongside the railway station. In view of this stand which the P.G.E. has taken, despite the fact that the railway at one time owned all the property on which the town now stands and which it sub-divided and sold as lots, ratepayers voted the funds to build their own water system, and crews are busily engaged in installing new mains. The system is to cost \$100,000, and with yearly re-

venue estimated at \$13,000, little if any increase in the tax rate is expected.

► Many ranchers throughout the district are making appeals before the Court of Revision for a re-assessment of land values because of the recent increase in the School Tax. "A rise of 600 percent is quite common" says Geo. Renner of the Williams Lake Tribune. "Last year I paid 70 cents school tax on one particular 80-acre parcel of land in the Chilcotin. This year the tax was \$4.99."

► The Williams Lake Board of Trade went to bat for the 27 sawmill operators in the district in an effort to raise the quota of lumber which the mills are allowed to export, it being their (and the mill-owners') contention that the excessive freight rates on the P.G.E. are working an undue hardship on the mill-men, suffered by shippers nowhere else in the province. The Board contacted government authorities pointing out that if the operators were allowed to export 75 per-

cent of their cut the remaining 25 percent from 27 mills would more than meet local demands. . . . Instead of an increase, the export quota was reduced—for all of Canada.

► Two new sawmills went into production during the summer, one at Likely, operated by Speed Poirier & Hamilton, the other at Horsefly Lake, where timber reserves have been acquired by H.J. Gardner & Sons Ltd.

► After individual protestations had proved of little avail, the Wms. Lake Board of Trade, Cariboo Cattle mens' Association, Horsefly Cattlemen, Chimney Creek Range and Redstone Range Associations are sending a joint protest to the government over the increased tolls charged throughout the district. Recent increases and changes have resulted in at least one rancher having to pay a toll to phone from one part of his property to another. Rural subscribers are forced to pay a monthly charge plus a toll for every call. A passerby telephoning to town merely pays the toll—thus the



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subscriber is penalized for maintaining a phone for the convenience of the travelling public. The above organizations have also contacted Wm. Irvine, M.P., in an effort to remedy the situation.

► ...South Cariboo's War Memorial is to be a civic centre erected at Williams Lake. The centre will provide: (1) A tribute to those who served. (2) District Fair headquarters. (3) Facilities for Stock Shows. (4) A 'home' for the Canadian Legion. (5) A centre for boxing, and other athletic activities. (6) A curling rink. (7) A centre for major gatherings in connection with Stampede and Fall Cattle Sale activities. President of the Memorial Society, C. Huston, reports that \$10,000 of the estimated \$30,000 cost has already been raised.

► Amongst new construction in the town is a Medical-Dental Building, wherein the offices, waiting room and dispensary of Drs. L.E. Avery and W.J. Neville are situated. At the north end of town a modern auto camp is under construction by Alex Rae, of Rae's Garage. A 50 by 50 foot addition to the premises of Quesnel Brothers' Garage is being completed. The new addition will be constructed of cement blocks and will house a new workshop. Pat's Tire Shop (which once occupied the site of Quesnel Brothers' new addi-

tion) has been moved a short distance to the west, set up on a full basement and generally enlarged. Opposite Mackenzie's Ltd., who's new addition is not yet quite ready for business, Eby's Central Service are in the process of re-building their premises. The new structure will be considerably higher than the old, and apartments are planned for the upper floor. A modern new cold storage plant is being rushed to completion next door to the premises of Western Rife and Pigeon, so that hunters may avail themselves of its

service this fall. J. Ericson, owner of the plant, states that if the volume of business in the Quesnel, Wells-Williams Lake district warrants the expenditure, an abattoir will be built as an addition to the plant. A new hall for the Elks, measuring 54 by 120 feet, is under way at the corner of 1st Ave. and Yors-ton street.

New businesses opening their doors during the summer include: Beaton's Ladies Wear, a branch of a chain of stores with headquarters in Kamloops; Marge's Style Shop, operated by Mrs. Gillis, daughter of the late Tommy Hodgson, pioneer Chilcotin freighter; a coffee shop at Kemp's taxi stand, and the 5 to 5 Variety Store, managed by Miss Vera Gossman.

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AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

Quesnel

► Most pressing problem in Quesnel, is how to accommodate over 300 school children in buildings designed to hold approximately 200. Consolidation of schools, wherein many nearby rural schools were closed and students delivered to and from Quesnel by bus, plus a general increase in population is responsible for the sudden overcrowding. Students are doubling up, two at a desk, temporarily, and it is said that the Legion Hall may have to be pressed into service as a school. In the meantime ratepayers endorsed with a good majority the new by-law authorizing an expenditure of better than \$300,000 for a new Junior-Senior high school, and miscellaneous other expenditures in Quesnel District No. 28. Of the total sum to be spent, the Provincial Government will provide \$167,000. It has been estimated that an increase of three mills in the tax rate, will pay off the balance, amounting to \$168,500, in twenty years. Plans for the new school provide for shops, home economic room, gymnasium, commercial classes and a cafeteria for pupils attending from outside the town.

► Though the National Housing Program is due to be shelved shortly, Quesnel's Village Commissioners H. Tuffly, Earl Malcom, and Lloyd Harper hope to beat the deadline, and are negotiating to have 30 new homes for veterans financed through the N.H. in a new sub-division earmarked for the scheme.

► One of Quesnel's bottle-necks blocking the way to speedy development of choice residential sections in the north east part of the town, is an inadequate water system. Quesnel could weep on the shoulder of Williams Lake, and vice versa, — only this being the Cariboo, both towns have attacked the problem with vigor, Quesnel is not going to build its own water system, but the Commissioners have, after several months of negotiation, come to an agreement with Pacific Power Com-



Quesnel, as seen from the 'West Side'. Population has doubled in the past two years and is now over the two thousand mark. It is the jumping-off place for the Barkerville district, end of steel for the P.G.E., and the supply centre for a rapidly expanding lumber industry numbering 53 sawmills.

pany for the purchase of the water system, and if, when the matter comes up for a vote, ratepayers again show that they are looking to the future, the entire system will be overhauled and additional mains provided, at an estimated expense of \$100,000.

► The presence of growing pains in another quarter were felt when at the annual meeting of Quesnel's Hospital Board, it was brought out that the hospital had experienced its heaviest year since its founding, and that an increase in facilities must be planned for. In recent years though the population has almost trebled, hospital accommodation has

remained static. A twenty-bed addition with nurses quarters, to cost approximately \$50,000, was suggest-



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ed as the minimum necessary expansion of facilities required.

Annual loss was reported to have increased from a pre-war average of \$1,000 to \$5,000 for the fiscal year just ended. The records indicate that over \$7,500 was expended in 'courtesy services' to old-age and welfare patients, for which the hospital was not reimbursed, and that the Dominion Indian Department was doing a little chiseling in that it refuses to pay the regular hospital tariff, when its wards are hospitalized.

► Since the installation by the B.C. Power Commission of two 400 h.p. diesel power units and a smaller emergency unit the town is prepared electrically, for whatever development and expansion may take place within the next few years. With an eye to the future however, the Power Commission is conducting surveys

of potential hydro-electric sites on the Cottonwood River, the Quesnel River and the Swamp River.

► Quesnel-Wells residents are feeling justifiably proud over the fact that their jointly-sponsored North Cariboo exhibit at the Pacific National Exhibition aimed the distinction of winning a silver medal. The exhibit included mineral, lumbering, agricultural and historic displays, plus a large sketch of the new housing project at Wells, B.C.

► In view of the impending Quesnel-Dawson Creek bus and truck service, Quesnel businessmen are uniting with those of the Peace River in an effort to have the C.P.A. inaugurate an air-express and air-freight service between the two points. It is felt that with a small subsidy from the government, the proposed service could become a reality, and that it would pave the way for future business.

► After a lapse of 6 years the Quesnel Annual Fall Fair, sponsored by the Quesnel Agricultural and Horticultural Association was revived. Interest and attendance was the greatest ever recorded in the event.

► New construction and business: A large new addition to the Owens Department Store; a new coffee shop adjoining the Greyhound and

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Yvonne's Style Shoppe



Ladies, Childrens and Mens Wear

QUESNEL, British Columbia

Barkerville Stage Lines bus depot, operated by R. Mattison; a boon to the housewives in the form of the Quesnel Steam Laundry, operated by 'Freddie' Beath; a large new addition to Beath Motors Ltd; a new warehouse for North Cariboo Growers' Co-operative Ass'n, which has grown to be Cariboo's largest and most successful co-operative enterprise under the able management of Jack Rome; a new addition under construction by John A. Fraser & Co. Ltd. which will front on Carson street, making an L with the older premises which faces the river (the above firm is the oldest business firm in Quesnel having been established in 1893 by John A. Fraser, who, at the age of 82 still presides over the business)

The Quesnel Machine Shop opened its doors for business during the summer, in premises located behind Beath Motors.—while another indication of the growth of the town will make its appearance shortly in the form of an exclusive shoe store to be located in premises now occupied by the Dew-Drop Coffee Shop.

► After 37 years in the real-estate and insurance business in Quesnel A.S. Vaughan has retired, and is contemplating a future of many pleasant afternoons devoted to his favorite hobbies of, golfing on Quesnel's beautiful course bordering the river - and fishing. Mr. Vaughan

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTH ERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

spent ten years following the sea before coming to Cariboo, during which time he visited "all five" (as he puts it) corners of the globe. When twigged about how an old 'salt' managed to stick it so long away from the sea, he volunteered with a twinkle in his eye, "I nearly went back a dozen times, but it's not so bad away from the sea once you get used to it. It's just the first 30 or 40 years that get a fellow down."

► Editor 'Bev' Hutchcroft of Quesnel's weekly, the Cariboo Observer, has become a little bit fed-up with the 'bleatings' emanating from governmental sources at Ottawa lamenting over the annual trek of a large percentage of Canada's bright young men to greener pastures south

of the border. He points out that while politicians stand by twiddling their thumbs and wailing, there are three clear cut reasons for the exodus, none of which are being remedied. First, young men of ability can obtain almost double the salary on the 'other side' that they can here; secondly, 'bright' young men are apparently wanted in the U.S. and opportunities are provided them; and thirdly, in the U.S. they are not required to disgorge nearly as much of their salary in income and various other taxes as in Canada. Says editor Hutchcroft, "To anyone on the threshold of useful life, these provide an ample motive to pull up stakes and go where he can better his lot."

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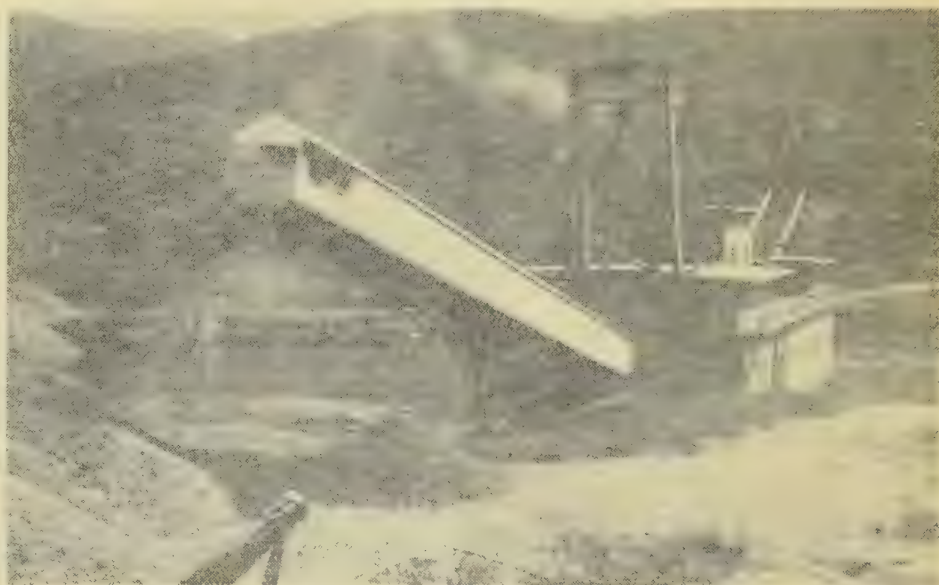
Wells

► It is expected that before winter sets in, at least one of the new (apartment) housing units being built by the Cariboo Gold Quartz Mine will be ready for occupancy. A radically new method of construction, which has attracted widespread interest in the north country, is being followed, wherein the concrete is blow onto a structure built of heavy paper carton tubes reinforced with steel lacing.

► Over \$500 has been raised by subscription among businessmen and residents towards the \$1500 needed to build a new fire hall for the town.

► Development of the hydro-electric potentialities of the Swamp River by the B.C. Power Commission is being sought by Wells and district. Following a preliminary survey of the district last fall, two officials of the Power Commission, A. W. Lash and P.G. Moe, spent a few days at the proposed site recently. Decisions resulting from their visit were not divulged.

► Wells, along with other Cariboo towns has been suffering from electric power troubles. With one half of the town requirements supplied by the Cariboo Gold Quartz power house and the other half by the South Wells Power Co., it is felt



The 'bucket-line' dredge which worked the gravels of Antler Creek nearly 20 years ago. If tests now being conducted in the Quesnel district 'prove out', similar units will be biting into the millions of yards of low-grade gravel along the rivers tributary to the Fraser.



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that the Power Commission should step in and consolidate the services.

► Under the direction of Frank Hennessy, club president, the Wells Ski Club is building a 1325 foot ski tow. Estimated cost of the project is \$600, which covers material and machinery only, with all work being done by club members. Completion of the run will provide Wells and visiting 'plankmen' with facilities second only to those of the Province's largest clubs.

► Local and long-distance telephone service hours have been increased to 16 hours daily, from 8 A.M. till midnight. Previously the telephone office and switchboard closed at 8 o'clock in the evening.

► The much mooted radio booster

station for Wells is definitely 'out' for another year. Apparently there can be no booster station until the telegraph line from Quesnel to Wells is first rebuilt. It was scheduled to be re-built last year, but a shortage of labour (it is claimed) forestalled the work. This year, Board of Trade officials have been advised that "no funds are available".

► Despite the increased wages paid by the mines since the six-month-long strike of last year, the return of miners to the two producers at Wells is very slow. Though the wages offered are much higher than the wages of pre-war depression times, they are still lower than average wages paid in other industries, such as lumbering, construction etc.

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WELLS, B.C.

Most of the stumbling blocks people complain about are under their hats.

Prince George

► With 200 homes being built privately, 50 low-rental homes being built under Wartime Housing Ltd., and not less than 40 new business premises in the downtown area, demand on the city-owned power plant will hopelessly exceed its peak capacity, and the former army power plant is expected to be brought into use as an 'emergency' measure. In the meantime, Prince George City Council is going ahead with its plan for development of the hydro-electric potential of the Willow River. To this end, Ernest Bowness, internationally known hydro engineer has been engaged by the city to make a survey of the site, and to estimate the costs involved. With a nation-wide mounting interest in the northland; the soon(?) to be completed Hart Highway making Prince George the gateway to the Peace River country, and the probable completion in the near future of the P. G.E., the City Council is looking forward to a possible doubling or trebling of the population in the next decade, and is determined that future progress of the district will not be hampered by a shortage of electricity.

► Building permits for the first seven months of the year soared over the \$700,000 mark, and it is expected that by the end of the year permits will exceed one million dollars.

► A re-survey of the five blocks between 1st and 2nd Avenues is being undertaken by the city, as a preliminary to the construction of a



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C.N.R. spur track to serve the increasing number of wholesale warehouses and industries established in that area.

► There is no doubt about it; Prince George is experiencing a boom such as she has not had since the wild-cat scramble of early construction days. During the construction boom and the wartime boom of the early '40's, people hoped but did not know which way they were headed. Today, with over 30 years progress under their belts, a seven million dollar a year lumber industry (which is still expanding) and a million acres of surveyed good agricultural land at her back door, there seems little room for doubt as to her future. But there are still those who are shaking their heads woefully over the millions being spent in the town, and who predict a sad awakening at some distant date for those who have the faith to invest in the future. Be that as it may, there are, thankfully, hundreds of people in Prince George (too many to enumerate) whose faith is evidenced in modern new homes, new businesses and industrial ventures, additions, enlargements and improvements.

► Two of the most modern garages in the north country have recently been completed, one on George St., by Gordon Bryant, the other on 3rd Avenue, by Fred M. Wall & Son, representing reported investments of \$75,000, and \$40,000 respectively. Both establishments are of the very latest design, with large, well-lighted and fully equipped shops, and include show rooms and well stocked parts departments. Fred M. Wall & son will handle 'Standard' oil products, Mercury and Lincoln Cars, Mercury Trucks and Massey-Harris farm machinery, while Bryant Motors is continuing with the same lines which they handled when in the old premises.

Prompted by a remark as to the size of his investment, and his obvious faith in the future, Gordon Bryant replied, "I know a lot of people think I'm crazy for investing so much in a town that was at a pretty low ebb prior to the war-boom, and in which business is expected to take a plunge as soon as the present high lumber prices decline—but progress and prosperity are not the result of the work of the pessimists of this world."

► The old airport is slated to be developed into one of Western Canada's finest golf courses. Financing of the project is being accomplished by the incorporation of the Prince George Golf & Country Club, with shares offered at \$50.



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► Months of steady work by the Kinsmen Club, under the presidency of Gordie Nicol, has resulted in the opening recently of the city's most developed park, 'Kin Park', on the banks of the Nechako River. Land was donated by W. Lamb & sons, on which the Kinsmen have constructed a swimming pool, soft-ball diamond, picnic benches and other facilities. . . . Another example of the excellent work of such organizations.

► A grant of \$20,000 to the Prince George and District Hospital by the City insures the completion of improvements necessary before the hospital may obtain the remaining \$25,000 of a \$50,000 grant from the government. One of the new services to be offered shortly to the ten outlying hospitals of Cariboo and Central B.C. is the use of a blood-bank, being established at the P.G. hospital by the Canadian Red Cross.

► With over a million acres of good land already soil-surveyed along the Nechako River and C.N.R., Board of Trade members have gone on record as urging governmental consideration of immediate resumption of immigration of suitable settlers.

Other important proposals urged by the Board include: completion of the 80 miles of road into McBride to form a second Trans-Canada Highway; the appointment of a Senator from Central B.C. to fill the present vacancy; the establishment



or a Land Registry Office in Prince George (at the present time, all lands in Cariboo, Central B.C. and the Peace River must be cleared through the Kamloops office), and the adoption of daily mail and train service between Red Pass and Prince Rupert.

► After two summers of construction work on the south end of the Hart Highway, residents can still drive only as far as Summit Lake, and then, only if roads are dry. The probable completion date has been

advanced yet another year, which is the reason behind many a cynical smile when the road is mentioned. One resident, in close touch with developments, when asked how the road was progressing, replied, "It was supposed to be finished this year, but there's a hundred miles along the route without a tree chopped down yet, but politically, it must be serving its purpose well—Both Mr. Hart and Mr. Carson have expressed satisfaction with the progress to date. . . ."

Vanderhoof

► A bombshell was thrown into the convention of the Central B.C. Municipal Association, held in Prince Rupert in late August, when it was revealed that Vanderhoof was withdrawing from the association, because of domination of the association by Prince Rupert and Prince George. Said Chairman of Vanderhoof commissioners J. E. (Ernie) Philpott, in a letter addressed to the association, "We are not getting enough out of belonging to it."

In an interview Mr. Philpott claimed that discussions of resolutions at the convention pertained more to larger cities and towns and that small communities such as Vanderhoof were given little thought or time. At the last meeting, he added, when questions of importance to the smaller communities were slated for discussion, everyone went fishing.

Said Mayor Nicholson, of Prince George, about the charge of domination, "I think that Mr. Philpott is off the beam. . . ." Prince Rupert's Mayor Arnold — "I don't think Van-

derhoof put much into the last convention."

► At a recent meeting of B.C. Power Commission officials and village officials, represented by Geo. Ogston and Ernie Philpott, it was decided that the town would be re-poled commencing in mid-September. An A.R.P. fire siren will also be erected—but not on any of the buildings, because of the misfortune following similar action in the past. . . . There used to be a fire bell on the old drug store, and it burned down. One was then placed on the Vanderhoof Hotel—and it burned down. . . . Residents are not superstitious—but. . .

► Following a recent visit from travelling officials of the Provincial

Fire Marshall's office, which brought home the fact that Vanderhoof has been without fire brigade for some years past, a meeting was held with E.A. Ahm presiding, and the Vand. Volunteer Fire Brigade was formed. The following officers were elected: Fire Chief—Murray Page; Assistant Chief—Don Wales; Engineer—Stan Chapman; Secretary—Cliff Weeks.

► New street lights in the form of some 20 powerful new 200 and 300 watt Directolites and Luminairs will light the way of residents in the near future.

► In an effort to maintain the best accommodation and service possible for both teachers and pupils, the School Board has acquired a new

TED'S



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Charter Trips Anywhere Vanderhoof, B.C.

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

fully-equipped and reinforced school bus with a capacity of 36 children. During a recent meeting of the board it was decided that one way of curtailing upkeep expenses would be to standardise on one colour scheme for all of the schools of the district. Cream body and dark green trim were the colors decided on.

►The Children's Playground Association, under the presidency of J.C. Rosenberg, has been busy clearing the site for the proposed swimming pool and playground. The old Board of Trade Hall, donated to the association, has been moved to the site.

►Recent business changes include the acquiring of the local grain elevator by the Vanderhoof Co-operative Association, who have moved to new and larger premises opposite the office of Geo. Ogston; the sale by Maynard G. Kerr of his meat and grocery store to a group of three young local men who will operate it as the 'S.R.S.' store. (Maynard is actively interested in the recent gold strike in the Aiken Lake area); and the purchase by H.G. Perry of Vanderhoof's newspaper, the Nechako Chronicle. The paper, will, for a time, be printed in the plant of the Prince George Citizen, also owned by Mr. Perry.

►Increased activity by the Vanderhoof Lumber Company which operates several mills north of the town, and which expects to get a planer mill into operation shortly is putting many more men to work and adding appreciably to the volume of business in the district.

When quizzed as to future prospects of the district, L.C. French, a young veteran who started in business there after the war, stated, "A good deal of the most undeveloped part of the continent, rich in resources, lies immediately north of here, and there are a million acres of good land in the district—they are the guarantees of progress."

...FORT ST. JAMES

►At the 'Fort', residents report a bang-up tourist year with Harold Smith's fishing camp, halfway up the lake, crowded to capacity, and both Joe Seyforth and J. Smedley, who operate boats on the lake, being booked for weeks ahead. Excellent catches are reported from Harold Cleland's lodge at the head of the lake.

►Two new resorts are under construction, one on the south shore of the lake, where there is said to be an excellent beach, and the other across from the Stuart Lake Garage. The latter establishment will be known as Evergreen Cabins, and is



Vanderhoof - centre of Nechako Valley agriculture, as seen from the air

being built by two young Albertans.

►A move is under way, led by Bruce Russell, to raise by subscription, the sum of \$10,000 for the purpose of constructing a road from the Manson Bridge to Finlay Forks, in the heart of the Rockies. It is felt that such a side road would add tremendously to the attraction of the country to tourists, and would be the first step towards the eventual completion of a road through to the north side of the Peace River.

►Another conundrum involving the Dept. of Public Works, has set 'Fort' residents to scratching their heads

and looking at each other blankly. Summed up, it is this: Proprietor of the resort being developed on the south shore asked P.W.D. officials for a road one and one half miles long, to be built to their property—were promised the road—but the road never materialized when promised. The owner then hired bulldozers and built the road himself—and was promptly advised by the P.W.D. that because of his action, he could be prosecuted—and that they had cancelled the appropriation for his road. —Such is the reward for private enterprise in this democratic country...



There are hundreds of lovely beaches on Stuart Lake —

Judge O'Flaherty: "Haven't you been before me before?"

Prisoner: "No, y'r honor. Oi niver saw but wan face that looked loike

yours an' that was a picture of an Irish king."

Judge O'Flaherty: "Discharged! Call the next case."

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

Burns Lake

►With the increasing success of co-operatives throughout the country farmers of the Burns Lake area, with the assistance of Douglas Clark of the University Extension Dept., laid plans for a marketing co-operative to be known as the Burns Lake Co-operative Exchange. Object of the organization will be to market eggs, poultry, vegetables and other farm produce, and to supply the farmers with feed, fertilizers and other commodities. The co-operative expects to dispose of its produce in the large potential market available in Prince Rupert.

►Estimates submitted by Mr. Dutcher, of the engineering firm of Dutcher & Brockington of the water system which the village hopes to be able to build shortly, indicate that the system will cost about fifty-three thousand dollars. Mr. Dutcher advised the Village Commissioners that a Vancouver firm is prepared to advance the money on either 15 or 20 year bonds at 2 3/4 percent interest.

Residents feel that the town has grown as far as can be expected **without water**—but that installation of a water system would be followed by a rapid increase in town development and population, with a possible doubling of the population in 2 or 3 years time. Expected cost per outlet is being fixed at \$4.00 domestic and \$6.00 for business premises.

►In anticipation of acquiring the plant of the Burns Lake Electric Co. a survey was conducted by officials of the B.C. Power Commission as to the requirements of the district, but it is not expected that any improvements to existing facilities will be forthcoming until 1948.

►Government interest in the growing needs of the town and district is evidenced in the proposal to establish there a Government Agency, also to construct a new \$40,000 Court House and a modern new liquor store. Though tenders were called for some time ago, by late August there were still no bidders.

►A new venture, the B.B.C. Construction Company, was undertaken by three 'Lake' business men. The new company will contract logging, road construction, excavating and heavy construction work of all kinds. President of the new company is B. Bickle; secretary, Jack Brown and Mark Conelly, director.

►The Babine Lumber Co., owned by Jack Brown and Charles Howorth one of the biggest lumber operators in the district (in which an estimated 2,000 workers are employed) is

planning a box factory for the near future. Though the demand for lumber is still good, and prices have shown no tendency to decline, pessimists predict that the bottom will drop out shortly. Mr. Brown, when asked his opinion, stated, "This district has nothing to fear should the market decline, as we have good timber and can thereby turn out a good grade of lumber for which there is always a market." The Babine Co. ships an average of five million feet of dressed lumber per year.

►With offices adjacent to the Omineca Cafe, Canadian Trailway Stages have chosen Burns Lake as their divisional point. Other new business establishments include the new Radio Electric Shop, adjoining the bus depot, and the Log Cabin Coffee Bar, next door to Silver Tip Tire Service.

►Burns Lake is suffering badly for need of a modern hotel. Though Lakeshore Lodge is a nicely located and well conducted establishment, it is far too small, and the district would feel an immediate increase in tourist and general business were a modern hotel of some 25 rooms to be built there.

►In a recent set-to with Mr. E. Carson, Minister of Public Works, over

the poor condition of, and the need for widening and improving the roads south of Burns Lake, Ted Rowland (M.L.A. - Omineca) was advised to tell the drivers of the 'Lakes' district to go to the Bridge River country and learn how to drive—that the roads were narrow and steep there—also that they were narrow elsewhere in the province.

►Editor Geo. Simpson, of the Burns Lake Review, in a recent editorial dealing with the overall possibilities of the district as expressed by one U.S. visitor, had this to say, "We may well imagine his (the U.S. visitor's) trend of thought as he visualized what could be done with both town and district, were they south of the border. Their aptitude for putting a scheme over. Their progressive spirit, and liberalism in the spending of money to attain a goal. They might be great talkers—but they are also great DOERS." "We might well take a page from their book," he goes on, "and build more and better accommodation for visitors, better roads, and a water system for the town, rest rooms for transients, and a liberal application of paint to our buildings—and it would all pay off hundred percent."



Gialethi Lake — Tweedsmuir Park

DECKER LAKE

►During the summer Decker Lake experienced a building boom limited only by a materials and labour shortage. Construction includes a large modern new store for Anderson & Company; a two story office building and several new homes, with construction scheduled to start as soon as materials are available on a \$40,000 sixteen-room hotel. In addition to the above, both a restaurant and a garage were opened for

business, during the summer.

BULKLEY VALLEY

►The growing lumber industry and increase in agricultural activity along the upper Bulkley River is evidenced by the gradual increase in population of Houston. Latest new business to open its doors is the Houston Meat Market, operated by J. McMillan, which along with the Houston Cash & Carry and Jan Kenning's General Store, to which a

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

large new wing is being added, makes three stores, a garage, hotel and cafe for this community, which is the supply centre for some 23 sawmills.

► Residents of the district are urging the government to re-open the 40-odd miles of road between Houston and the western tip of Francois Lake which has been allowed to fall into disrepair and is now impassable. "If the road were opened," say the residents, "it would offer the population to the east, through to Prince Rupert, easier access to the excellent fishing at Francois and Ootsa Lakes." And in the words of J. McMillan— "After all, it must have cost well over \$100,000 of the taxpayers hard-earned money to build the road in the first place— so why not keep it open?—Or are we planning to systematically give the country back, bit by bit, to the Indians?"

Telkwa - Smithers

► Officials of the Celanese Cororation plant (under construction at Port Edward) stated during a recent visit to Telkwa, that they intend to purchase their coal requirements from 'the nearest and most practical source', which assures the rapid and large scale development of the coal mines in the vicinity.

► Envisioning a possible trebling or quadruppling of the population when the coal mines swing into large scale production to meet the demand at the coast, C.P. Bussinger has added a large new wing to his premises. The lower floor is given over entirely to the general store, while the upper floor has been used to augment hotel facilities to the extent of 10 spacious new rooms.

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George H. Wall, proprietor

SMITHERS, B.C.

The Telkwa Hotel enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest hotels in the north country.

► The Telkwa Creamery, closed for nearly two years has been taken over by W.F. Kinney and T.E. Paul-

son, and is back in full production.

► Anticipating the growing needs of the growing fleet of trucks engaged in hauling lumber in the district, Bernt Brothers are rushing a new garage to completion, which along



The Babine River



Some beauties taken in the River.

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

with Telkwa Transfer & Garage will give the town two motor service depots.

►Telkwa, along with other towns, is suffering from a classroom shortage and the Smithers and District School Board has set aside a full block of lots on which construction will commence soon of a three-room school.

►Visitors arriving in Smithers will notice considerable new construction, with the most prominent building job being the large new home of the Smithers Garage, across from the Bulkley Hotel, being built by 'Wiggs' O'Neill, one-time skipper of Skeena River stern-wheelers. The dimensions are impressive. Says Mr. O'Neill, "It will be the most modern in the northcountry." (attention Mr. Bryant and Mr. Wall). Wiggs is well known throughout the north, having been born in Barkerville in 1882. Wiggs did a little reminiscing. "Way back when I was about six years old in Barkerville, I can remember my dad digging in the gravel bank behind our house panning gold from the gravel. He would only work an hour or so in the evening, when he was through at his blacksmith shop, and he kept putting the gold nuggets he got in a saucer on the kitchen table. It hardly seemed any time before the saucer was full and he had to get another." When asked just where it was that he used to live in Barkerville, he replied, "Well, it might have been somewhere near the old church, but then it mightn't have. My memory is a little poor at the moment—Someday I'm going to go back for a couple of weeks and dig around for a week or so and see what I can find."

►The large scale construction started soon after Hoskins Garage added an addition to their premises about twice as big as the original building. "It must have been catching," said Mr. Hoskins. "There's a third garage going up now, across the street from the bank."

►The B.C. Power Commission has just finished re-poling the town and running a pole line to Telkwa, which assures the district adequate power-distribution facilities for some time. As elsewhere in the province, power rates were appreciably reduced when the B.C.P.C. took over the local power plant.

►In recent years lumbering has added tremendously to the income of the district, and as C.H. Sawle, of the Omineca Herald points out, "It has been almost impossible to interest men in farm work. However, farmers along the Bulkley River are

becoming increasingly interested in the growing market at Prince Rupert and along the north coast, and the recent addition to the staff of the Experimental Station of L.D. Fraser, as assistant to K. McBean, will enable the station to increase its activities and thereby help point the way to the farmers.

►In speaking of the new Celanese Corp. plant to be built at Prince Rupert, R.W. Calderwood, real estate and insurance agent, and district booster, stated, "The war-born construction boom at Prince Rupert affected the whole valley... Anything good for Prince Rupert is also

good for us. Heavy industry there will insure a stable prosperity for the district."

►Latest addition to the lumbering industry in Smithers is a new planer mill built by Northern Interior Forest Products, subsidiary of the Alliance Lbr. Co. Mill capacity is 40 thousand F.B.M. per day.

►The ten inch in diameter petrified snail in the window of Olsen's Furniture Store has been quite an attraction to tourists. Mr. Olsen said that he has had innumerable offers from tourists to buy it — but the big mollusk still adorns the window.

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Quesnel, British Columbia

Assessor with Income Tax Dept. at Vancouver — 1943 - 47

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

Hazelton

►Not before the end of 1948 will the B.C. Power Commission be able to take over and improve the power facilities in Hazelton. Along with other small northern B.C. towns, Hazelton has been suffering from lack of adequate power facilities and officials of the town had hoped that the Commission would step in and alleviate the situation following a recent survey made by a B.C.P.C. engineer. Officials, however, were advised by G. Weston, head of the P.C., not to expect anything until the end of next year. In the meantime, the delay will work an undue hardship on owners of the existing facilities due to the fact that both the Wrinch Memorial Hospital plant, and the town (Old Hazelton) plants are on their last legs and will have to be renewed before the B.C.P.C. takes over—and it is not expected that the small local units will be of much use in the broad plan of supplying all three towns, New Hazelton, South Hazelton and Old Hazelton.

►'Old Town' residents are planning to take advantage of the Dept. of Indian Affairs' plan to install a water system in the Indian Village on the reserve adjoining the town, by sharing the cost of the pipe line to be installed from 'Hospital' Lake, (proposed source—tested A-1) to the town. Cost of mains and outlets throughout the town will have to be born by the town, but savings to the town of hooking-up with the Indian Department's plans will be considerable.

►'Bud' Dawson's We-Have-It Store which is stocked with everything from harness to fine china, clothing, blow-torches and popcorn, is doing a bang-up business with customers as far east as Ontario. Bud says he doesn't know just how they get wind of his stock of goods in short supply, but that the letters keep pouring in. (we reminded him of his ad in the Cariboo & N.B.C. Digest—which does get around) "The funny thing about it," said Bud, "is that most of the goods asked for are manufactured in the east—where the letters come from."

►A new addition has been added to the premises of Lucas & Clifford Garage and will be used by Canadian Trailway Stages for their bus depot. Though tourist are passing through in increasing numbers each year, the town is losing a great deal of business through lack of a decent cafe. Residents are not unaware of this lack. In the words of Mr. Martin, of Martin's Garage, "We have a nice little hotel, glorious scenery, beaut-



Wrinch Memorial Hospital - with Rocher de Boule in the background.

iful lakes, grand fishing, good hunting, picturesque Indian villages replete with totem poles, with old Rocher de Boule presiding over the whole—but we haven't a good restaurant, where a tourist can get a decent meal, and so they keep moving till they come to a place where they can. I wish someone would come along and start up a place—I'd start one myself, but I've been in the garage business so long I'd probably start using gear-lube for shortening."

►At New Hazelton construction is going ahead on the New-Hazelton Co-operative Store and Warehouse, and completion is expected before snow flies. The Larkworthy Store has been taken over by J.H. Willan

& Sons and many improvements are under way including the remodeling of the upper storey into modern apartments. With the addition of Mr. O. Zimmerman to the staff, a bakery has been established in connection with the New Hazelton Cafe.

►On July 21st the Omineca Herald celebrated its 40th birthday, which makes it one of the oldest newspapers in the northcountry, having been established in Aldermere in 1907, and when acquired by the present owner-editor, C.H. Sawle, in 1911, moved to New Hazelton, where it is still going strong. By way of a birthday note to his readers Mr. Sawle promised to 'someday' write his memoirs which he promised might be very interesting.

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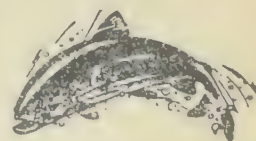
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AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

Terrace

► "Its a Million-dollar proposition," said Governor Gruening, of Alaska, after visiting Terrace's Lakelse hot springs. He went on to say that he thought the government was remiss in not making a real development of this wonderful freak of nature.

District residents have been privately applying much stronger language than "remiss", to the lack of a road to, and development of the hot springs. They know that they have the makings of a second 'Harrison Hot Springs' but governmental indifference is such that the 20 mile road to Lakelse has not even been extended the additional 2 miles or so to the hot springs as an incentive for private capital to step in and develop it... and Governor Gruening had to hike through the bush to see it.

Each request in the past by town officials that a road be pushed through to the springs has usually been followed by a 'survey' - which

has promptly been filed away along with dozens of similar surveys to gather dust until another request forces the archives janitor (it is commonly believed that that is where they are buried) to dust them off... At a recent Trade Board meeting, however, Will Robinson, assured members of the Board that action would shortly be forthcoming in regard to development of the springs.

► An \$80,000 by-law is being prepared by the village commissioners, which sum, if voted on favourably by the taxpayers, will be expended in purchasing the former army water system from the War Assets Corporation, and for the extension of facilities to all parts of the town.

► Following the installation of a 200 k.w. diesel-electric plant in the town by the B.C. Power Commission, rates were appreciably reduced. The new plant has ample output for present requirements and for the expected demand of the near future.

► New construction and businesses:

CORNER SNACK BAR

Mrs. F. Lambly, proprietress

LUNCHES - SANDWICHES
PIES and CAKES
TERRACE, British Columbia
TERRACE, B. C.

the establishment of a branch of the Royal Bank of Canada; the establishing in Terrace of a branch of the P.W.D.; the opening of a local and a long-distance telephone service and the remodeling of a building purchased from the War Assets Corp. into a smart looking new municipal office.

The garage business formerly known as Smart's Garage has been taken over by Mr. Herb Spencer, who hails from Salmon, Idaho, who in the short time since taking over has made many changes and improvements.

► While the construction of the Celanese Corp. plant at Port Edward is generally regarded as a 'good thing' for the whole of the district, it is not without its drawbacks. Said Duncan Kerr, of Little Haugland & Kerr Sawmills, one of the largest operators on the C.N. line, "The new Celanese plant has been given a sort of 'control' over all forest resources between Port Edward and Hazelton (190 miles) and it is expected that with selective logging this huge area will keep them in perpetual supply. Smaller operators working within the area, those who don't drop out when prices decline, are requested to block out sufficient timber to keep them going in perpetuity basing their requirements on present production and a hundred-year cycle of growth—which leaves no room for expansion of operations or increasing production for the small operator." When asked whether any more small operators would be allowed to start operations within the district, the answer was a shrug. Mr. Kerr looked like a man with a big problem on his hands—and the problem was there alright—the problem of deciding where they were going to cut their 5 million feet per year for the next 100 years...

The above is a sample of the Sloan Report being put into action, and it offers food for serious thought, for it can only end in the complete freezing-out of small timber operators throughout the province, while large corporate enterprise is to be handed, on a platter, the forest resources of B.C.

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Husband: "What extravagance!
You have two hats to match that
one dress."Wife: "Oh no, I haven't. I have
one dress to match the two hats."**Lorne Usher**

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Gateway to the Omineca

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTH EERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

Fort St. John

► In Fort St. John, everybody knows that the Alaska Highway is not open for traffic to the general public. Tom knows it. Dick knows it, and Harry knows it. Only those who have good business reasons are allowed to make the trip up the highway, and everyone knows it—everyone that is, except the one person in B.C. who, more than anyone else, should know it—and that person is Minister of Public Works Carson. Not so long ago he made the statement that the road was open to the public whereupon he was checked up by Joe Corsbie (C.C.F.-Peace River). It seems strange that a Cabinet Minister should know so little about what goes on in his department.

► A further example of the ignorance of government officials in regard to the knowledge it is their duty to have at their fingertips can be had in the result of certain requests made in regard to the road to Hudson's Hope, west of Fort St. John. Because of increased activity the road is being rebuilt, but there is a bad hill, "Watson Hill", which everyone in the district believes should, and could, be avoided. But when Les Bazely of Fort St. John and Joe Corsbie called on Deputy Minister of Public Works Carruthers with the request that this bad hill be by-passed, Mr. Carruthers

stated (calmly, no doubt) that he didn't believe there was much of a hill to climb—and promised nothing. — At one time those would have been fighting words... It's remarkable how times change...

► Members of the Fort St. John Board of Trade should take a bow for their excellent work in financing and carrying through to completion the production of the film entitled "Land Beyond the Peace". National Film Board officials were so taken with the film following Carl Schubert's arrival in Ottawa with it that they viewed it 20 times. The film was trimmed and polished to a very meaty piece of work, and the Film Board, after supplying a musical background and a 'homey' commentator will make 50 prints

for distribution to Canadian and U.S. film libraries, and will report to the Board of Trade every 6 months in regard to the demand for the film.

► The Peace River country is going Hollywood, or rather, Hollywood is going to Peace River — literally. Background scenes for the popular best-seller "Mr. Mike", based on the life story of Katharine Flannigan, are to be filmed at Hudson's Hope, one of the most northerly points at which background filming has been attempted by Hollywood producers. (At least Hollywood does know where Hudson's Hope is — and probably knows all about Watson Hill—exactly how steep it is—which is more than can be said of some Victoria officials)



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Gateway to Tweedsmuir

Teacher: "And did your father help you with your arithmetic?"

Pupil: "No, I got it wrong all by myself."

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AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

Dawson Creek

► Dawson Creek has taken her place alongside Prince George as one of Northern B.C.'s towns which has grown up to be a 'city', and proven her new status by having passed the 5,000 mark in population, and, by acquiring a voice, in the form of a **broadcasting station**, which is another yardstick by which the growth of a community is measured. The station, to be owned and controlled by the people of Dawson Creek and district, will be known as CJCD and will be operated by Alaska Highway Broadcasters Ltd., incorporated at a capital of \$75,000 divided into 500 preferred and 250 common shares at \$100 each. Managing director of the company is Miss Vilna Moore, but credit must also go to Don Rosebourne, H. Giles, Wm. C. Bowie, C. S. Kitchen, Thos. Thompson and Wilbur Harper for their part in promoting the new station, which cannot help but make the rest of B.C. more conscious of the growth of the land that is the 'Peace'.

► On July 11th the city took another long step forward when ratepayers voted **yes** on the Gas Franchise issue. The issue did not involve the expenditure of any money but was a decision for or against granting a franchise to the company piping in natural gas from the wells drilled in the vicinity of Pouce Coupe, and which wells have been capped since 1920.

► The city is seeking a loan of \$125,000 dollars from Victoria for the purpose of extending water and sewage facilities to the new sub-division between 99th and 106th Avenues, west of 13th street. The sum provides for new pumping stations and other necessary equipment. It is expected that increased taxes to pay for the project will amount to a flat rate of from 25 to 30 cents per foot frontage. The present cost of hauling water by the barrel is much higher than this figure.

► With virtually every town north of the C.P.R. mainline increasing steadily in population, Dawson Creek is no exception, and along with Quesnel, has found itself short of accommodation for its rapidly increasing school populace. Due for construction this year, is the Vocational Unit of the proposed new District High School. The unit will provide temporary classrooms for six senior classes and an Industrial Arts shop and Home Economics Lab. for both junior and senior students. The overall plan calls for a complete new junior-senior high school for which the above 60 by 152 foot unit would

be but an addition, but rising building costs have forced the trustees to abandon the idea of completing the full program in one year.

► Travel over Alaska Highway is reported to be twice as heavy this year as in 1946, with an average of almost 600 vehicles heading 'down north' during each of the summer months. Total for the year is expected to reach 5,000 vehicles and 19,000 people.

► Though Edmonton is still the official Port of Entry for travel to Alaska via the Alaska Highway, the stationing of a customs official at Dawson Creek will make it possible to clear goods from there. With Mile Zero located in the heart of the town, residents still feel that Edmonton is stealing her thunder.

► Compulsory pasteurization of all milk sold in the town is being urged by the Dawson Creek Chamber of Commerce.

► The flat-tire repair business dropped to a new low in the town when the Wolf Cubs, intent on performing their 'good deed' one day, combed the city streets and alleys in search of the elusive NAIL. Sixty pounds were gathered in one day—which will be 6,000 cuss words less to profane the 'Peace' River airplanes... A good deed, well done (Wolf Cubs elsewhere, please note!)

► Editor C.S. Kitchen of the Peace River Block News has pointed out one of B.C.'s greatest shortcomings in catering to tourists—and that is the absolute lack of truly distinctive food; the poverty of our menus. "With few exceptions," says the editor, "hotels and restaurants are producing 'good meals' in 'clean surroundings', but when you've said that you've said it all."

"What B.C. needs," he goes on, "is a dish as distinctive to B.C. as fried chicken is to the southern states, or deep apple pie to New England—something new and different, and tempting, and belonging to British Columbia."



The plane and the builders of it

In Alberta they are aware of the same need, and a competition has been started offering \$1,000 in prizes and medals, in the hope of finding a recipe as distinctively Albertan as the Calgary Stampede.

► Dawson Creek residents who saw it for the first time, were startled by a plane which persisted in performing rather amazing aerial acrobatics over the business section of the town. The plane banked, turned and climbed, and performed much like any other plane except that it did most of its flying at an altitude of about 100 feet or less, just skimming the tops of the telephone pole and the higher buildings. The plane is only about 6 feet long, and apparently performed its feats without benefit of a pilot, unless its 12 inch deep fuselage hid the world's smallest midget.

There was no midget however, and the plane is the result of several months of intensive spare-time thought and effort on the part of J.E. Erickson (Erickson's Radio Service) owner of the short-wave 'ham' station VE7HN, and Bill Patterson, holder of the Jim Allen trophy for Model Aircraft construction. The plane is a more or less conventional 'model' plane, powered with a five eighths h.p. air-cooled gasoline engine, but with the important difference that it is radio-controlled, and is believed to be the first such radio-controlled plane constructed by Canadian amateurs. Plane controls

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SMITHERS, B.C.

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a miniature (home-made) receiving set weighing but a few ounces, which picks up the signals from a home-made transmitter.

POUCE COUPE

► In drilling a well for a town water supply in a locality at which geological reports indicated that water might be encountered at a depth of 1,000 feet, a drilling crew struck OIL at 800 feet. It is no gusher but the flow is reported to be a steady 15 barrels a day accompanied by strong gas pressure. Oil men state that while the flow is not large, it would, in many fields, be considered an excellent indication of something better. Victoria's reaction, however, is lethargic to say the least. Said Dr. T.B. Williams, controller of petroleum and natural gas, "I'm not getting excited about it..." —It may be strange, but we can't help feeling, what with the oil boom at Leduc, that if the drilling crew had been one of those sent out recently by Dr. Williams, who is spending \$240,000 of the public's money testing resources in the Peace River district, the news would have hit the **front** rather than the **back** pages of the dailies for it is B.C.'s. first oilwell.

Renie Dhenin

— Class A Big Game Guide —
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WELLS, B.C.

Mile zero - on the Alaska Highway in the heart of Dawson Creek

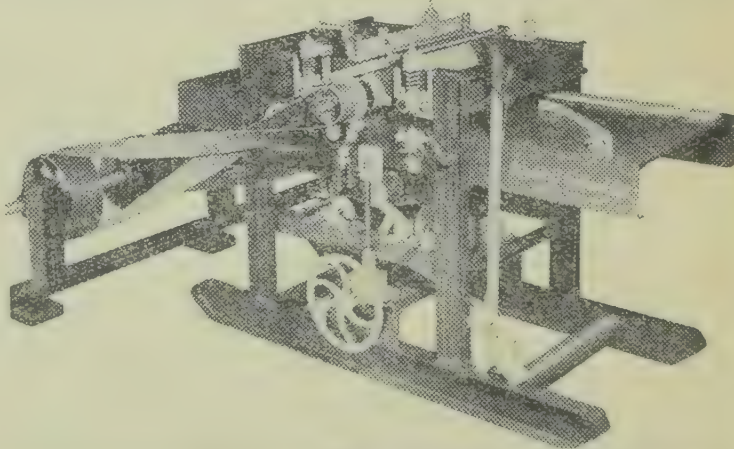
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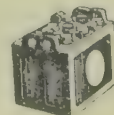
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PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

CARIBOO and NORTHERN B.C. DIGEST'S REVIEW AND COMMENTARY — ON CURRENT EVENTS

Mining

LODE MINING

► The L.A.P. Mining Company, which acquired the Wayside property, below Gold Bridge, B.C., have been overhauling the mill and expect to get into production shortly, which will raise to three the number of producing mines in the Bridge River. Bridge River Mines, as are mines all over the province, are still suffering from an acute shortage of experienced miners.

► Operation of a newly-discovered pure deposit of limestone 3 miles west of Clinton is expected to get under way shortly. Mine yield will be sent to the Port Mellon Pulp and Paper Mill for wallboard processing.

► Grey Copper ore carrying high gold and silver values are reported on the recently staked property of Mr. Jarnola in the Nemaia Valley between Whitewater Lake and Chilco Lake, about 15 miles north of Mount Tatlow, in the same district as the Pellaire Mine. Though no large ore-body has yet been uncovered, there are said to be many small, but true veins, three men are at work exploring the property.

► A 35 man crew is busy at the Pellaire Mine (controlled by Quebec Gold and Noranda Mines) and underground exploratory work is reported to be showing very favourable results, with assays ranging from .05 to 3.42 oz. gold per ton over faces up to 7 feet in width. Average grade is .50 oz. over 5.5 foot width.

► Springer Sturgeon Gold Mines Ltd., holders of nine groups totalling 102 claims in the Aiken Lake - Sustuk Lake area about 50 miles northwest of Manson Creek, report encouraging results from surface prospecting of the highly publicized 'Goldway Peaks' properties. Assays range from .24 oz. to 2.35 oz. gold; trace to 29.5 oz. silver; trace to 19.9 percent copper. Carl J. Springer, head of the company states, "I believe it is the start of a new mining area in British Columbia." It is understood that underground exploratory work is next on the program.

Many old-timers who have been over the Omineca Mining Division, including the Aiken Lake area, with a fine tooth comb, while admitting that the showings have 'possibilities' don't believe that they are anything to get overly excited about. In the words of well-known Laurence Dickenson, of Fort St. James (one of the six original holders of the famous Pinchi Lake mercury claims) "It's one of the easiest things in the world for a man of experience to go into the hills of the Omineca and come back with samples that assay from a half to 20 oz. in gold per ton. I know of literally scores of prospects where such assays can be had—and they aren't worth two pins of anybody's money, because—they are picked samples—or they are too small and narrow, and chopped off by faults—or the formation is definitely wrong—all valueless, because of the above, or for a dozen less obvious reasons. A 2oz. assay from a vein in which neither con-assay a vein in which neither continuity, nor depth, or persistence of

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values at depth, have been proven—is a long ways from being a mine—but you never can tell, 'Goldway' may prove to have all the necessary requirements of a mine."

Mr. Dickenson, in our opinion, is quite right. A good assay *doesn't* make a mine. Seventy years ago, Burns Mountain which confronts the traveller as he turns left upon leaving Stanley (Van Winkle) on the road to Barkerville, once yielded the tidy sum of \$6,000 in gold—taken from a vein of rotten quartz by the laborious and slow method of 'panning'. Obviously the vein, which was traced for several hundred feet, was very rich—yet after seventy years there is *no mine* on Burns

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CARIBOO and NORTHERN B.C. DIGEST'S REVIEW AND COMMENTARY — ON CURRENT EVENTS

Mountain.

Before me as I write, I have a small sample of quartz showing stringers of free gold, which if assayed would run at least 50 oz. per ton—rich enough for three old-timers to have pooled their resources to work the property from which the sample was taken. Result of their efforts — several carloads of ore shipped to the smelter at Trail which brought returns up to \$75.00 per ton — but the property is now abandoned — the old-timers wore themselves out working with inadequate equipment. . . but it's a nice sample I have here.

► Without fanfare and publicity, the Inland Mining Co. has been quietly going ahead with development work on its antimony prospect on Stuart Lake. The property is about 8 miles up the lake on the south shore, and is reached by boat from Fort St. James. A truck road leads to the mine from the boat landing. Favourable results from underground development is reported.

► The copper-gold properties on Boo mountain, near Burns Lake, are reported to be proving up to expectations. Assays from the Maynard group show values of \$33 per ton in copper alone.

► Work on the Silver Standard Mine near Hazelton is progressing favourably, with good grade milling ore being blocked out in both the No.1 and No.4 levels.

Hill Meat Market

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PROPRIETOR

QUESNEL and WELLS, B.C.

► Quartz - bearing free gold, was exposed in the hydraulic mine pit of Mr. Horn, who for the past two years has been operating on the Horsefly River, just below the Horsefly Falls about 22 miles upstream from the village. Though no assay results are yet available, old-timers say it is rich, and that the formation is good. Another hard-rock strike is reported to have been made in this district, near the end of Tisdall Lake, from 7 to 8 miles south of the forks of the Horsefly River, by Mr. Baker, who has spent the past two summers prospecting in the area.

► High-grade galena ore is reported on the Perseverance Mine in the Likely district. Size of the ore-body is as yet undetermined, but work is now progressing on a road branching off the Likely road for a distance of 7 miles to the property in anticipation of perhaps trucking the ore to the railhead at Wms. Lake.

► Drifting on the 600 foot level of the Cariboo Hudson Mine is within 90 feet of favorable quartz beds. Although milling ore is not expected until this objective is reached, the

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last 60 feet of drift followed a vein averaging 2.5 feet in width and 0.25 oz. per ton in gold.

► At the Cariboo Gold Quartz Mine, an extensive development program is under way. The No.1 shaft is to be enlarged to three compartments to facilitate the moving of equipment for increased activity in what is known as the No. 1 zone, which extends beneath Jack O'Clubs Lake, and in the 'Rainbow' member. Recent drilling has indicated encouraging ore bodies in both directions. All levels below the 1500 ft. (main) level will be mechanized. "Quartz geologists are convinced that replacement ore, similar to that encountered at Island Mountain Mines, continues at depth on the Quartz property," states Dr. Buckland.

► Mine workers at the Cariboo Gold Quartz voted overwhelmingly in favour of a new insurance plan offered by the company. Benefits provide for \$1,000 in case of death, a total disability payment of an equal amount, and partial disability

THE Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Co. Ltd.

(NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY)

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Wells, B. C. 1007 Royal Bank Bldg.

Island Mountain Mines Co. Ltd.

WELLS, B.C.

CARIBOO and NORTHERN B.C. DIGEST'S REVIEW AND COMMENTARY — ON CURRENT EVENTS

payments of \$500, plus loss of time benefits of \$15.00 weekly in case of sickness or non-occupational accident. Cost of the plan is \$2.86 per employee, of which the employee pays \$1.50 and the company \$1.36.

► The new (apartment) housing project which is moving steadily towards completion at the Cariboo Gold Quartz will be the last word in modern accommodation, and upon completion will be available only to married men working underground.

► A group of claims owned by J.A. Wade of Quesnel, which show very promising returns in gold, silver, lead and zinc, received attention from Vancouver interests recently. The property is in the Ahbau Lake-Willow River district, and requires the construction of approximately 20 miles of road before any sizeable program of development can take place. Assays on these showings are gold, .87 oz.; silver, 8.4 oz.; lead, 15.9 percent; zinc 2.3 percent. Showings such as these definitely warrant further exploration.

► The Omineca Gold Quartz, located on the Copper River, near Terrace, B.C. has let a contract for 1000 feet of drifting, aimed at encountering at depth the promising veins indicated from surface work and diamond drilling. The development work on this property has been, until recently, carried out under the personal direction of Fred M. Wells (of Cariboo Gold Quartz renown), but owing to advancing years, Mr. Wells was forced into semi-retirement. The property is now in charge of J.A. Hanna.

► A gold strike near the Alaska-Yukon border wherein the crushed ore is reputedly worth \$100 a pan is reported in northern papers as we go to press. Alphonse Champagne, veteran northern prospector, started Peace River towns buzzing when he walked in on some business men at Fort St. John, plunked down a jar containing gold-studded quartz. In no time, the business men had organized a party to return to the scene of the strike, guided by Champagne.

► Another rich gold strike was reported to have been made within 80 miles of Aklavik by two prospectors during the month of August. The ore samples were said to be so rich that the prospectors kept the samples with them day and night and would allow no-one to handle them. A syndicate of Peace River business men represented by Ray Sandy of Fort St. John, has apparently negotiated a deal with the prospectors and Mr. Sandy flew in to view the showings.

PLACER MINING

► Inland Placers Ltd., who have been working a high bench above the old town of Quesnel Forks, on the south side of the river are planning to operate on a larger scale. Water is to be ditched and flumed from a nearby creek—heretofore the operation has been one of bulldozing the low grade pay dirt into the

sluice boxes, with water being pumped to the scene of operations by diesel power.

► The Richmond Hill Mining Co. have cleared a few acres of their holdings near Spanish Creek, and have set up a small monitor on the high bench above the old Spanish Creek hydraulic pit. Exposed depth of gravel in the small pit opened up is approximately 8 feet.

► Mines Operating Inc., Arthur Barnett, pres.; O.H. Solibakke, vice

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SMITHERS, B.C.

CARIBOO and NORTHERN B.C. DIGEST'S REVIEW AND COMMENTARY — ON CURRENT EVENTS

pres.; and S.P. Hixon, treasurer, have taken over the Guyet Placers on Antler Creek. The ground is said to test 30 cents per cu. yard, and dumping facilities are excellent, consisting of a 200 foot drop into the creek. Sufficient 'pay dirt' is said to be available for 70 years operation. Development work on this property has been held back owing to the difficulty in bringing water to it. A bad spot in the flume and ditch line, which was continually being washed out, will be avoided by use of a pipe line, after which development should progress more rapidly. Operating costs are expected to be about two and one half cents per yard.

► Twenty-two men are at work on the old Wingdam property, where interests headed by Col. Maller, of London England, are pressing development work on a extensive scale.

► Yuba Dredging Corp. of Calif. have taken an option on the dredging ground held by Mrs. Tait on the Kwanicka River (which empties in to the upper Nation Lake) It is expected that the Yuba Dredging will be at least two summers testing the ground before actual dredging operations get under way. Mrs. Tait is starting a hydraulic property on a small stream which flows into the Kwanicka, and expects to be in operation by late fall.

► The Burns Lake Review reports that the first placer-mining operation in that district is now under way near Summit Lake off the Bahine Lake road.

COAL

► Contracts totalling 3,500 tons were let to Gething Coal Mines of Hudson Hope, B.C.. The coal is for the R.C.A.F. and Canadian Army Forces stationed along the Alaska Highway.

► The B.C. Government survey of coal resources in the Hassler Creek (Pine Pass) area southwest of Dawson Creek have proved to date the existence of 184,000,000 tons of high grade coal, superior almost, to any coal on the continent—sufficient for nearly 200 years at a rate of con-

sumption of a million tons per year. —An old Federal Government report on the coal resources of the 'Peace' states that there is an estimated four and one half billion tons of coal there. . . . It is strange that B.C. should disbelieve the Federal government reports, and spend great sums to prove something which is already known, on the one hand—while on the other hand, she runs hat-in-hand, begging, to the same Federal Government for a hand-out to help build a railroad to exploit resources which she refuses to believe are there. In effect, B.C. is saying to Ottawa "I don't believe a word you say about how much coal there is in the Peace River, but I want you to help me build a railroad to take it out." It doesn't make sense.

► A survey of the Groundhog coal fields is to be undertaken by the Federal Government in the near future. In the meantime, big British and U.S. interests, reported to include Henry Kaiser, miracle-man of U.S. industry, are said to be keenly interested in the development of the huge anthracite coal deposits. A Kaiser representative, Otto von Alvensleben, of Seattle, is reported to be investigating the potentialities. Three British Coal firms have also indicated their interest in the deposits, which are located about 150 miles north of Hazelton, on the old Telegraph Trail.

► Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Ltd., is completing plans to put into full scale production a new mine at T'Sable River that is expected to double Vancouver Island coal pro-

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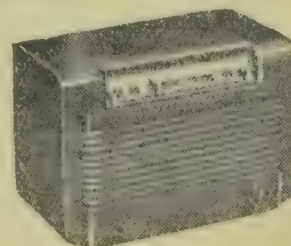
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duction, and add \$3,500,000 per year to the value of the output—Whether this new mine going into production will have a dampening effect on the recent renewed interest in northern coal potentialities, as is rumoured, remains to be seen.

► Man has, down through the ages, blamed the weather on many things, —the sun the moon, the stars, the ocean, the lack of an ocean, the

mountains, the absence of mountains, and sundry other reasons, but in Wells, B.C., during a recent fit of bad weather, the women found someone else to blame for it. "It's the placer-miners," they claimed in unison. "What chance have we for good weather when every gully, dry creek bed and gulch has a bearded prospector who does nothing but pray for rain."

WHY BURY IT?

by FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

I did my best to make some sense of this dispatch about gold. The whole day I spent with the experts in their counting house. I looked at their charts and took careful notes —and all I can say is I hope they know what they're doing.

Ernie Bevin, Britain's heavy jowled foreign secretary, brought up the subject when he said we ought to quit burying our gold in Kentucky, like a squirrel, and pass it around to folks (like himself) who could find a better use for it.

So I dropped over to the U.S. treasury to see about this and pick up my bar of gold if any was being given away. I didn't get enough for a watch-fob. All I got was insults.

Financiers Touchy

The longer those financiers talked, the fancier their language became and the redder their faces. They're kind of touchy, I think, maybe. The situation stacks up like this:

This country (the U.S.) has about 800 mines, where 20,000 men labour

all year at high wages digging gold out of the ground. The government buys it at \$35 an ounce and buries it again at Fort Knox, Ky.

I told the golden boys that this sounded dopey to me. "Look who's talking," they replied, adding, (as if I were a half-wit) that we needed our \$20,000,000,000 worth of buried gold as a basis for our currency.

"Yeah," I asked, "but why dig it up in the first place?"

"Huh?" demanded the treasury.

He Gets No Thanks

Patiently I explained that the gold was buried already, and mostly way down deep. So why dig it up and then re-bury it? Fire the 20,000 gold miners, and let 'em find some useful work. Fill up the 800 gold mines with sand, plant grass on top, and forget the dig-up-and-bury monkey-shines.

This suggestion astounded the treasury. Left it with its mouth wide open. Gave it something to think about. But little thanks I got. Those secret service agents kept nudging me and pretty soon I was out in Pennsylvania Avenue.

—The Vancouver Sun

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Ranching

► Directors of the Cariboo Cattle-men's Association have planned the 10th Annual Cattle Show and Sale of Fat Cattle and Bulls to take place at Williams Lake on October 8th, 9th and 10th. This year's show of fat cattle will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8th and 9th, with the sale of bulls on the 10th. Weighing in will begin the preceding Sunday and continue till the eve of the sale. Professor McEwan, who has been judge of the show for years will be unable to attend, and it is expected that Eric Durno, of Calgary will be on hand as judge, while Matt Hassen and Sons, of Armstrong will again be the auctioneers, as for many years past.

► Following are two letters published recently in the William Lake Tribune concerning the slaughter of steers by the Pacific Great Eastern Railway — also, editor Geo. Renner's comment on the situation.

To the President and Directors
P.G.E. Railway Co.,
Parliament Buildings,
Victoria, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

Your southbound train, last night, killed a two year old steer of ours, about 100 yards south of the Cariboo Road crossing.

The right of way, at this point, is not fenced, and while on Indian Reserve, is practically open range.

Under these circumstances I understand there is some doubt as to the legal liability of the Railway Co. — Inasmuch, that they claim they have the right to destroy cattle indiscriminately with the attendant financial loss to the cattle owners involved.

To us up here, it seems unthinkable that a great corporation like the P.G.E. Railway Co. should seek to hide behind such a technical point as this — and is it not conceivable to think there can be any doubt in your minds as to the very

definite obligation of the Railway Co., in respect to adequate compensation for the damage done.

I therefore present my claim of \$125 for the loss of this animal, having faith in fair dealing. And I trust that the long controversy over cattle killings, either on the open range or between fences, may be ended, with respect for private property, which is the basis of our democracy.

Sincerely

John Hargreaves

(Tribune) Editor's Note: The above letter by Mr. Hargreaves, while short and to the point, contains plenty food for thought. The 'Basis of Democracy' - what is it?

We have gone through centuries of struggle to obtain a democratic form of government whose first duty is to administer justice equitably to all, and to protect the right and freedom of all.

We have a democratic government - not a communist government, one which takes pride in being one of the most forward-looking governments in the world in social legislation, and is proud of its record in upholding the rights of the individual in a free enterprise nation. Yet this same government apparently

repudiates the rights of stockmen, and destroys livestock without compensation to the owners. As we understand the P.G.E. claims, they reserve the right to kill livestock that is 'willfully' at large on the unfenced right-of-way. Yet the stockman has written permission from the same government who operate the railway, to 'willfully' turn the livestock out on the unfenced Crown lands of the province.

Apparently the P.G.E. Railway has a legal right to destroy livestock on the right-of-way, but a motor vehicle has not the same right on the highways, or anywhere else in a grazing district. As far as we can learn, the P.G.E. is the only railway on the continent that can destroy a person's cattle without being liable for damage.

Somehow or other it does not look quite right, coming as it does, from a modern 'democratic' government.

In reply to the above:—

Dear Editor:

In reply to Mr. Hargreaves' letter concerning the killing of his steer - here are a few things which he didn't mention, or perhaps he didn't know.

The engine crew came around the



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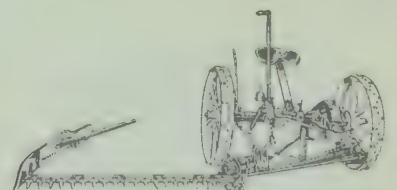
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CARIBOO and NORTHERN B.C. DIGEST'S REVIEW AND COMMENTARY — ON CURRENT EVENTS

curve, saw the cattle on the track, and hit a steer. We stopped and found the steer under the pilot. We latched up the engine and the steer got up and ran away. Seeing that it had a broken leg, we searched for it, and shot and dressed it, according to our orders - so that the meat might be salvaged. What other railroad in the world does this?

I often wonder if some of these ranchers are as careful in our cities when driving their cars and trucks.

I'm sure the ranchers are not being fair to the railroads or the crews, as they think we can stop a train at a moment's notice, or within a few yards. Doing this would cause grave injury to both passengers and equipment.

In conclusion - this herd of cattle have had a good many narrow escapes. Every trip for the past two weeks we have had to stop for them.

Courteously yours

E. Deschene

Mr. Hargreaves receives a Reply

Williams Lake Tribune,

Williams Lake B.C.

Dear Sir:

Further to my letter to the president and directors of the P.G.E. Railway Co., appearing in your August 15 issue, together with editorial comments.

I have now received a reply, from the president of the railway company. The Hon. Premier John Hart, to the effect that.

"Mr. Ralph Chetwynd, traffic representative for the P.G.E. Railway, has been instructed to confer with the cattlemen affected with a view to reaching a satisfactory settlement."

It is very good news to hear, that this matter of cattle killing, may at last be equitably adjusted, on the basis of fair dealing, and the respect for private property, to which commoner and corporation can subscribe alike.

Yours truly,

J. Hargreaves

► Points of view — as expressed

by several Cariboo Ranchers on the recent phenomenal rise in school Tax.

Jack Koster of Clinton: "In the last election I drove 100 miles to vote for Louis LeBourdais (Liberal M.L.A. for Cariboo) and then drove 100 miles back to my cow-camp to pick up a bunch of cattle at 4:00 AM. Now I wouldn't drive across the street to vote for my brother or sister if they were supporting the government that put out these (he pointed to the 141 tax-bills for his B.C. Cattle Company). Many land-owners were sold out in the depression days for taxes a lot less than these God-awful levies. . . . You're a mighty pretty talker, Dr. Weir but the Cameron Report has sown the seed for a Saskatchewan harvest in British Columbia."

Harry Marriot, of Big Bar: "Unless the School Taxes are changed, I would vote for a yellow dog with a red rag around its neck before I'd vote for the present government. It's a fool policy to stab your friends Dr. Weir."

C.H. Pitts, of Ashcroft: "The whole range population of Cariboo believes it has been 'sold down the river'."

L.P. Guichon, of Quilchena: "Everybody should pay school tax, the land should not be saddled."

Brian K. de P. Chance, of Douglas Lake: "Low revenue-producing land can't carry more than a two-mill school levy."

► Robert Cromie was elected chairman of the Clinton and District Branch of the B.C. Beef Growers' Association, to fill the unexpired term of the late Henry Koster. The association has gone on record as urging the government to tax every person according to his or her means for educational purposes.

► Since the organization is a non-profit one, the Central B.C. Livestock Associations will change its name to the Central B.C. Co-operative Association. The Prince George Co-operative is being contacted with a view to opening the local market

E. A. AHLM

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Election of officers resulted in Earl H. Deeder being elected to the presidency; J.W. Brown, vice-president and R.W. Calderwood, secretary-treasurer.

► In the big lake country 5 head of cattle were recently killed by wolves, and three more badly mauled, and the presence of cougar was suspected. The Cariboo Cattlemen's Association appealed to the Game Commission for a trained cougar hunter. . . . (We wonder how the owner of the slaughtered stock feels about Hal Denton's recent radio broadcast in which he claims that. . . well, turn to page 20 and read Eric Collier's article "Let's face the facts about predators". Eric takes it to pieces point by point.

► New stockyards for the benefit of livestock shippers of the North Bonapante area has just been completed by P.G.E. construction crews at Graham Siding. These yards have a loading chute and a 10,000 pound capacity livestock scale.

P.G.E. *Latest Developments*

► "The P.G.E. is too good to sell . . . to the Americans, or anyone else," was the text of an announcement by Premier Hart prior to going back east to secure financial assistance for its completion.

► If Mr. Hart has his way, the P.G.E. will be completed by a quartet of partners, each of whom will "dub" in about \$5,000,000 to get things rolling . . . which, unless we have forgotten our arithmetic, will give B.C. about 25% interest in the completed line . . . leaving the controlling 75% interest in the hands of Eastern Interests, whose ambitions can hardly be said to coincide with those of British Columbians.

► Our "Public Servants" have apparently never heard of the old saying that "A business that cannot afford to pay its way, also cannot afford a partner," and are obviously plugging their ears to the clamor that the P.G.E. be kept strictly a B.C. undertaking, except for perhaps some Federal Government

assistance. See Cariboo and N.B.C. Digest—Summer issue—for our Veterans' opinion of what should be done with the P.G.E.—how—and when.

► The Bridge River Lillooet News states that "this time public opinion is behind Hart in his outline of the P.G.E. extension . . ." (We don't recall any public opinion poll being taken in regard to what should be done—when, or how . . . but we think we know what the answers would be.)

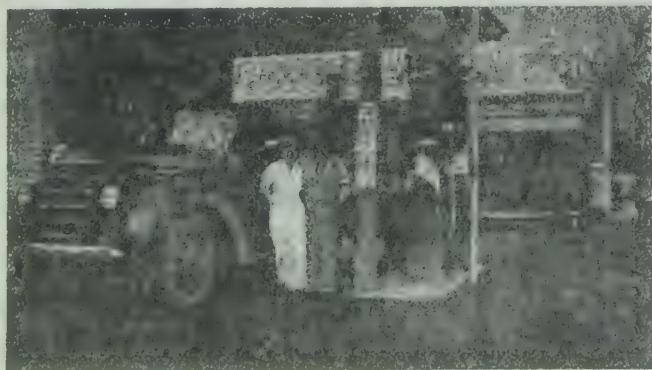
► The "News" (above) went on to say: "If by any chance construction does not go ahead, the doom of the coalition government might be sealed. There is no excuse now for not going ahead. The \$50,000,000 revenue of the province makes it financially possible."—The C.C.F. would love just such inaction.

► COAL is the magic word which Mr. Hart is using as a key to unlock Eastern Canadian treasure chests. He has already unlocked one chest but drew a dud. Eastern interests want the coal all right, but they wanted Mr. Hart to release the reserve placed on P.R. coal fields so they could extend the Northern

Alberta railroad the 90-odd miles to Hassler Creek Coal Fields and haul it away to eastern markets . . . Mr. Hart was having none of it. however . . . But it seems inevitable that, if Premier Hart is to get the type of assistance he wants, he will have to make certain concessions—Let us hope that before taking the plunge, and placing B.C. even more at the mercy of Eastern Canada than it is today, that he allow the PEOPLE of B.C. to vote "for" or "against" completion plans which give Eastern Canada any concessions.

► Since British interests bought up huge tracts of land in West Vancouver adjacent to the originally planned right-of-way of the P.G.E. into Vancouver, there is an increasing belief that P.G.E. rails will never be laid down through West Vancouver, as the "powers that be" don't think it would be "cricket" to deteriorate land values in the British-owned suburb . . . We don't know much about the game of cricket, but we do know that it can't be the same game that's been played in Central and Northern B.C. ever since the Liberals took over in 1916 and entombed the P.G.E. rails at Quesnel.

► The much-mooted (by Victoria—and certainly not the people who live adjacent to the P.G.E.) connection of the P.G.E. from Clinton to C.N. or C.P. rails at Ashcroft is a move to safeguard the value of the above mentioned British land-holding company's investment . . . Such a thing should never come to pass; the P.G.E. would never be "allowed" to make use of either transcontinental railroad's facilities between Ashcroft and Vancouver, unless certain "working agreements" or concessions were made in regard to where, why and how, Northern B.C. freight was going to move—and such agreements or concessions could only be to the detriment of the North country . . . Old-timers still recall that when P.G.E. rails were completed almost to Prince George and permission was sought by P.G.E. officials to make temporary use of the C.N.R. bridge

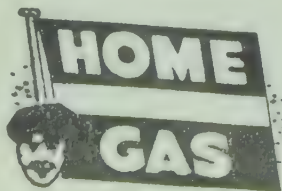


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CARIBOO and NORTHERN B.C. DIGEST'S REVIEW AND COMMENTARY — ON CURRENT EVENTS

spanning the Fraser at that point, such permission was flatly refused . . . Such is the co-operation that may be expected from the transcontinentals.

► Latest angle on the much-mooted side-tracking of the P.G.E. into Ashcroft is that the main line to Squamish would be retained and coal bunkers established there . . . If it is a question of money, and not "cricket," we would like to know the answers to the following questions:

(1) How much would it cost to build a connecting line from Clinton to Ashcroft or Savonna (as proposed) compared to the surveyed cost of \$4,000,000 to complete the line from Squamish to Vancouver?

(2) How much more would the upkeep be if both main line and branch road to Ashcroft were maintained than if the line went direct to Vancouver via Squamish?

(3) How much yearly rental would the P.G.E. have to pay the C.N. or the C.P. for the use of its rails from Ashcroft to Vancouver?

(4) What concessions, apart from rental, would the P.G.E. have to make in regard to Northern B.C. freight shipments in order to secure the privilege of using the rails of either of the continentals from Ashcroft to Vancouver? (a) What percentage of Peace River wheat would B.C. have to allow the C.P. and C.N. owned Northern Alberta Railroad to take to Eastern Canadian ports while grain elevators at Vancouver and Prince Rupert remained empty? (b) What percentage of coal, timber, livestock and other production would we have to ALLOW to go out of the Peace River via the N.A.R. in order that that railroad continue showing a PROFIT? (c) What percentage of the total volume of freight in the Prince George area, along the C.N. line and east and west of there would the P.G.E. be asked to refrain from hauling south were the P.G.E. granted the privilege of renting the use of C.N. rails from Ashcroft to Vancouver? (d) **Would it not be much simpler to complete the railroad ourselves, and enter**

into honest and open competition with the transcontinentals as the common lay and business man is told that he must do, rather than embark upon a policy requiring governmental fostering of agreements bordering on fascism?

► The question still arises, after countless surveys, as to which of the two passes is the most feasible route, the Pine Pass or the Peace Pass . . . Despite the fact that if constructed through the Pine Pass the railroad would immediately be in open competition with its OWN BUS and TRUCK service — the government appears to be favoring this route because it is a more direct route, and would "cost less" . . . It is rather late in the day to be thinking of saving money . . . The Liberals, through inaction during the past 30 years have already pyramided the P.G.E. indebtedness to over \$121,000,000—Mr. Hart is making haste just as slowly as his predecessors. Perhaps it is an erroneous opinion on our part, but we have always believed that railroads were built to "open up and develop a country," and that however much "cheaper," it is not always advisable to parallel an existing line of transportation when 50 miles to the east or west rich virgin country is waiting to be tapped.

► Should the Coalition Government fall apart tomorrow, or the next day, or next year, and if it gets no further than it has to this date with its extremely hesitant plans for completing the P.G.E., it will point with pride (no doubt) to the fact that it was responsible for having accomplished one thing which might eventually hasten its completion.—Under the direction of Mr. Urquhart, a Gov. P.G.E. survey party has been in the field north of Quesnel surveying the route, and has found a new crossing of the renowned Cottonwood Canyon, which Mr. Urquhart (with rare humor) dubbed "Coalition Crossing." The spot should be marked as a Historic Site—to mark 30 years of progress on the part of the Liberal Party.



Over The Desk . . .

640 Riverside Drive,
New York, 31 N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I cannot forbear expressing the pleasure I had in reading "Klondyke Trail Drive" in your Spring number. It was, in its simple, unvarnished style, the most convincing and gripping record of its kind that I have ever read. It would sell well, it seems to me, in book form.

Mrs. Lee herself must have a great deal of material in her memory of life in the Cariboo in the early days, and of her adjustment to it, that should make interesting reading.

I was a young American teacher in Quesnel in the Fall and Winter of 1913, and revisiting the place last summer after all those years has brought back all my old love for the north. I always read your magazine from cover to cover, including the ads.

ELLA B. MANGUS.
(Mrs. James Magnus.)

(We agree, "Klondyke Trail Drive" is truly a gripping narrative of the hardships endured by those who pioneered the north country. Every time things get out of sorts around the plant, and we're inclined to start griping, we remember Norman Lee's experiences, and immediately the burden becomes lighter.)

Anytime we Canadians want to think we are hard done by, because good cigarettes can be bought in the U.S. for 13 cents a package, while we have to pay 33, let us just think of the poor Englishman's plight - Smokers over there are now paying 64 cents a package - if after paying their taxes they have 64 cents left.

Head hunters have now gone modern. Reports from Burma state that in the frontier areas where head hunters still carry on their gruesome practice they are using machine guns stolen from the Chinese army. There's nothing like efficiency!

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The Ghosts of Surprise City

continued from page 39

descriptions of that watershed, and up along the MacGregor River, nothing was lost in the telling you can depend on that. A few days were spent in outfitting and procuring a large cottonwood dugout canoe. Eventually we obtained one that had at one time been used by the Hudson Bay Company at Fort George as a freighter. It is surprising to persons not familiar with this type of river craft, the amount of freight that could be transported in such a canoe both up-stream and down with the current.

We polled and lined our way up the muddy Fraser through the famed Giscome Rapids, and one golden Fall day made a landing at the forks where the MacGregor emptied its green glacier waters into the yellow current of the Upper Fraser. A great thing to be a young man with a light heart, the sun dappled waters of a glamorous wilderness river at his feet a back-drop of mountain range to it all, and the whole at your disposal. As we dipped our canoe poles in its waters for the first time, Jimmy, my partner in the bow of our dugout, turned his tanned young face to the bright blue autumn sky, and gave a series of blood-curdling howls from sheer exuberance of spirit and a surging sense of freedom. Heady wine, indeed, for any young fellow with a sense of adventure.

We built our cabin late that Fall far back against the mountains by a roaring stream which cascaded among huge flat topped boulders with a continuous roar which could be heard day and night miles away. Dark spruce stepped themselves up the steep slope on the far side of the Creek till they lost themselves it seemed, among the false summits and slanting snow fields far above us. Moose, and sometimes the odd old bear, often stood across the creek among the dipping alders and sniffed curiously at our cabin smoke and

the strange man smells.

It was not long, however, before old man winter came a striding up the Valley and locked the streams and rivers in blue ice which would remain till May of the following spring. Snow fell silently day after day till four or five feet lay packed and solid for countless square miles around us. We divided our trapping ground so that each of us would have a circuit which took in portions of mountain side, muskeg and creek runs, the habitation, each to its liking of Martin and Fisher, Beaver and Muskrat and Mink and Otter. My line followed a creek down the slope to where it eventually entered the main river just below the first box canyon and within a stone's throw of a small island on which stood the remains of "Surprise City".

Now this really is no city, nor the ruins of a City, but rather the tumble-down ruins of some winter quarters (which had been constructed of logs years ago by an exploratory survey party sent out shortly after the turn of the century to explore and mark out a route for a new transcontinental railroad the G.T.P. The old cabins now half hidden in a heavy growth of mountain alder and young spruce and balsam trees, had been erected on the lower point of the Island and looked down the stream. I think even to-day the crumbling walls and old fire-places could easily be found among the almost tropical-like growth that springs up in old clearings in this woods country though now thoroughly in ruins. Curious tales had been told up and down the rivers of the survey party that had built the cabins and planned to winter there so long ago. It was said they were prone to evade much questioning concerning these rumors, but around the trade posts it seemed that stories did leak out, of canoes or canoe parties making a landing at the minute beach on their island at the dead of night, voices of men and so on, but always when the boys hurried down to the land-

continued on page 105

MOOSE FOR THREE

continued from page 38

silently beseeching the unsympathetic face of the mountain that the tracks might suddenly mingle with those of a cow. For when the rut is in full stride the bulls seldom stop to eat. Up over the blade of the hills, down on the other slope; across the treacherous green of the muskeg, over the lakes and rivers, on they go, ever on until the cow of their choice be found. Cows we jumped galore but never a single bull. Dry cows, cows with single calf moving close on their heels, cows with sturdy twins huddling their either flank. A score of times did Stick jerk to a certain stop as he thumbed back the safe on the gun and squinted into the sights and a score of times did I mark that tired greyiness of disappointment tinge his eyes with its shadow as the body emerged from the brush and the head of a cow took shape.

That graveyard of fire blasted timber atop the mountain dealt Stick a merciless drubbing this second day out. We took to the hills with the daylight but the stars had blinked on the heavens when, some thirteen hours later, we limped back into the spangling light of the camp fire.

And not a shot had he fired. I repeat, Stick took a pitiless beating from that days work but he took it like a thoroughbred.

And then Art's moment came. A four year old bull this time with a hide the colour of polished coal and a rack with a regal spread. Close to the fringe of a Jungle of mountain aspen we found the tracks; two cows, a calf and a bull. I trailed them into the thickets for a couple of hundred feet then finding where they had bedded that morning, backed out again and reasoned, "They'll likely stay in that stuff all day and to try to follow them through it would be as useless as tagging a goat up the face of the cliff when you jump it out of a juniper patch. Tell you what: Art, you trail along on the east side and Stick can cover

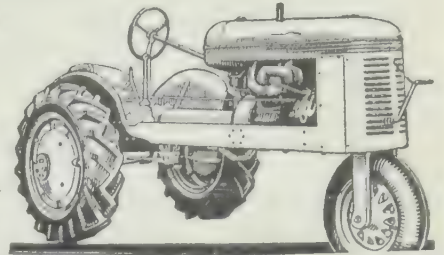
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Prince George, B. C.

the west. I'll try and go smack through the centre and maybe kick them out on one side or the other. "You see I had hunted with Art before and although this was but my third day out with Stick well, if a guide cant size his man up in three days on the hills, he had better get out of the business. I felt one hundred percent secure where my own hide was concerned for any time either Art or Stick pressured on the trigger there would be antlers in front of the sights.

A quarter mile into the thickets and the brush patch suddenly exploded. Bedded they were, in the heaviest tangle they could find and although I was only forty or fifty yards away when the thicket erupted life, I caught but a momentary flash of the horns as they cut a swathe through the aspen. "Look out Art," I warned, "He's angling out to your side! Came a long nerve wracking minute of painful suspense before Art's 30-30 Winchester roared its tattoo of destruction.

I plunged out of the brush and found Art with a triumphant smile of victory mingling with his whiskers and thirty yards away from him blotching the brown of the frozen leaves with crimson splashes of paint, a Titan of a bull moose was throwing its final glazy stare at the forest which had given it life.

Two down, one to come! Sixteen hundred pounds of meat hanging high in the limbs of the cottonwoods chilled nicely through to the bone by the teeth of the overnight frosts. And next morning as he gulped his pre-breakfast cup of Java Stick sighed and predicted, "I'm jinxed!" I floured the slices of liver and dropped them into the skillet. Where hunting is concerned that word jinx has no part in my vocabulary. At least not as long as there is light enough to find the cross-hairs on a scope.

But I'll admit that when we got out on the job that morning my heart seemed weighted with shot as

continued on page 103

SAWNEY Poet of the Cariboo

continued from page 36

had them spliced. Good old Jim, may you be well-fitted wherever you may be. Then there are Big Brown and Little John Adair of the Bedrock Claim and Grouse Creek Flume notoriety. What a row there was over that disputed claim! We had a regiment from Victoria, or part of one, and special constables to boot, Sawney being one, unarmed and, thank God, unharmed! There was no fight and consequently no slaughter. None was a penny worse, except the winners, who were, I believe, in the end the losers!

Note:—Grouse Creek War, 1867.

The rich findings at Antler and Williams Creek caused old claims on creeks to be reprospected. Claims belonging to a Bed Rock Flume Company had been located on, or "jumped" by a partnership called the Canadian Company. The Flume Company, still existent, took legal steps to evict the newcomers, with the result that the Gold Commissioner decided in the Flume Company's favor and ordered the jumpers to withdraw. This they refused to do and an injunction followed to enforce the order, but the miners flouted it. Next a warrant for their arrest was issued, but this too meeting with opposition, the Gold Commissioner found a more

stringent course necessary and swore in twenty to thirty special constables to oust them. The jumpers, on their part, gathered supporters, and it looked like a lively time was in the offing. In an effort to settle the dispute without bloodshed, the Commissioner reported the matter to Governor Seymour, and after a great deal of to-and-froing, the question was

legally settled. The final decision by Judge Needham gave the land to the Flume Company (the original owners) and the jumpers also yielded the sum of \$3,600.

* * * * *

"Is the C. Booth, the Assesor, etc., the hero of Grouse Creek—a good fellow he—and as we say in Scotland, had the gift o' the gab? I fancy he was elected for the Cariboo district before I left—an honor I was at one time requested to accept, but there, I was in the dead-broke line, a line which runs not well with an honest legislator. Give him (Booth) my kind regards if he is he.

Steele, a Canadian, was sec'y of the Cameron Company in its palmy days, and a good sort too. He tooted a horn to call the boys to work and was old punctuality himself in regard to the time. I hated the sound of the horn in the morning, with the thermometer away below zero—Oh dear, my teeth

continued on page 100

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RETRIBUTION

continued from page 35

and how he could best be helped.

With scalding liquid from the tin cup being poured down his throat, the patient sputteringly awoke, and as if that were the signal, the trio began showering him with questions one after the other. "Who are you? What are you doing here? How far are we from the Fraser River? How far are we off the trail?"

The old man could only stare, but at last managed to gasp, "Who are you?"

With as gentle a voice as possible 'Grump' Marlow answered, "We are just three fellows on our way from Osoyoos to Victoria. We got lost in this danged fog and got off the trail. We saw your camp here and thought maybe you could help us out by showing us the way to Fort Hope. We intend to take the steamer from there to the coast." Grump paused, waiting for the old man to take up the conversation. After a short silence the old prospector answered "I'm shore glad to see you fellows. I thought I was a goner because I'm so weak I can't help myself. But now, with your help I reckon I'll be able to travel in a little while. This is bad country up here and if we don't get out within two weeks the snow will see to it that we never do leave these mountains."

After a few brief instructions about caring for him, which the men faithfully carried out, the old man dozed off into a restful sleep. And so the night passed, with the three desperadoes taking turns to keep the fire replenished and the cave warm. Next morning saw a great improvement in the invalid's well-being, and shortly after awakening he raised up on his elbow and examined his saviours more closely. When he spoke, his voice was somewhat clearer but still weak. The men had to draw close to hear the soft-spoken words. "I am a prospector. I live here every summer. My claim is over yonder." The old man waved his hand then continued. "I've got

a little of dust here, and was going back to Fort Hope when I took sick. I hadn't slept for two or three days until you fellows came along and built me a fire. I shore appreciate what you've done for me, and I'll be glad to guide you out of this place. I have a cabin at Fort Hope, and that's where I'm going."

Marlow broke in with, "How long do you figure it'll be before you'll be able to hit the trail?"

The old man coughed, and after a while answered, "Maybe three or four days I hope. It ain't no trail for a sick man, and I want to be sure I get there."

After awhile, the old man once more fell asleep and 'Grump' and his cronies returned to sit around the fire. Smith broke the silence. "I wonder how much gold the old buzzard's got hid away here? Maybe it might be worth our while to just sort of look around a bit."

Charlie Peter jumped to his feet and began a hurried search for the poke, but 'Grump' waved him down with a big hand saying, "No leave it alone. Let the old man keep his gold. What little he's got wouldn't make much difference to us."

The Indian sullenly obeyed, but he silently suspected that Marlow was going to try to get the gold for himself at a later date. Well, Charlie would keep a sharp watch over both Marlow's and Smith's movements, if they showed signs of the double-cross then he would know how to deal with his two 'comrades'. By swinging the balance in his favour he would stand to make thirty thousand dollars, plus whatever the old prospector had garnered from his summer's work. Greed made the In-

continued on page 95

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MOVIES IN THE CARIBOO

continued from page 34

their rolls of coloured blankets, which on arrival were opened up and used partly to make a softer seat and partly to cover knees and legs.

While the dress of the squaws was more or less indistinguishable, except for brightly coloured shawls, most of the men favoured black "ten-gallon" hats with white hatbands and white ribbon round the brims; dark suits and high-heeled riding boots. Many of the younger ones, whites as well as Indians, who came on horseback wore highly polished spurs, with various fancy-patterned saddles and bridles and plenty of highly polished metal on them too. One thing I noticed was that up in that country most of the Indians rode good horses with fine legs and action, and obviously kept well groomed, if their sleek shiny coats were anything to judge by. Rather different to the majority of scrubby, ill-kept cayuses of the prairie Indians I have seen in the past.

We all sat around the corral and talked and smoked. I was introduced to many of the neighbouring ranchers, their wives and families, while waiting for daylight to give way to dark, as, owing to being an open-air show, we had to wait for darkness.

Finally, the horses having been hitched to corral rails, trucks and autos parked in easily accessible places for a quick move home in the dark after the show, and bikes stored in a place of safety, a general move was made towards the entrance to the enclosure where the "pictures" were to be shown.

Imagine a rectangular piece of land comprising about half an acre, with high board fence all round. At the farther end, a large screen composed of boards supported by up-rights and well braced and covered with a white sheet. From there to the back of the enclosure were ranged a series of long wooden

continued on page 93

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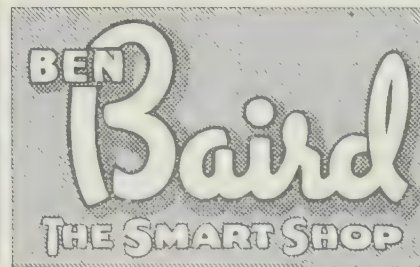
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INJUN TRAIL

continued from page 33

up, quick an' yellow. I looks down and I sees half of them wolf get up and go away. The rest they just stay and sit around the tree drooling ice an' figuring I can't last much longer. I tries to figure it out, but I'm cold, an I goes to sleep. Reason I don't fall out of that tamarack, my arms an' legs is curled so stiff around the branch, they won't loosen up nohow."

I dream I'm being et up by them wolves, an' wakes up with a hoot

an' a shiver, and I sees them wolf that went away are coming back gain. Over the top of that little hill, what you can see down there, west of the lake, them wolf, they is coming. They walks kinda' slow, like maybe they are tired. I looks some more, and then I sees what they is doing. Them wolf is herding two big fat beaver in front of them — bringing them beavers along to cut down my tree."

Pausing to light his home-made pipe, Johnnie shot me a challenging look — a look which dared me to scoff.

"Pretty smart boys, them timber wolves," I tell him.

Johnnie snorted. "Ho, not so dam smart, that other bunch wolf what's been sittin' around all night,, they's cold an' hungry. So they go for to get them beaver. The other bunch start to fight them. Come daytime, an' all them wolf are dead, they kill each other. Me, I gets fat beaver stew for breakfast."

Tinkling music, tents and turmoil, at Kluskus. This is 'priest week', and Indians have come in hundreds by wagon and saddle horse.

Hot blooded young bucks cavort shyly on snorting mounts, whose manes and tails are braided with bright silk ribbons. Girls in long gay cotton dresses stand giggling in clusters, eyeing the bucks. Hunched, small-eyed, impassive old men and women sit in the sunlight, smoking, watching, listening.

Johnnie borrows an accordian, and pumps out a sobbing ballad in waltz time. Johnnie is a stranger, a man from far away, and as such, a centre of interest. Men appraise him with calculating glances, as if figuring the points of a horse. The girls stare at him — and giggle. The old men are not interested. They have seen all sorts come and go for so many years, that a stranger merely reminds them of someone they knew like him in the years of long ago.

Camped close by is Paul Krestenuk, trader from Quesnel. He comes over to greet the first Redcoat ever seen in Kluskus. He tells of a tough trip, of mud and broken wagons.

Sitting gloomily apart, one old man

continued on page 91

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A WINTER ON THE TRAPLINE

continued from page 32

sometimes," I egged him on.

Oh, no," he said quickly, "I'm used to a heavy axe. It's just like I said. I'm a little out of practise."

Next morning we started to build. I cut a notch in the bottom log and showed Harry how to do it. Yes, he could do that alright. When I looked up a few minutes later, he had cut a gap in the log large enough to put a beer keg in.

I went over to him. "See that stump over there," I said as calmly as I could, as I indicated a stump. "A big husky fellow like you ought to be able to drive an axe real deep into a stump like that. Let's see you try it," I coaxed.

He tried, and did a good job, and then I drove it in so far that the handle would break before it could be withdrawn. "Now, leave it there till we get the cabin finished, or there won't be logs enough in the bush to build a cabin. You can roll the logs to me, and I'll place them."

Even this simple task gave him some difficulty — he was most of the time falling down, and picking himself up.

Eventually we finished the cabin, and made two short benches and a table out of cedar slabs. We also split cedar for flooring and roofing and for the double bunk. Now we were all fixed up fine for winter. Two or three times a day we made the trip to our cache packing the supplies down. As a rule, on these

packing trips we left our rifles at the cabin, not expecting any game to be around where there was so much human activity. One day following a light snowfall the night before, I noticed, as we came to a large cedar log that lay across a gulch which we used for a bridge, the track of a bear pointing towards our tent which was about a hundred yards away.

When I got to the other end of the log I looked carefully in the direction of the tent, and sure enough, there was one inside tossing things about and raising heck in general.

I turned to Harry and told him about it, and he almost fell off the log with fright.

"Now," I said, "which would you rather do - go down for the rifles or stay here and watch the bears?"

"Watch them?" he almost shouted. "not me! I'll go and get the guns." and away he went.

I crept up a little closer to have a look. Just then, one bear came out

of the tent. He sure looked funny. His face was smeared with flour, and he looked like a pup that had been up to something that it knew was wrong. In the tent, everything was turned topsy turvy. After doing all the damage they could, the bears headed down a deep ravine which opened up into a big meadow.

When Harry came back with the guns, I cautioned him to silence, and said, "You go around the top of this ravine and walk down till you get opposite me. I'll stand by this dead tree till you get over and then take their trail and drive them up to you so's you can get a good shot at them. I may be able to get a shot at them too, when they climb the ravine on your side."

He looked alarmed. "Suit yourself," I said, if you don't want to go around, then I will, and you can chase them up to me."

He shuddered a little, and then chose to go around and wait for me to route out the bears.

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"Walk carefully," I cautioned, "we don't want to scare them off. Don't make any noise, and don't show yourself. Be sure to hide opposite this dead tree so I'll know where you are in case I shoot."

Away he went. But when he came to the end of the ravine he came out into the open and stood there looking down. I waved my hat and motioned frantically for him to get out of sight, but he just ambled along down the other side. I could hear sticks and twigs breaking under his clumsy feet — and my blood began to boil. He stopped opposite me on the edge of the bank. It was about a hundred yards across. Again I waved my hat frantically, but my efforts were rewarded by his shouting from the other side. "Are they there? Do you see them?"

You can imagine my feelings. I felt like taking a shot at him. I saw the bushes below me waving back and forth and heard the snort of the bears, which meant that they had heard Harry and were heading for distant parts. I ran down the slope as fast as I could go, but by the time I had reached the bottom they must have been hundreds of yards further on down, and it would have been hopeless to try to get within range of them.

I climbed the other side and was so mad that I was afraid to look at Harry for fear I might accidentally discharge my rifle in his direction. He shouted, "Did you see them?" I walked back to the tent and loaded my pack. Harry didn't come for a few minutes and I wondered what was keeping him. It turned out that instead of following me across the ravine, he had gone all the way around it. He was not in love with bears, and was taking no chances of meeting up with any bears in the ravine. He preferred looking at their heels instead of their heads.

After taking note of what the bears had done in the tent I picked up my pack to go when Harry came in. I dropped my pack and faced him.

"They're too smart for us," he said.

"Too smart!" I exclaimed. "Why

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you dirty coward, why didn't you crawl under a log and hide somewhere, and leave the bears to me? You sure must have had a bad tearing-up by those Grizzlies you used to hunt in Montana. It's sure left you pretty scary of bear, and bear tracks."

He looked the perfect picture of injured dignity, but I was pretty mad and didn't give a darn. "I'll bet this is the first time in your life you've ever been more than two blocks away from a doorbell," I continued. "Come on, now. Let's get out of this and get something done."

"Wait," he said. "I can bring those bear back here in a few minutes. It's easy. All I have to do is burn some sugar on a tin plate. The scent will float down to them and they'll come a'jumping, and we can hide and wait for them."

"You missed your calling. You should have been a magician. Anyone who can make smells go down a canyon, when the wind is blowing up the canyon, is wasting his time out on a trapline. Now grab your pack and let's get going."

Soon we were on our way. I had warned Harry about trying to travel too fast, especially going down hill, when he had a pack on his back, it being very easy to overbalance. Sure enough, Harry tried to jump over a log which lay along the path, he overbalanced and went feet-first down the hill and jammed up so tight under another windfall that I had quite a time getting him loose.

After a supper of bacon, beans, bannock, potatoes and coffee, we set about arranging our various supplies and belongings.

I heard Harry remark, "Ah, there you are," as he set some little bottles and a package on the edge of the table. "That's the real stuff," he said, pointing to the packages on the table.

"What is it?" I enquired.

"These are the bottles of scent for trapping, and this," he said, indicating the package is the Plaster-of-Paris. The scent is to be used on the bait to decoy the animals to the trap, and the plaster of paris is to

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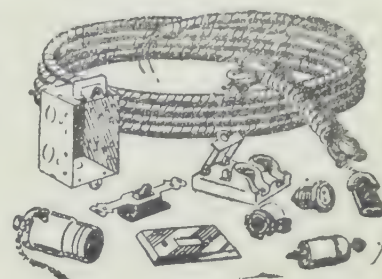
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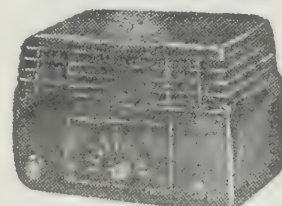
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be mixed with flour and water and set out where bears and other animals travel. They will eat it, and as soon as it gets into their throat it will set hard and kill them in their tracks. It's a sure-fire kiler, and is 'way better than hunting them with a gun."

"Sounds kinda' funny to me," I remarked.

"Oh, there's lots of funny things in this trapping game, but you'll soon catch on if you watch me."

"I am always glad to learn something new," I answered.

When I examined the bottles I found them to contain cheap perfume, such as girls wear when they are expecting their best fella.

"That's the real dope," he said.

"I guess it is. You've got almost enough to start a beauty parlour, but I don't know what the wild animals will think of the stuff."

"Just you wait," he smirked in gleeful anticipation. "I'll rub it on my moccasins, and the mink and marten and otter will follow my trail to the cabin."

"Swell," I said. "You do that. But don't you dare set a foot on my line with that junk on your feet. Drive the fur off your line if you want to, but you're not going to drive 'em off mine."

He laughed. "Don't worry, old-timer. After you see how it works, you'll be begging me for some of the stuff."

I took the traps out of the box and hung them up outside the cabin. There were only fifty-two, and I told Harry that we would divide the traps equally, each having twenty-six metal traps which we could use on the near end of the line, while on the far end we could set out the figure 4 trap which is made from wood.

Before turning in I set out a trap near the door, hoping to catch a porcupine for bait. Just as we had gotten ready for bed, I heard the trap spring. Harry opened the door, and the light shone on a little animal which was caught in the trap. Upon seeing it, Harry turned, and

made a bound for his gun, hanging on the wall of the cabin. At that I ran to the door. There was a marten in the trap. Harry caught me by the shoulder and gave a quick jerk, saying, "Look out! Look out!" At the same time he was swinging the rifle around to bear on the marten. I grabbed the gun. "What do expect to do?" I asked.

"Why, kill it, of course."

I motioned to where his rifle had hung on the wall. "Hang up your rifle," I ordered. "I'll take it out of the trap."

"What is it? It sounds like a coon. I'll hold a bead on him, and if he gets loose I'll plunk him."

"No you don't. That'd be shooting too close to me to be healthy."

I took the marten out of the trap after first having smothered it by closing its lungs with the toe of my boot. Then I handed it to Harry.

"It's a black squirrel," he said.

"No, I think its a mink."

"Maybe so," I remarked, "but I think we'll just call it a marten — they're worth more, you know."

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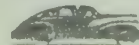
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Harry looked abashed. "Well, so it is," he said shaking his head. "I should have recognized it right off, except the light is so poor." And then he added eagerly. "I'll skin it right now."

I set the trap again, poured salt water on the bait and came in. Harry had slit the marten down the belly and managed somehow to pull the tail off.

"How are you going to stretch it?" I asked.

"Oh, nail it on the wall."

I had a hearty laugh over that, but he nailed it there and it looked like a wet moccasin.

We arranged for a trip the next day and turned in to the bunk. Harry kept me awake half the night telling me of his achievements and accomplishments. He was a goldsmith, a tin-smith, a machinist, electrician, prospector and prize-fighter - a first-class all around man. He discovered a three foot vein of radium ore and located a gold vein at a distance of seven miles. He told a man to go there and stake it and found a large trunk hidden in a swamp. The trunk was filled with gold sovereigns, and it is there yet.

"It will come in handy for your old age," I said.

He fitted out a large mine in Butte, Montana, with electricity and when the job was completed the owner was so pleased that he called Harry into the office, paid him his price, and a thousand dollars extra. He said to Harry that he sure knew his work well. "Now, I am going to make you an offer," he said. "My daughter is very much in love with you. I have placed aside a million dollars as her dowry on the day she gets married, and I want you to marry her."

"He made me promise," said Harry. "I was looking down the muzzles of two six-shooters. He gave me time to go and order a stylish outfit of clothes, but as soon as I got outside I beat it like a scared cat and never topped till I reached Canada."

"That was a dirty trick," I said. "The girl probably is dying of a broken heart."

Harry had already forgotten her, and was busy on another story.

"... an' then I met a man in Calgary who had seventy-five broncs. I bought them and sold them a few days after and made quite a pile of money on my deal. I broke a good many of them to the saddle and doubled my money on them. Any bronc that I broke, was broke right, and he never forgot it. When I got into the saddle, I never got out till I had that bronc beat!"

"You must have been a good rider - I guess that's where you learned the diamond hitch," I broke in, with all the sarcasm I could muster.

"Ha, there was none better. I used to sit up there and laugh at their wildest antics, and turn in my saddle and face the other way. Say, that sure gets a horse's goat when you do that to him. He knows he's beat for sure then."

"Throwing the diamond hitch ought to be pie for you."

"It used to be, but it's been so long since I threw it that I've forgotten it."

"I don't suppose you could ride a flat-car now, unless it had a railing around it," I remarked, trying hard to doze off.

"I suppose not," he said sleepily.

"Well I'm going to sleep," I rolled over. "You can break the rest of those broncs by daylight if you try hard."

We were up early the next morning, and had our usual breakfast of bacon, beans, bannock and coffee. A light snow had fallen during the night. I opened the cabin door and found a fat porcupine in the trap - just what I needed for bait on the trapline. I took it out and put it on a nearby stump.

When the breakfast things were cleaned up I said to Harry. "Let's go down the creek a ways and see if there are any signs of marten."

"O K," said Harry. "I'll take the fishing rod and catch some fish."

"You'd better take your gun," I advised. "you won't catch anything in the creek now. The fish have all gone downstream to the deep water where it's not so cold."

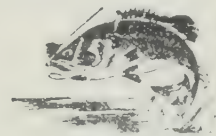
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"What do you expect to catch?" I enquired.

"Marten, of course. Look at all those tracks there." He indicated a medley of little tracks in the snow.

"Are those marten tracks?" I asked, trying to keep a straight face.

"Sure. They're the small marten, but they're worth catching. The big big ones'll be down soon, and I'll catch them too. There must be hundreds of them around here."

Well, I sure got a kick out of him. The tracks were squirrel tracks, just below a hollow stump in which they obviously had their winter nest and of course the tracks were very numerous.

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As he neared me he didn't slacken his pace even a little bit, and I had to put out my arms and stop him.

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I handed him the gun and cautioned him not to make a noise, and not to shout unless he shot at a caribou, or bear, for the report of a gun would drive everything away. "If I hear a shot, I'll come and help you with the game."

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"So that's what you shot, I said", indicating the porcupine he was carrying by one foot.

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YARDS THROUGHOUT THE
PEACE RIVER BLOCK

"Yes, the Caribou wasn't there when I got back."

"Did you think that they would wait for you?"

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We returned to the cabin and had something to eat. On my trip down the creek along the deer trail that morning, I noticed that there were still a few bear around feeding on the wild rhubarb roots — they had not yet all holed-up for the winter. I wanted a bear, but I would have to act fast. In a couple of days, with the fresh snow around, a fellow wouldn't see hide nor hair of them. I told Harry about what I had seen, and made plans to trap them without delay.

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Continued in Winter Edition

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With a rush the tourists flash in view,

Gas up then dash to pastures new,

Deep little lakes that sparkling lay,

The fish that in their shallows play,

Wild geese that float with wary eyes,

The lonesome loon with mournful cry

They all are clouded from the view,

By speed and hurry, oh 'tis true.

The meadow lark high on the pole,

Old badger dodging down his hole,

The playful cub with antics cunning,

Fat woodchuck by the roadside sunning,

Listening gopher, stretched stock-still,

The scolding magpie sharp and shrill

The moose half hidden by willow brush

Remain unseen by those who rush.

High mountain ranges topped with snow,

Swift roaring cascades frothy flow,

Light springtime green of poplar, birch,

With darker shades of fir that stretch,

For miles along the horizon line.

Long needled pines, and cedars fine

Are just a blur, an empty show,

To those who speed so fast I know

In life we look with longing eyes,

To a distant future in our skies.

While close at hand on every side,
Abundant beauty doth abide.

Oh give us sight and vision clear,

For beauty's charms when they appear

And may we make our lives sublime,

By slowing up and taking time.

— Murdoch McLeod

For:

**MOUNTAIN SHEEP
CARIBOU, GRIZZLY,
MOOSE**

**In the Muskwa River District
Mile 363**

**"ON THE ALASKA HIGHWAY"
WRITE — WIRE**

**Lorne Haralson
MUSKWA, B.C.**

The First Coast Outlet

continued from page 26

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The 1938 attack on the road got under way about mid-June, with Helmer Johnson in charge of the work. He carried on for three months, after which Francis Murphy, of Pouce Coupe, took over and remained in charge for the balance of the season. During this period, which saw the work pushed through as far as the McGregor River on the western slope of the watershed, many difficulties were encountered. When Murphy took charge, they were at a place called the Green Bowl, because of a spring of clear water which came out of the valley, around which, for some distance, there was a circle of green grass, which from a distance gave the appearance of a huge green bowl.

Duncan Sanderson, of Dawson Creek and Ivan Larson, of Pouce Coupe, were trail blazers from this point on, and it is to the diary of the former that the writer is indebted for his part of the story. Slate River, about ten miles from the Green Bowl, was reached in 14 days.

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The First Coast Outlet

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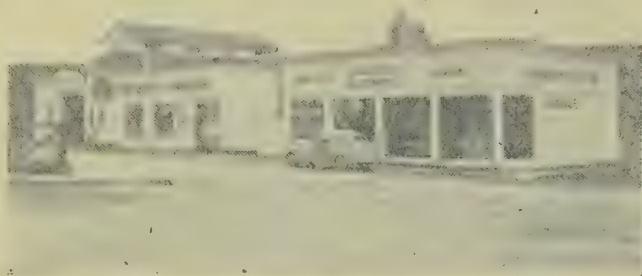
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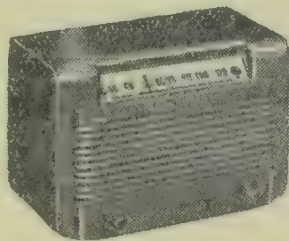
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As they approached the summit of the pass, easy grades were getting harder to find. They did not cross the Murray, but had to cross the Slate, a tributary of the larger river. At this time of the year, the Slate is fordable. Work progressed unsatisfactorily until another appropriately-named place, "Hells Half Acre" was reached. This is about 10 miles from the Slate, and was so-named because it was one mass of pot-holes and boulders, some of the latter being as big as a fair sized house. It is in this region that the Murray has many falls. For several miles it is a series of small lakes and waterfalls up to 20 feet high. Nearer the Green Bowl there is a wonderful sight where the Murray drops over a 210 foot fall. From Hells Half Acre they moved to Monckman Lake, near the head waters of the Murray and Fraser watershed. The scenery of the district is wonderful and the Monckman Creek winds and falls through the valley, plunging over fourteen falls ranging from 35 to 75 feet in a distance of 10 miles. The western slope is steeper than the eastern one, and time was spent trying to find the lowest route over the divide and on to the western outlet.

By this time supplies were getting dangerously low and several unsuccessful attempts were made to reach Hobi's cabin where a cache had been made by freighting supplies from the west up the river. Jim Russel and Dunc Sanderson then back tracked to the camp at Monckman Lake and secured enough to keep the party going for a short time. How bad the situation was can be realized when for three days all they had was water and dried peas, supplies of tea, coffee, sugar, flour etc. being exhausted. The boys gave much praise to "Cariboo John" the only name they knew him by. He joined them near Hobi's cabin and his immense strength and knowledge of the country and the rivers was of inestimable value to the trail breakers.

It was well into October by the time the crew reached the McGregor and ice was forming on the rivers.

FIRST COAST OUTLET

The model T Ford which had made the journey from the Peace River Country had to be left at this river—a keen disappointment to the boys who had hoped to drive it to Prince George, if not to Vancouver.

The following year war clouds were gathering over Europe and sufficient support was not forthcoming to take a crew out to finish the job. Although they did not complete the road they did bring the necessity of a road from the Peace to the coast to the outside and no doubt ended the apathy to the needs of the district which had been displayed by the government and the citizens of the Coast cities. They

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were keenly disappointed but their efforts were not entirely lost. We

are at last getting a highway to tidewater.

WE - ALSO WENT FISHING

continued from page 31

little self, without no help from me.

Both out of breath, we sat and admired Jim's catch, which made our total now, 3 average trout and this nice one 23 inches long (believe it or not). Being close to the landing and remembering our promises to our wives to be home early, we landed and snapped three pictures of the fish to make sure that at least one would be alright, so we could prove to the boys at the office that the big ones **can** be caught if you are experts like us. . .

Now for the feed that Jim had worried all the time about, and I admit that I was dribbling at the mouth also. So we unwrapped the old frying pan and the butter (no more rationing). We had everything for a first class meal—fish, bread and butter, good old doughnuts and sausage-rolls, and coffee—but where was the salt? If my wife could have heard the compliments she got from us both, I am afraid I would have to batch the rest of my life. She had evidently forgot to put the salt in when she wrapped our lunch, so we consumed our trout without salt and mumbled various pretty phrases about neglecting wives. Nevertheless, our corpulencies were satisfied—for the time being.

One other thing happened while we were (without salt) enjoying our meal. . . We had, in our hurry to ward away starvation, forgotten to tie our boat up, and when we looked around, our little sloop was about a hundred feet offshore, and there was no boat available to retrieve it, as all other boats were locked up and without oars. We kept blaming each other for awhile, and I had visions of drawing lots for who was going to strip and swim for it when Jim got a bright moment (he gets them sometimes away from his sausage-roll and doughnut business—but not often) He took one of our fishlines and tied a rock on the end and with his baseball experience (and his right arm) he threw the rock in the boat and pulled it ashore.

We got home in time, as we promised, without interference from moose or philosophy (which the boys experienced); had a picture of some nice fish; satisfied our undernourished tummies—and all in a period of 3 hours.

Our wives were in a good mood (sometimes that happens too) when we arrived, and all was well. After all we were good boys. We didn't sneak in late at night as the editors did when they went fishing, and coming home all soaking wet like one of them. They never did tell us

what side they were wet on, and what time they got home, and I have my suspicions, as they mentioned the beer going into the boat, but not another word about it.

I do not like to get in wrong with the boys, but there might be a lot more to their story than they told us in the article, and I might even sympathise with their wives, for they are not like Jim and me—we go fishing in the daytime, CATCH FISH (no excuses), and bring them home—and still daylight.

If we can find a boat big enough we are going all together next time—the same lake; the same boys; not the same, but more, doughnuts, and we'll bring home more of the same kind of fish—that is, if Jim and me don't feel the need for a 'snack'.

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QUESNEL, B.C.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS ABOUT PREDATORS

continued from page 21

might pay the stockmen to take the matter up and find out this latter item.

As far as any rancher denying a Government hunter access to his land for the purpose of destroying a wolf or coyote, I can but quote the following news item as from the Williams Lake Tribune, July 31st, 1947. Quote. "Mr. R. Stowell, rancher of Meldrum Creek, dropped haying Monday to come to town and seek the assistance of the local Game Warden in an effort to bring to a halt the killing of calves on the cattle range at Meldrum Creek. Mr. Stowell reports finding one freshly killed calf along the road, and a neighbor, Mrs. Purkeypile (rancher, Soda Creek) found two wolves eating on the body of a freshly killed calf. Wolf tracks are plentiful and it is the local belief that wolves are living on calves." (They have destroyed seventy per cent of the moose and the poor animals have to eat something. E.C.) "Mr. Stowell reported to the Tribune that at present the Game Warden was too busy to go to Meldrum Creek and that he had no one he could send." Unquote. Tell your cows not to get discouraged in their efforts to raise beef, Mr. Stowell. The Government hunter is coming in God's—or the Government's—good time.

Some two or three years ago, when a pack of seven wolves were wreaking disastrous havoc among livestock on the feeding grounds of Chas. Moon and Sons, Riske Creek, B.C., I believe I am correct in saying that Charles Moon placed hay and accommodation at the disposal of and generally did all of which he was capable to assist the Government hunter who was dispatched to

destroy the wolves. No, said hunter never got a single wolf: which is certainly not to his discredit. He did not know the country over which that band of wolves were ranging and by the time he arrived upon the scene in all probabilities the wolves were happily destroying livestock on some feed ground fifty miles hence.

For every one mythical case Mr. Denton can produce whereby any rancher or farmer refused to co-operate to the fullest with a predatory animal hunter, I could cite a score of cases—such as the above—whereby ranchers have extended every assistance to anyone—Government hunter or otherwise—who has displayed any initiative in destroying both wolves and coyotes.

Is it not time Government awoke to the fact that machinery must be put into effect AT ONCE to reduce the increasing numbers of wolves and coyotes that are overrunning the Province, leaving a carnage of diminishing game supplies, calfless domestic cows and destroyed sheep flocks in their wake? Every in-

dividual, every association affected by this question has stated, in no uncertain terms, that in his, or their, belief the only correct way—and in the long run the cheapest way—in which this problem can be solved is by paying a forty-dollar bounty upon wolves and a five-dollar bounty upon coyotes. Predatory animal hunters can never properly solve the situation here in the Interior or northern regions of the Province, for it would be impossible—from a cost viewpoint—to place enough such hunters in the field who are intimately acquainted with the terrain over which the wolves and coyotes range. I think any rancher or farmer living in Chilcotin will agree with me that to take care of the situation in this district alone at least six hunters would have to be employed the year round. For whilst considerable emphasis has been laid on the wolf situation, it should be remembered that whilst wolves are primarily responsible for destruction of mature animals (game and livestock), coyotes take care of the young.

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And up here in the Interior farmers endeavoring to raise small flocks of sheep as a means of supplementing their income from the land have been forced to dispose of those flocks, which ranged right around the home corral: coyotes get away with any small profit there might be in the sheep.

Over a period of the last twenty-five years there has been a staggering increase in the coyote population of B.C. Wolves also. In 1922, bounty was paid upon one thousand and ninety-two coyotes. In 1945, despite the fact they had no fur value, despite the fact bounty was so low no one could afford to devote his entire time to hunting them, bounty was paid upon five thousand five hundred and six coyotes. And as proof of how rapid, how alarming this increase has become in the last few years, in 1940 bounty was paid on two thousand and thirty-eight coyotes. In 1945, five thousand five hundred and six coyotes were turned in for bounty. The longer the situation is allowed to stay thus the greater the cost to the Province in the ultimate.

It is literally safe to say that coyotes are increasing not by the hundreds but by the thousands. Mark the figures just quoted, Mr. Stockman. And when next you see a dry cow that might be nursing a prime beef calf, ponder over them. Because the failure of Government to arise to its responsibilities in this respect is costing you, as an industry, carloads of beef animals annually.

And if the coyotes are increasing by the thousands, then the timber wolves have increased by the hundreds. In 1923, bounty was paid on —throughout the Province— one hundred and sixty-two wolves. In 1930, three hundred and twelve wolves. 1935, five hundred and sixty-one. 1945, one thousand two hundred and two. Linger a moment on those figures, Big Game Guide and Outfitter. Then soberly contemplate the future health of your investment. Digest those figures, B.C. Sportsman. Then allow your memory to remind you of the

resolutions you have presented urging the dire necessity of increasing the bounty upon wolves and coyotes. But don't entirely blame the Commissioners if the Legislature will not endeavor to provide ways and means of supplying the necessary funds.

Whenever and wherever there is discourse upon wolves, a red herring, hoary and smelly with age, is dragged out of the closet to confuse and distract the main issue pertaining to the situation. The ranchers and farmers of Cariboo, the sportsmen of the Interior zones are told: "Why should the south have to foot part of the bill for wolves killed at Telegraph Creek or in the Peace?" In the broadcast of June 16th, Mr. Denton—for reasons best known to himself—borrows this red herring and holds it up for all to smell who will. Says Mr. Denton—quote: "We are paying twenty thousand dollars a year on wolves killed in the northern parts of B.C., where natural conditions automatically control predators to some extent." Unquote. If an increase from 162 wolves in 1923 to one thousand two hundred and two wolves in 1945 (bounties paid) spells "natural conditions controlling the predators in the north," then I, thank God, am illiterate.

Although I think I have sufficiently proved that eighty per cent of the coyotes range south of the C.N., I concede that eighty per cent of the wolves range north of that line. So, too, does eighty per cent of our Big Game, for that matter. Is the Province, in matters pertaining to sane game management and adequate protection of livestock divided by a line drawn through from Prince George to Prince Rupert? Do the wolves that whelp at Dome Creek keep coming south until they hit the C.N. steel, then back up and go home? In 1943 approximately 163 wolves were turned in for bounty south of the C.N. Seventy-seven of those wolves were taken in Cariboo, the largest beef-producing area in B.C. From whence did those wolves originally come? They, or their forebears, came from that part of the Province

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situate north of the C.N., as they will continue to keep coming so long as there are large wolf packs ranging that wilderness north, east and west of Prince George. The place in which to check an epidemic of smallpox is where the disease first appears. Among game and livestock, wolves are far deadlier than smallpox—or any other natural disease so far encountered. When 184 wolves are turned in for bounty at Telegraph Creek (1943), the stock-raising interests south of the C.N. can reckon on grievous loss to livestock from the natural increase of such wolves. When four hundred and eighteen wolves are turned in for bounty at Prince George (1944), the cariboo, moose, deer and other big game herds south of the C.N. will annually have their numbers lessened in order that the increase of such wolves will be enabled to appease their enormous appetites.

When Dr. McTaggart Cowan or Mr. John Hatter, Dept. Zoology, U.B.C., present the theory that predators are an evil necessity in the maintenance of Nature's delicate balance, they are probably right; were it not for the extremely salient fact that the schemes of Mother Nature failed apparently to take into consideration what happens when the human element enters the picture.

In 1945 approximately thirteen hundred non-resident hunters came into B.C. This influx of artillery accounted for 900 bull moose. And for the privilege of so doing they paid the Government approximately forty thousand dollars in trophy fees alone, besides some seventy-nine thousand dollars by way of licenses. How much money these non-residents left behind them in the form of guides' charges, hotel bills, auto camp charges, etc., etc., is anybody's guess. But if the Finance Minister raked in over one hundred thousand dollars from the deal, it is safe to say that industry throughout the Province benefited to the tune of considerably over a million dollars.

Coupled with the game taken by our own residents themselves, I

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think most of my readers will agree with me that at present we need neither wolves or coyotes to help maintain Nature's balance. Nor are we likely to do so in the near future.

Another theory advanced by these scientists is the fact that predators prey—for the most part—on the aged, the infirm, the diseased animals. In 1945, on my own trapline, which is a very small game area indeed, I ran across seven moose that had been destroyed by wolves. **Five of those moose were two-year-olds or under.** (This was in the winter months.) And if any of those five moose were diseased, then I have eaten a lot of sick moose in my time.

I mentioned non-resident hunters. I think all of the thirteen hundred quoted were residents of the United States. Some there are who might occasionally wail about the lads

from the U.S.A. coming across the line and killing our game, and here I am reminded of an oldtimer on Big Bar Creek, who once remarked: "None of the young fellows want to work these days; but, God, how they do love the money!" Some of us might occasionally moan that the lads from across the line are killing too much of our game; but, "God, how we love those U.S. dollars!" And I think the majority of us would like to see this new money coming into the Province every Fall. But unless Government awakens to the fact that our Big Game assets (which attract this money) are being dissipated by predators at an alarming rate, we are going to lose that source of income just as surely as Adam lost the right to belong to the nudist club when he plucked the Apple in the Garden. Our friends across the border like our Province and, if

we can offer them what they want, are generous spenders. But they are not suckers. If we cannot satisfy them where game is concerned, they will go elsewhere.

I have in front of me several letters from U.S. Sportsmen which deal with the subject of Game and would like to quote short extracts from but two of such letters. This is from Washington and came from the pen of a man who has devoted years of effort and thousands of dollars of money in making a personal study of the effect of predators on Big Game, not only in the Province of B.C. but also in Alberta, Yukon Territory and Alaska. I now quote: "The picture indeed is a sorry one. The loss in game resources has actually run into millions of dollars. Strange as it may seem, scarcely a hand has been turned to stop the carnage. This 'do nothing' policy has been due largely, first, to lack of information, and, second, the so-called balance of nature theory. The Canadian Parks Service hold to this theory and its proponents are fanatic in its defense. This must be overcome if we are to get anywhere and especially is **this true of your Province.** Once the general public learn what is really taking place, I hope and believe they will rise in righteous indignation, etc., etc." Unquote.

Let me repeat: That man knows his subject. We in B.C. might well listen to his note of warning.

The second letter from which I quote is from Dallas, Texas, and reads: "I really appreciate all the information you gave me in your letter and all the suggestions you make, and agree with you heartily in your statements pertaining to B.C.'s diminishing game. Our last two hunts in British Columbia have been very unsatisfactory, even though the reputation of our outfitter had been very good before that. And quite a number of the boys from this part of the country have decided to do their hunting in the United States for the time being—at least until conditions improve in the Canadian Provinces." Unquote.

Particularly would I ask all in B.C. who benefit from the U.S. tourist trade (game attracts ninety per cent of that trade) to take very careful reckoning of the above words, for they should be warning of what will transpire unless better protection is given our game against predators. Many portions of the Province which but a few years ago harbored good herds of cariboo are now denuded of those cariboo. **And it is not the non-resident hunter who is responsible for their extermination.** In 1945, only thirty-seven cariboo were taken throughout the entire Province among thirteen hundred non-resident hunters. Who then are the true villains of the piece? Predatory animals, wolves and coyotes in particular, as any trapper, any guide, any man of the woods who knows this subject will agree.

If a majority of those concerned with this question—farmers, ranchers, guides, trappers, resort owners, wool growers, sportsmen and others—agree that paid predatory animal hunters are the true solution to the problem, then let us have the Government hunters. But my bet is that 95 per cent of such interests reading this article will agree with me that predatory hunters are not the solution—unless Government is prepared to put a contingent of such men in the field. The only satisfactory solution lays—in my opinion—in a substantial increase in bounty. Then the hand of every Indian in the rancheries, every trapper along the waterways and in the hills—every prospector, cowpuncher, small-time farmer will be out when the pups are in the dens taking such pups. You cannot rightly ask us to do so for the present meagre bounty, any more than we can ask an M.L.A. to represent his constituency on a salary of five hundred dollars a year.

If all Associations get together and work together, I firmly believe Government can be persuaded to find ways and means of providing necessary funds. But it is useless for such organizations to work independently of the other—as past efforts have borne out. Together,

our numbers run into the tens of thousands. I cannot conceive of any Government—with an eye on the next election—going contrary to the wishes of such a vast portion of the public.

That the Province of Alberta has realized the seriousness of the situation is proven by the following item clipped from the Winnipeg Free Press: "According to an announcement made by provincial Government officials, a bounty of five dollars will be paid to any person in Alberta for each coyote taken in the Province . . ." Unquote. British Columbia, we'd better follow Alberta's lead.

The B.C. Registered Trappers Association will endeavor to have copies of this article re-printed and one copy of such—together with a mimeographed letter—will be mailed the M.L.A. of every electoral district in the Province. As an Association we are young—our treasury is by no means swollen with funds. It will cost something to provide for these reprints and mailing, etc, and I feel justified, under the circumstances, in soliciting any help others might render in our endeavors to bring this matter fully to the attention of every member of the Legislature. Should any others interested in the predator question care to assist us financially toward the job, such assistance would indeed be welcomed. Any such assistance can be sent direct to the B.C. Registered Trappers Association, Riske Creek, B.C., or to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association at Horsefly, B.C. Such assistance—if any—will be personally acknowledged and the Trappers Association will endeavor to arrange with the publishers, Cariboo Northern B.C. Digest to publicly convey our thanks for any such assistance in the December issue of that magazine.

— The opinions expressed in the above article are those of the writer and do not necessarily represent the viewpoint of the publishers of the Cariboo & Northern B.C. Digest

VITAL LA FORTE

continued from page 19

time back to the post, where he breathlessly informed Vital about the grizzly bear, and the fact that he would like very much to bag it.

"All right, we will get your bear for you," said Vital.

At that time (between 1870 and 1880) breech-loading rifles were unknown at the post, therefore two single-barreled muzzle-loading muskets were charged, and off they went to get their bear.

Reaching the place where Joe had dropped his gear, the bear was not in sight. They looked around for

some time, but failed to sight it, and it being a beautiful sunshiny day they sat down on a windfall from which the snow had melted to have a smoke and a chat. For some time they spoke of trapping, mining and things in general, when suddenly Vital cautioned Joe to silence. Vital, a trained woodsman, had sensed something wrong, and his keen ears had detected faint sounds behind them. He swung around, and there, not twenty-five yards away, was their grizzly, slowly approaching the spot where they sat.

Vital nudged Joe in the ribs, motioned over his shoulder with his thumb. "There's your bear," he said quietly.

Joe took one look and wilted. The huge silvertip, newly aroused from its long winter's sleep, was obviously in an ugly humor. Joe told me that he would have given anything to have flown away, or sunk safely into the earth—anything to get away. The two muzzle-loaders, which seemed so powerful when there was nothing to shoot at and which had brought him a great sense of security as long as there was no bear in sight, seemed woefully inadequate to the job ahead.

Vital, however, seemed quite unperturbed. He directed Joe to get down on one knee and take aim, which instructions Joe tried to follow. Taking steady aim at the slowly advancing bear, Vital said, "Are you ready?"

"I—I think so . . ." Joe replied.

"Then FIRE," and Vital's gun crashed. The bear rolled over, jumped up, and charged, narrowly missing them as they scrambled out of its path, and plunged on into the brush, blinded, as was afterwards discovered, by blood—for Vital's bullet had hit the bear squarely in the head.

Joe's gun had remained silent.

"Why didn't you shoot?" asked Vital.

"I didn't have strength enough to pull the trigger," Joe answered with a shudder. "He was so close—only forty feet when you hit him, and coming straight on . . ."

After waiting for a while they followed the trail of blood and found the bear dead, shot through the head. Today, with modern high-powered repeating rifles, hunters think twice before tackling a grizzly, unless they have a few points in their favor . . . to Vital, with an old single-shot muzzle-loader—face to face at forty feet—it was just another bear, and all in the days' work.

Vital's picture can be seen today in the Provincial Archives, having been secured by myself from George Ogston of Vanderhoof, and placed there by Frank Swannel, retired surveyor of B.C.'s northland, now retired and residing at Victoria.

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INJUN TRAIL

continued from page 76

stares at the comings and goings with rheumy lack-lustre eyes. So dejected is his mein, that my curiosity is aroused.

"What's the matter with that old fellow?" I ask a Kluskus headman.

In a baggy old suit, and a new tan Stetson, this headman wanders round, apparently in continual demand. He is old, too, multi-wrinkled, shaggy-haired and sparsely whiskered. Indians do not grow real whiskers, most of them have hairless faces, some have the scattered growth of their Mongolian forebear.

This one glanced at the old solitary, shook his head, and made sad cluckings.

"Too bad," he mourned. "One time he's rich man — maybe one thousand dollars. But now, all gone."

"What happened?" I asked. "Gamble it away?"

"No. He lose it. He sell cattle for bunch of money. Some white man tell him to put money in the bank at Fort George. So he give the bank all his money and they give him little book, with writing inside. Last month old man go hunting, and he lose that book. Now money all gone."

After the headman and a half a dozen willing helpers carefully explain to the mournful one my kinder garden lesson on the elementary principles of banking, the sadness drops from him like an old cloak. He beams with toothless gums, and with a mummified grin on his face shakes my hand incessantly, then trots away to carry the good news to his squaw.

Three days of church-going, loafing, horse-racing, surreptitious gambling, love-making, dancing, arguing and gossiping, whilst the sun beats down, and hungry hounds snuff around the cooking fires, and horse bells clank in the grassy hollows.

"Away at un-up to morrow." I tell Johnnie.

Johnnie, who is having the time

of his life nods reluctantly. Next morning he limps up to where I am making breakfast. "No horse," Johnnie says. "Run away some place. I look for two hours. After we eat, I look around some more."

Avoiding my accusing stare, he spears bacon and eggs, piling up his plate.

He knows that I know the horses aren't lost. He knows that I know he craves just one more day with his Kluskus friends, particularly the sloe-eyed strapping girl he has been trailing so assiduously.

I submit with good grace. It is all I can do. I would never find those horses unaided, because Johnnie has driven them off and hidden them. To seek aid would be to court ridicule.

At noon Old Ahboo hails me. Ahboo is a bloated capitalist. He comes laden at priest time, with tobacco and ribbons and gewgaws, which he sells at shocking prices, because there is no store within many miles, and because, for some unknown reason, people will always pay high prices at gatherings like these.

He sits now, on a little knoll, under a crooked poplar, his wares all spread out before him. He grins up

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at me from under a wide-brimmed straw hat, high-crowned, like the Mexicans wear.

"How many days you travel from Fort Fraser?" he asks.

I have been warned that Ahboo never makes conversation unless he has an ulterior motive; that he is craftier than a wolverine, and that he would steal the sugar from his mother's tea.

But this is surely a guileless question.

"Five days, from Fort Fraser." I tell him.

Ahboo cackles loudly.

"Ho - ho. What's the matter you white men? You never learn trails like old Indian. You maybe pretty smart policeman, but you don't catch nobody if you go long way 'round."

A small crowd, including Johnnie, had gathered around.

"What do you mean, long way around?" I tell him. "We come the shortest trail there is."

Ahboo cackles anew - but it is more a whinny than a cackle, and it positively drips derision.

"You come shortest way, hey? Fifty years I travel this country. Nobody knows trails like me. Look!"

With a stick, he makes lines in the dust between his outspread legs.

This is the way I goes. Right between them two little hills, over the big burn, turn this way, then this way, then fifteen miles to the big muskeg. Three and a half days to Fort Fraser."

I look at Johnnie. He scratches his ear, narrows his eyes, talks to Ahboo in their native tongue. Presently Johnnie looks at me and nods.

"I guess maybe he's right," he says. "Nobody knows this country like old Ahboo."

I expostulate. I rail. I argue. I produce a map. I measure. I demonstrate. I am satisfied that nothing short of a magic carpet can get a packhorse from Kluskus to Fort Fraser in less than five days of ordinary travelling.

Curiosity, and an exasperated determination to prove that I am right make me take the road back along

Ahboo's trail.

Next morning Johnnie finds the horses without any trouble at all. He related how they had miraculously returned to camp along with a bunch of stray outlaws.

Ahboo's trail had not been used all winter and spring. I should have known that Ahboo intended to use it himself soon, to get his fur catch to town. The trail was littered every mile with windfalls which we chopped and hauled, and pushed out of the way. It took us six days to get to Fort Fraser, and we cleared Old Ahboo's trail for him, which was exactly what he wanted.

I knew there was something fishy in the wind when I noticed a spool of red ribbon, and a half a dozen plugs of tobacco in Johnnie's saddle bag. But I didn't catch on. Johnnie also drew an extra day's pay.

* * * * *

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MOVIES IN THE CARIBOO

continued from page 75

stools or seats, with an aisle cutting down each side about a quarter the length of the row in from each side. Then at the back there was a small boxed-in compartment, about six feet by ten feet, which served as the projection room. At the side of that the doorway through which we filed, each depositing our "four-bits" in a saucer on the small table presided over by a tall cowpuncher-looking chap in a buff-coloured tennison hat, and a .38 Colt resting peacefully near his right hand on the table. Just for the looks, I guess, as I didn't hear of anyone getting shot, not even "half-shot." It was a very sober and orderly bunch of people. At this stage, of course, there were a good many half-hearted arguments about who would pay for whom and where a fellow and the girl with him were concerned, I noticed the fellow always won *that* argument.

The Indians and their families occupied the rows nearest the screen, and the ranchers and their families the remaining rows.

By the time all were settled in their seats, it was quite dark, except for the numerous points of light in the audience caused by a glowing cigarette or cigar.

The picture shown was of much smaller dimensions than the regular movie theatre in towns; it was about the size of those that were shown to troops during the war at Army Hostels, Y.M.C.A.'s, etc. However, it was very clear and the sound effects quite good.

The subject was one that has been shown at many theatres in the various cities, depicting Fanchot Tone principally, who, owing to the fact he shot his dog when a little boy practising with a rifle, apparently made up his mind from thenceforth he would do no more killing with a gun or anything else for the rest of his life. This caused him a good deal of unhappiness and embarrassment when the War started up; and his notions were mistaken for cowardice. However, it all ended very jollily — first he shot his wife, a naturalized Aus-

trian, who he discovered was a German spy; after that, apparently he thought, as he had killed one, he might as well "go the whole hog." So he joined the R.A.F. and in positively no time at all you see him flying a big bomber, with his manly chest smothered in wings and decorations, not to mention ordinary medal ribbons and marks of high rank, and he seems to be getting great joy out of getting in a spot of killing with gay abandon every morning before breakfast.

Then there were the "Shorts." One in particular concerned a charming and beautiful young woman, who complained by means of a tuneful song that a certain chap yelled "molder" every time he kissed her. I am still trying to figure out why.

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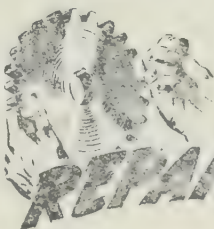
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BARNs - Barometer of a Community

continued from page 15

included, will tend, once more, to regain a level rather more in accordance with the natural order of things from which they have temporarily escaped.

Older barns, built according to a pattern of vast antiquity, their cavernous interiors arranged in three aisles, and their central wagon-ways roofed and gabled like the transepts of a church, recall some Viking hall of ancient times. Their huge roof-timbers disappear mysteriously in the shadows. Their stalwart pillars speak of hearts as sturdy as themselves, that invaded a new country and conquered in the face of every difficulty. Their great doors swing from sockets, as was the wont of doors in days long past when hinges were not yet invented; and the powerful frame-

work of adze-hewn timbers rests on mossy boulders, ageless as Time itself. Big, old beams support the weighty loads of hay, year in and year out, with never a groan or creak of complaint. Birds fly among the rafters, and swallows, age-long harbingers of good luck, erect their mud nests, always collapsing but busily restored, beneath the overhang of the roof. To make assurance doubly sure, horseshoes on every door serve to hold the good luck in; and woe betide that ignorant soul who hangs the shoes upside-down! Cows occupy one part of the barn, horses another, and in severe weather sheep will be fitted into some vacant spare. An amazing litter of old equipment, broken harness and rusty machinery finds its way beneath the old roof, through which the sun shines by day and the stars twinkle by night—yet, somehow, the rain fails to

penetrate. Warm, pungent odors speak of comfort for man and beast, and the odd decayed patch in wall or foundation demands eventual attention—but hardly this year.

From such monsters, a series of graduations leads to the one-cow shed, with hay-loft attached, beside the log cabin. Bossie, the pet of the family, its most prized possession and probably its only friend, does most of her foraging in the woods, but gets a little extra provender on her return. Like the rest of the family, she is a rangy but independent creature, quite able to face the world on its own terms and survive, even though on a meagre scale. Thin, but self-respecting she is and, like the barn, a rugged symbol of that hardy individualism which has made our country what it is.

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RETRIBUTION

continued from page 74

dian's black eyes shine, and the thought of so much wealth raised his spirits until even the fog could not dampen his inner high-spirits. Charlie knew, of course, that he could not hope to carry all the gold himself so he made plans to cache it in the cave, returning at his leisure and better equipped the following spring.

The second day brought a slight clearing of the clouds and while it was still unsafe for travel, the occasional dispersal of fog patches allowed Smith and Peter to search for the remaining horse, but with little success. Finally, they gave up in disgust with the assumption that it too had come to grief. The men would now all be on foot and progress would be slow indeed, unless most of the gold were left behind in a safe hiding place. The main job now, was to get the old prospector well in a hurry, so that the journey to Fort Hope could be started with the least possible delay. Plans were made for a better distribution of the weight to be carried. The men decided to take only enough gold to carry them through the winter at Fort Hope and to outfit them for a return journey in the spring of the following year. All three agreed to the plan and the long wait began for the lifting of the fog, and for the old prospector to become well enough to travel.

On the fifth day, the clouds suddenly lifted, leaving the skies as clear as when the men first rode into the country. The patient, while still weak, said that he had better try it as time was getting short; that any day now it could start to snow and not let up until there was three or four feet of snow blanketing everything but the lower reaches of the main valley far to the southwest. With the packing accomplished, they were soon under way. The old man was weaker than he had at first anticipated, and after the party had covered the first mile he had to ask them to call a halt so that

he could rest. Grump who was second in file, and behind the prospector, good-naturedly offered to carry the pack borne by the sick man, after which the old man, free of the dragging weight, strode out with a firmer step.

Bringing up the rear of the file, strode Charlie Peter, the half-breed who, on perceiving Marlow's Christian act, misinterpreted its meaning and took it as an indication that Marlow was taking over the gold in the pack. Only a brain half-crazed with greed and fear of a double-cross could have so misinterpreted such an act. Seething with hatred and the lust for more than his own share of the gold, the breed silently drew out his gun. Two shots rang out over the crags high above timber line, and both 'Grump' and Smith lurched drunkenly, before collapsing beside the trail.

As the prospector swung around in terror to face the breed, the Indian snarled. "If you do what I tell you, nothing happen to you." He pointed to the two fallen men. "They try double cross — now they dead. Same thing happen to you if you try trick me." He threw a heavy saddle bag towards the old man. "You pack this. I'm going to make cache."

Two tedious trips were made to the cave and as the old man was still weak from his recent illness he fell exhausted to the ground near the spot where the trio had first found him. He begged the Indian to allow him to rest for awhile before being made to carry any more burdens. "Sure, you rest," said the breed drawing his gun, "you rest here forever," he finished as he pulled the trigger.

After shooting the old man Charlie Peter turned to busy himself with caching the gold when another shot rang out through the cave. A bullet struck him in the upper part of the arm making a great numbness shoot through his shoulder. With teeth clenched against the pain, he spun around. The old man was dead but the breed had shot him in the stomach, and before pegging out the

tough old prospector had managed somehow to reach under the boughs where his bed had been and drag out his gun while the Indian's back was turned. With his life's blood pouring out of the wounds in his stomach and back, the old man had squeezed the trigger, but his aim had been hampered by death which overtook him at that moment. A whip of smoke curled up out of the barrel of the gun which lay beside him.

The breed cursed his stupidity in not having finished the old man off properly, and fate for having deprived him of the pleasure of finishing the (to him) treacherous old prospector off with a last shot. Glaring his hate at the dead man, the breed wrapped a rag around his

continued on page 98

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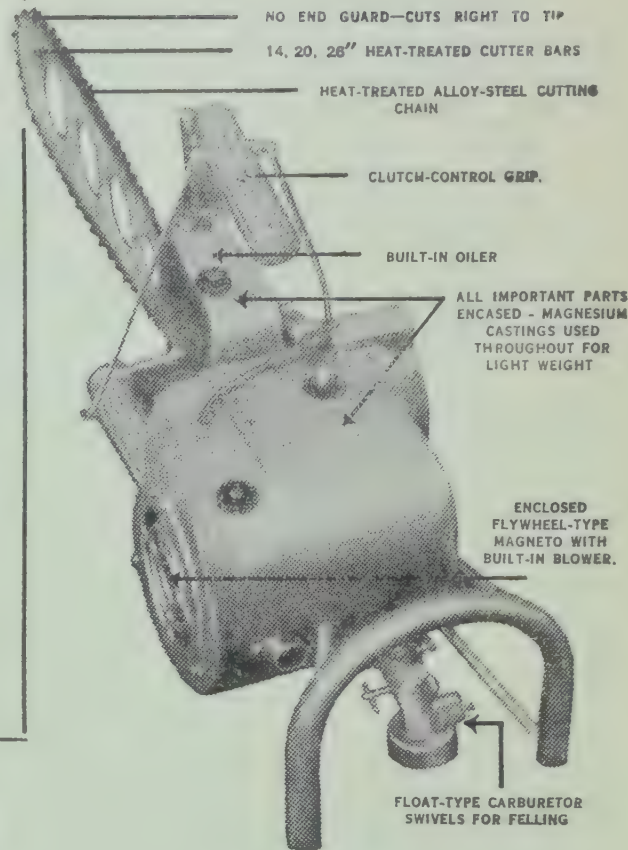
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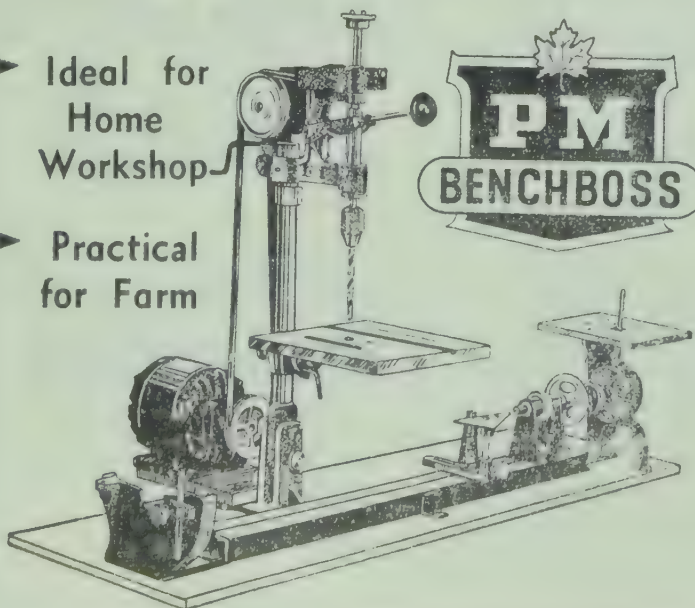
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RICHARD THE WILLING . . .

continued from page 11

harnessing finally accomplished and proud of my success, I took Richard away before he had finished the hay. A terrible mistake, as I found out after I had him in the sleigh. The sleigh was facing the barn, and as I tried to get Richard to turn around, he took the bit between his teeth and headed back for that last tasty morsel of hay which I had made him leave so hastily. I tugged and I pulled, but all to no avail. We missed the meat house by a hairbreath, and how we avoided damaging the pump only Richard and his Guardian Angel knows. Just as I thought we were going to plow through the fence for reasons best known to Richard he stopped dead and would not budge an inch. I tugged on the reins. I got out and tried to pull him around. I pleaded with him, trying to make an appeal to his better

nature. But, no sir, he just wouldn't move. After all the trouble I had taken to get him harnessed and hooked up to the sleigh, I just wouldn't give in, and there it was—an impasse between the horse and I.

Suddenly, as I was standing there, wondering what to do next, like a bolt out of the blue Richard turned and headed for the road, leaving me flat on my face in the snow. I picked myself up, saying things my mother never taught me, snow in my hair, in my eyes, and even some down my neck, and after I got the snow out of my eyes I saw Richard standing patiently outside the door to the cabin, and then he turned his head to look at me.

To this day I am willing to give testimony and swear on every Bible in existence that he was grinning. Yes, actually laughing at my predicament.

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT

continued from page 12

She always felt safer on the nights of Charlie's absence when Uncle Frank was handier. Such were her thoughts as she tucked herself into her bed. She buried her face in the pillow, as if to hide from whatever it was that was keeping sleep from her. But sleep did overtake her as she listened to her three little girls resting.

"Sherri! Sherri! Are you there?"

She woke with a start at hearing the clear ringing voice of Uncle Frank. She sat in a cold sweat at the side of her bed, with her feet clutching the cool floor. She struggled to answer him as quickly the question flashed to her mind. "What

has happened, Uncle Frank? Why are you back?" But she could not get the words out. She was breathing heavily and as she breathed her nostrils scented smoke. The scent of smoke relieved her daze. She now listened intently, only to hear the sound of crackling wood. She made one leap and grabbed her tiniest tot. Hugging the baby to her bosom with one arm, she used her free arm to shake the other two awake. "Get up quickly and come with mama," she urged them. Too frightened to ask any questions, they readily obeyed. She took their babyish hands in hers and led them out the front door of their little cottage into the deserted silent night.

She hurried them as fast as they could toddle in their bare feet to

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the nearest neighbour's and raised an alarm. Soon the bucket brigade was at work and they were successful in extinguishing the fire that was confined behind the pantry door.

When daylight came kind neighbours relieved her of the children while she opened the store.

Charlie, arriving home at noon, hungry, was surprised to find the store full of chatter about the fire, but more surprised at Sherri's first question: "Have you seen Uncle Frank?"

"Uncle Frank!" repeated Charlie, looking at her with questioning

astonishment. "Uncle Frank? He's in California by now. Are you crazy?"

As they sat around a neighbourhood dinner that afternoon, Charlie heard about the mysterious voice in the night, and other details of the fire.

A few days later the mail arrived by stage. There was a telegram, lettered from Ashcroft. It read: "Arrived Pasadena today. Stop. Everybody well. Frank."

The telegram satisfied Sherri that the voice was,—well, it was A Voice in the Night; but a voice that she would cherish with everlasting gratitude.

RETRIBUTION

continued from page 95

arm, which was bleeding profusely, and gathering a few necessities together including sufficient gold to see him through the winter, set out for Fort Hope. Night had fallen, but a bright moon had shed its pale glow over the mountains, and travelling was as easy as though it was daylight. The Indian hurried on, never once pausing to rest until once again the sun appeared over the mountains. His arm was by this time swollen to almost twice its normal size, and his thirst mounted as infection and fever set in. He struggled on with his arm getting steadily worse. Charlie Peter needed medical attention in the worst way, and unless he received it soon there was only one possible end in store for him.

Four days later the halfbreed was found on the trail six miles from Fort Hope, the historic outpost situated at the foot of the great mountains at the junction of the Fraser and Coquihalla Rivers. When the Hudson's Bay Co. factor and his aides picked him up Charlie Peter was deliriously babbling about the cache of gold hidden in the cave on the Anderson Trail. He recovered consciousness later only long enough to render a garbled account of the

robbery, the flight with his partners, and subsequent caching of the gold.

Charlie Peter died a day or two later. His blood-stained gold never did him any good. The old proverb "He that lives by the sword, shall also die by the sword." still held true. One or two attempts were made to find the gold but each met with failure. The treasure still lies to this day, where it was cached and at present prices would be worth over sixty thousand dollars. No one ever found the cave except once when a lost and starving treasure-hunter in search of Alexander McLean's domain (see Cariboo & N. B.C. Digest, Summer issue) unwittingly stumbled on it but had neither time nor the strength to search the cavern.

Writer's Note:

The Anderson trail fell into disuse shortly after the time of the above recorded events and has since lost all semblance of a pathway. In a few places it can still be defined, but the route through that particular country has been the downfall of more than one unfortunate traveller. However, to the man who rediscovers the lost cave, will go riches sufficient for any man for a lifetime.

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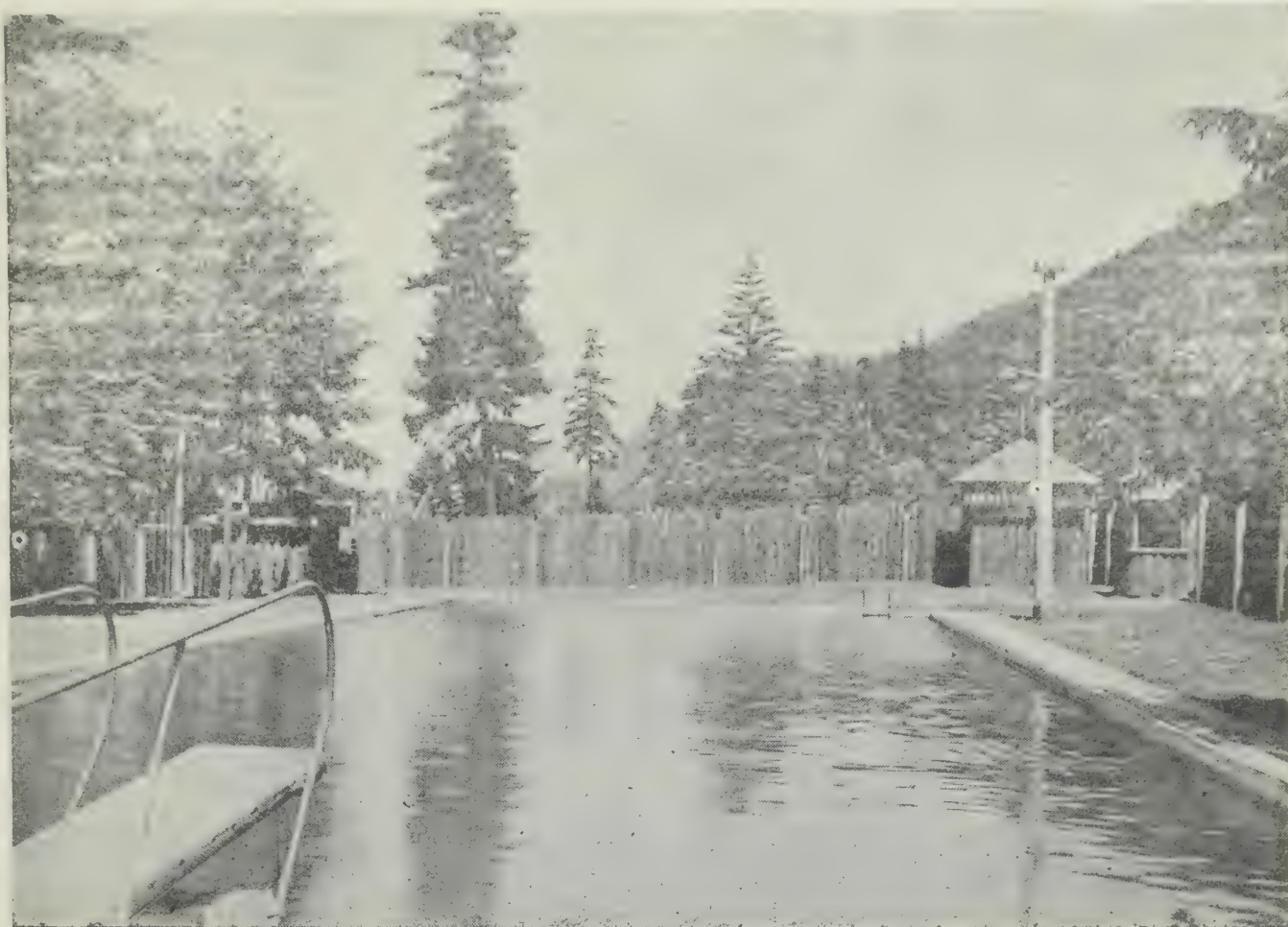
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the Fraser Canyon

SAWNEY

Poet of the Cariboo

continued from page 73

chatter now! In later years Steele took to dairy farming and in summer served the boys with the "cow-juice." I remember Hall, his milkman, leaving the monthly bill at my cabin (in my hard-up days) with a request for payment on the morrow. I paid him thusly:

Dear Hall,—Your bill is very neat,

You serve your orders weel,

To gather gear at every turn,

Be aye as true as Steele.

Eorn on the north side of the Forth—

I'd gladly pay your milk account

If I'd a pair of Brecks!

Note:—A line seems to have been omitted from this gem; a frequent occurrence when one writes casually.

There are some thirty figures in the photo, and I could tell you a good story, amusing or sad maybe, of most of them, but I spare you!

I wonder where are all these boys now?

I wish that I was a boy again,
When the world was young and gay.

A boy among those bully boys,
And today was yesterday!
The shadow on the dial steals on,
No backward move for me!
You may not know, but my heart knows where

Are the boys of '63.

Where are the boys of '63,
When the boom was in Cariboo?
The big bully boys of "roaring camp"

Rough ready boys and true!

Some are aged and gray in the mines today,

Some are back in their "ain Countree,"

I seek not the old, I ask you where
Are the boys of '63?

The Watties, the Cummings, the Stevenson boys,

The Laidlaws, Jamie and Bill,
Thomson, John Bowron, Steele, J. McLaren,

Stobo and Fraser and Hill!

Some will return to "Lochaber no more,"

Ne'er return to their "ain countree."

Peace to the dead! But I ask you where

Are the boys of '63?

Note:—Who were the boys of '63, and where were they in 1896? The Watties, Stevenson, and John Bowron were members of the group of men known as the Overlanders,

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who travelled from the east to Edmonton, then on to Tete Jaune. At that point the party split up, some making their way by rafts down the turbulent Fraser to the point where Quesnel now stands, while the rest trudged across country to the North Thompson. The returns on the Wattie Claim on Williams Creek to the end of '63 is given as \$130,000 from 100 ft. and that of Steele as \$120,000 from 80 ft. The Laidlaws, Jamie and Bill, were originally from Scotland, settling first in Ontario, near Galt, then moving westward to the Cariboo. James made, and lost, three fortunes while in the Cariboo. Later he became a prosperous salmon cannery operator on the lower Fraser, his first cannery being a short distance upstream from the Brunette mill. In 1896, when Sawney wrote his query, he was no longer living. Bill, too, was gone these many years, for while on one of his trips from the Cariboo to "outside" he was stricken with illness, died before he could reach journey's end, and was buried at Yale.

"I remember one of the fellows who had a short prayer on the wall above his bed, in legible print, and when he was too tired to kneel in prayer, or too indifferent perhaps, he would point to this printed form and remark "Them's my sentiments. Amen."

To Bob Middleton of the Cariboo Sentinel, if he is still in type, Isaiah, chapter 38, verse 8. With kind regards to all the other boys, and again thanking you for your kindly notice of "Sawney," I am, yours very truly, Jas. Anderson.

* * * * *

Good-bye, Sawney, poet of Cariboo—do the pines still whisper your "Castles in the Air"?—do the creeks still call to the boys of '63? Good-bye, Sawney—good writing to you!

Through the courtesy of the Vancouver Sun this information about Sawney was made available—from Mrs. J. Ernest Johnston, Jim Laidlaw's daughter, the information about "the Laidlaws, Jamie and Bill."

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FRASER LAKE, B. C.

The GREAT CONFLICT

continued from page 7

his teeth. No one knows how he tenaciously retained consciousness or how long he endured his terrific punishment, but it is common knowledge that, thrusting the tiny blade low in the beast's abdomen, Frenchy sliced upwards as far as he could reach with his arm pinned to his chest. Countless must have been the number of times the knife was thrust and raised. Sometimes the blade would not pierce the thick hide and the silky hair would act as a shield. How the little man kept doggedly to his purpose is indeed a miracle; and, as is nearly always the case, such courage was rewarded by freedom. Yes, Frenchy won his awful battle.

With stomach cut to ribbons, the bear relaxed its hold on Frenchy and fell dying at his feet. The valiant trapper, his arm chewed off, his back not a back at all but an array of slashed and broken bones, suspiciously resembling ribs, stumbled homeward through the early fall twilight. Yes, Frenchy had won his freedom, but may the good God whom he worships have mercy upon him. Frenchy was found next day by a hunting party. He was found inside his cabin, lying on the floor, as still as death. He was rushed to hospital, where he lay unconscious for many months. At times he would suddenly start screaming and fighting for his life, again and again.

Two years later Frenchy was discharged from hospital. No, he was

not free yet. It was not for him to tread the depths of the forests or to peer into the great distances from the high peaks. No, Frenchy was not to be free so easily. He was discharged from the hospital with most of his terrible wounds healing nicely; but, you see, Frenchy's mind was still fighting with the bear and this story must record the fact that while Frenchy, against tremendous odds, vanquished the bear, the conflict must be called a draw, because immediately upon discharge from the hospital, Frenchy was ushered into the depths of the Asylum, where he ended his horror-filled days eighteen months later.

Frenchy left his secret placer claim behind him. It lies out there somewhere in the wilderness behind Eighteen Mile Mountain. Its wealth saw Frenchy safely through many lean years and he was happy in the knowledge that he had access to as much wealth as he required. The very thought of this gave him happiness through security. Frenchy loved these particular hills and forests; and, roaming continuously, lived next to God as those few souls of nature must live who prefer nature to mankind. Frenchy's spirit must still roam those hills where he spent so many happy years and to give peace uninterrupted to him in spirit trespassers must never interfere through the dales and glens that knew the tread of Frenchy's feet. His mine must never be discovered, and as the breezes sing their low requiem through the pines, let Frenchy rest in the peace he so desperately sought.

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MOOSE FOR THREE

continued from page 72

I realized the sheer hopelessness of the task ahead. Tallow sheets of low-lying cloud scudded in from the north and the bite of that frosted air had the clarion challenge of storm. Not a feather of wind was there to sough in the tops of the trees not a squirrel or blue jay or chickadee to greet the morn with its joy. Only silence, a silence you could breathe down into your lungs, feel in the pores of your skin, taste on the tip of your tongue. It was like going down to the beaver ponds for the morning flight of mallards when the lock of the winter ice has driven the birds from the sloughs.

Half way up the mountain we met it face to face and the sting of that granulated snow was as the lash of desert sand. But we turned up our mackinaw collars and boughed our heads to its wrath. By noon my buckskin gloves were sodden pieces of rag and the icy leather of my boot squelched water with every step. Sheer on the top of the mountain I scraped the snow from the roots of a spruce and kindled a fire. And as we wolfed down our sandwiches against the warmth of its pitchy flame Stick ruminated aloud "Should be able to track them to-morrow."

I wiped the snow from my gun and tried to summon a smile. "If this snow keeps up until morning we'll need snowshoes before we can track anything," I observed dejectedly.

We gobbled the last crumb, washed it down with a mouthful of snow and threw the paper into the flames. Stick looked up at the sky and then turned to me. "Well?"

I shook my head in resignation. "Hopeless. Everything is bedded in the thickest durned brush pile it can find and as long as this snow keeps up they'll not budge an inch. I guess we can do just as much good inside the warmth of the tents as we can out here in this snow. What do you

say we quit?"

"You're the doctor" he grinned back cheerfully.

But Friday rushed in like a lulu if you understand what I mean. A roaring chinook wind screaming in from the south, searing the white face of the sidehills and sending cold blobs of snow swishing down from the trees. I told Art and Leonard to go gunning for bucks for the sudden swoop of yesterdays storm would drive the big fellows down from the higher altitudes to the slopes of the lower sidehills. We all left camp together but split at the foot of the mountain. And thirty minutes later I dropped abruptly down on a log as shots leaped back from the hill. Plop - - - plop - - - a three minute pause and plop again. In my language that's a kill any old time just as three shots one atop the other usually spell out a miss. Stick looked into my eyes as if to say, "Should be my turn now." Five minutes later his turn came and he did a little plopping himself just to let me know that, after all, he was shouldering a rifle that could make with music if only given

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'Stick' never knew the meaning of the word 'discouragement'. He is mighty proud of his big buck.

the chance.

I spotted the track where it crossed the hill a little above us and moved up to investigate. Then sucked in my breath in an astonished gulp as I measured the size of the hoof. Jerusalem, if that baby isn't the granddaddy of all the deer on this mountain I know nothing about mule deer tracks! I erupted. "Stick you're going to take that buck!" Stick oggled the track in indcision and threw a hesitant stare up the mountain. "What about the moose?" he uttered uneasily, "Wont the shooting--"

"Never mind the moose," I cut in. "Shooting wont scare them. This chinook will be knocking down the dead stuff on top as a Swede axes fence rails." So we made one cautious circle and found the old man ninety yards above us ruminating in his bed on the edge of a sliver of cottonwoods. I threw one appraising estimate at his rack, smothered an oath and hissed, "Blast him, Stick!"

Stick did just that. Broke that swollen neck right where the huge deer lay and the buck merely quivered and stretched peacefully out in his bed as if he were settling down for a nap. I hammered Stick's shoulders with a blow that almost winded him. That's the shot that changed your luck old timer. Come on, there's a bull on that thar mountain."

We picked up the track of the bull on the back side of the hill and followed it into the deadstuff.

Over a meadow of muskeg it led us, into the spruce swamp beyond. We hugged its trail through the snow once in a while I would sneak a look at Stick's eyes and read the prayer on his lips: If only we can connect!

And ten minutes later I saw it glued in my tracks and struggled to breathe naturally when something seemed ailing my lungs. And the roar of the 30-30 Savage jarred hideously into my ear but the huge brute went down as a three year old steer falls from the blow of the pole axe. I stretched out a hand and said, "Give a fellow one of those Camels, Stick," for never had I craved tobacco more and at this minute it seemed easier to bumb than to try to roll my own.

I lit the cigarette, choked on the cloud of smoke I sucked into my lungs then walked cautiously up to the bull. There was no need for further agument from the 303 Ross.

I sized up the spread of the shovels then met Stick's eyes. "Well, Seattle, how do you feel now?"

"Feel!" Stick echoed. "Boy, I could really get drunk to-night!" My tongue dropped down into the pine needles. And there's only half a quart left in camp! "I suddenly remembered in anxiety. "Let's gut the brute an get the H-I an' gone out of here! If that hog of a Gehman wraps his lips around the neck of that bottle before--"

The Ghosts of Surprise City

continued from page 70

ing to give a greeting there was only the gurgling river and murmuring dark spruce to return it, if it had been given.

In the early part of that winter season long before the river was frozen over, the party packed up and abandoned the log cache and went out to the trade posts, glad to leave, it is said the lonely Island, and pretty tight-mouthed about it all. At any rate that is the yarn which was current at this time, and others not concerned could take it, or leave it so they were reported as saying.

It was at this spot near the mouth of the creek, that during the summer emptied its water near this Island, that I had made a little over-night camp under a wide spreading balsam tree. Its thick generous bows spread close around its base giving a cosy dry retreat for a tired trapper after a long day on snowshoes. It was only a stone's throw across the back channel to the site of old cabins which had been given the name, perhaps in fun, by the river travellers years after it had been deserted by the builders of "Surprise City".

It was generally dusk when I made this little camp spot in the snow, and I was always very glad, because weary I was of dragging snowshoes all day. It would not be long before I would have a fire going up against a back log and the sparks bravely flying among the snow laden forest trees. I was not long in getting fresh and fragrant brush for my bed and soon had the frozen moosemeat I carried sizzling in my frying pan, after which I wouldn't call the Devil my uncle.

It was the end of a grey dull day and I had made such a camp as described. All day I had trailed over ridges and along hillsides where the snow was loose and powdery, and I was glad to see between the trees the opening of the river. Gusts of

wind were coming at intervals down the mountain passes from far up the valley, laden with stinging snowflakes as I bedded myself down, a 30-30 Winchester rifle beside my bed roll. I had noted that there were still black open streaks of open water extending down the river from the lower end of the island for some distance, and as I dozed off I wondered how long it would be in the below zero weather we were getting, till the ice bridge was sealed from shore to shore in these open spots.

I was awakened, or rather came out of a light doze, as I was not fully asleep, a very short time later, or so it seemed, by the sound of voices and what seemed like the

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banging of canoe paddles against the side of a canoe frame. Thinking I was dreaming I threw back my sleeping robe and sat up. Little could be seen towards the river or island as a gusty snow curtain was driving down the valley, I clearly heard the sound of paddles and poles being thrown on the beach as if a landing was to be made. Suddenly the snow wrack blew aside and I saw what looked like a party of canoe men disembarking on the beach. It was not till I had returned to the snugness of my sleeping robe, that it dawned on me that a canoe could hardly come up a frozen river, and that a stony beach four feet under packed snow could hardly be expected to give out the sound of wooden paddles being tossed on it.

As I watched, undecided whether to hail them or not, they seemed to be unloading camp gear and what looked like long musket-like firearms from their canoe. Two of them carrying what may have been an axe climbed the low bank and dis-

appeared among the trees. A voice with a decided Scottish accent seemed to be calling instructions, and was answered several times in soft French-Canadian patois, but the distance and the wind prevented me from distinguishing any words. One man in a dark fringed skin coat was handed a crutch as he painfully climbed out of the canoe and sat himself down on a roll of what could have been bedding piled on the landing spot with every indication of extreme weariness or pain. I had just decided I should rouse myself and throw fresh wood on my almost dead fire at least, as an indication of my presence, when the whole scene, including the island and opposite shore, became blotted out with a gust of heavy driving snow. I arose however, and to make more cheer anyway kicked my fire together and soon had it blazing with fresh fuel.

However, the snow gust was longer this time and gave no sign of abate. It climbed the low bank and dis-

promising myself to make a call to my fellow campers whoever they were at dawn. As I dropped to sleep I could hear the dull sound of chopping and the occasional murmur of voices through the storm. One man sang a snatch of what seemed like a French Canadian Chanty for a moment and then there was silence from the voyagers camp.

In the morning, after getting my fire going again, I noted about a half foot of new snow had fallen during the night. No sign of morning smoke was seen towards the strangers camp but nevertheless I strapped on my snowshoes and went across the narrow strip of ice channel to investigate. There was no sign of a canoe, no half filled tracks in the snow of any persons making a landing, or climbing the bank, and no sign of any person having made a camp on the island during the night. I turned to the stretch of open water below the island and snowshoed along its margin to where it dipped under the thick ice. It was scarce fifty paces long and the ice bridge at its close was at least eighteen inches thick. It had not formed during the night that was certain. There was no open water as far as I could see above the island!

I returned to my camp place under the kindly balsam tree, and as my billy can was now boiling I made tea and fried the last of the frozen moose meat. I reached our home cabin very late that night as the trail breaking was heavy in the fresh snow. My partner was still a way on his line and after a lazy supper I turned in. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof", I remembered thinking as I rolled into my warm welcome bunk.

I suppose I am now expected to try and offer some explanation other than the supernatural -but, you explain, not me, I am only telling.

Note:- It was late in the Fall of 1793 that MacKenzie's party returned up this stream. His party consisted of Alexander McKay, Joseph Laundry, Charles Ducette, Baptiste Boison, Francois Courtois, Jacques Beauchamp and Francois Beaulieu.

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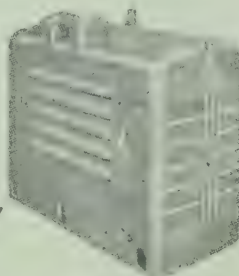
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CACHE CREEK BILLBOARD

continued from page 2

ready to give adverse propaganda about the roads further on.

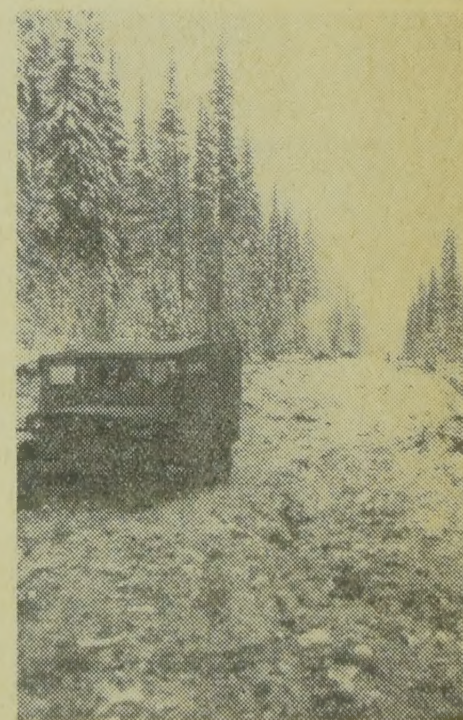
The project, it has been estimated, will cost from five to seven hundred dollars, and in view of the fact that all communities from Cache Creek to Prince Rupert stand to gain increased tourist traffic (and dollars) from the erection of the signs, it is not reasonable to expect any one or two communities to shoulder the entire cost. It is because the project is so costly that no single organization could undertake to build it in the past. Such being the case it is up to all interested parties to contribute towards the cost. Following is the list of donations to date, and a list of guaranteed amounts which will be forthcoming as soon as sufficient interest has been created to insure the project going through.

Donations:	
Evergreen Fishing Camp	\$5.00
Twilight Lodge	\$5.00

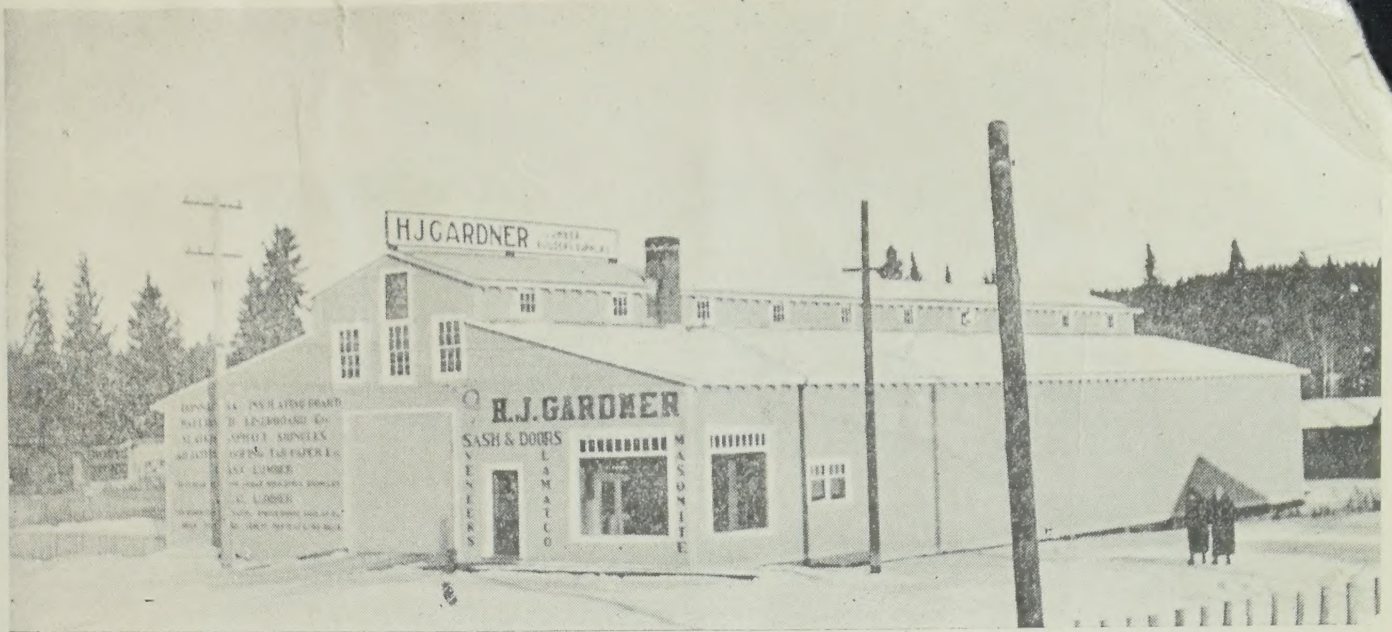
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Cash donated	\$15.00
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Six Mile Lake Sawmills	38	Wall's Taxi	54e	Shop Rite Limited	83
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Anderson & Company	103	Bluebird Cafe	87		
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Houston Cash & Carry	36	Cameron Garage	80		
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